

# MARVEL

# COMICS

NO.  
39

JANUARY

MYSTERY

10¢





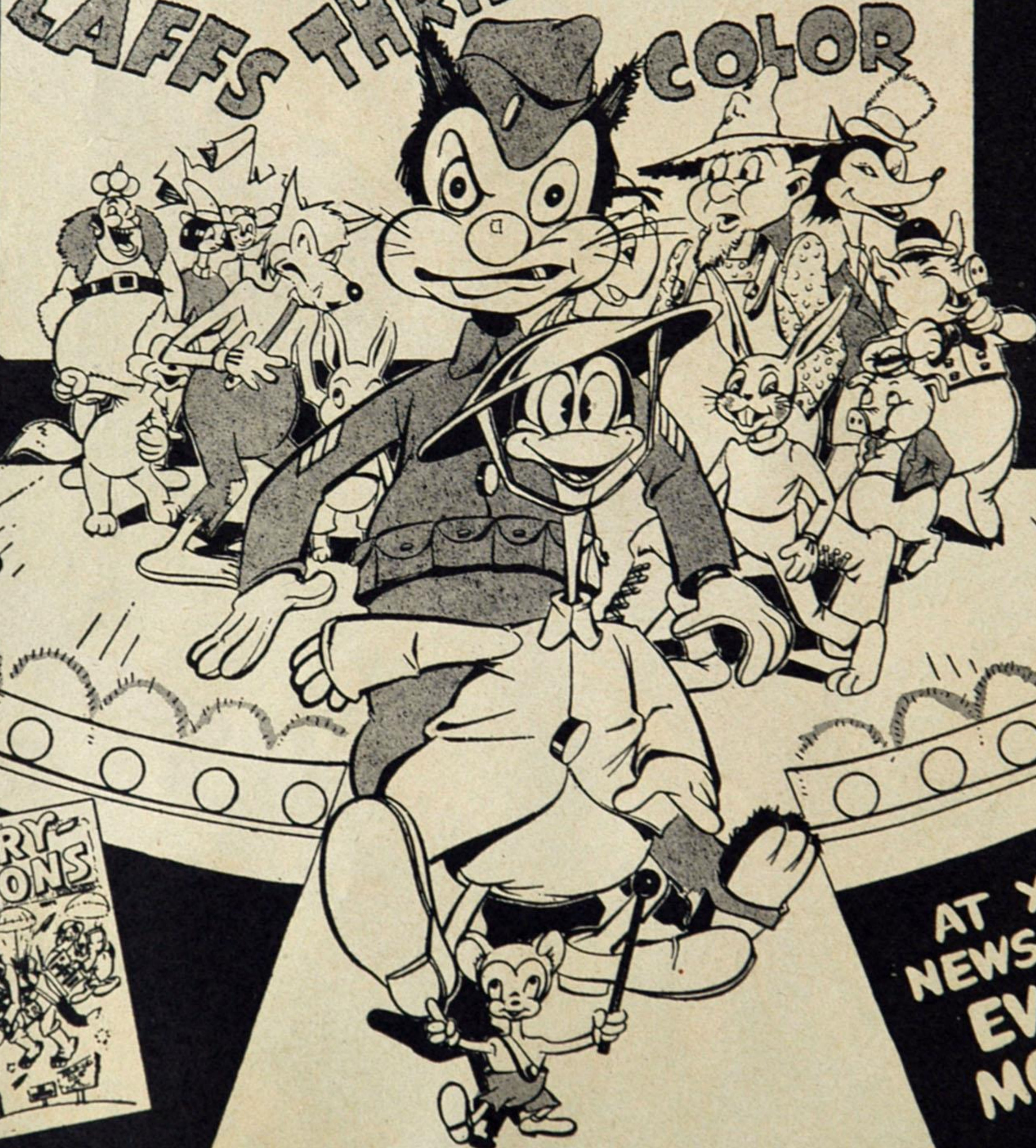
**FROM THE SCREEN TO YOU!!**

# TERRY TOONS

**BIG FIRST ISSUE**

**NOW ON SALE**

GAMES  
**LAFFS THRILLS** PUZZLES JOKES  
**COLOR**



**AT YOUR  
NEWSSTAND  
EVERY  
MONTH!**

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# HUMAN TORCH



A WEB OF  
INTERNATIONAL INTRIGUE  
IS SPUN ABOUT A **STRING OF  
PEARLS** — PRICELESS JEWELS  
OF DEATH! PLUNGING  
FEARLESSLY INTO THE JAWS  
OF PERIL, THE **HUMAN TORCH**  
AND **TORO** ARE ENMESHED  
WITH THE

**SMUGGLERS OF DEATH!**



**THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO**  
RECEIVE AN URGENT LETTER FROM  
DR. HORTON, TORCH'S CREATOR...

DR. HORTON WANTS ME TO MEET HIS  
NIECE, DORIS, AT THE PIER -- SHE  
JUST CAME OFF THE REFUGEE  
SHIP DROTtingham WHICH  
ARRIVED FROM  
SWEDEN.

SO THE  
GREAT BIG  
TORCH HAS  
BEEN  
APPOINTED  
CHAPERONE!

IT'S NO JOKE,  
TORO! HE SAYS  
TO GUARD HER  
CAREFULLY!

UH --  
WONDER  
WHAT'S  
UP!

**TORCH LEAVES...**

I DON'T KNOW -- BUT  
SHE'LL BE WITH VANCE  
COBURN, THE ATTACHE  
FROM THE BRITISH  
EMBASSY -- LOOKS  
OFFICIAL!

WELL,  
DON'T  
FALL FOR  
HER! BE  
SEEING  
YOU!

**AT THE PIER**

HMM! THIS  
IS A PHOTO OF  
HER, DR. HORTON  
SENT ME...  
LOVELY GIRL!

THERE SHE IS... WOW!  
THAT'S SOME STRING  
OF PEARLS AROUND  
HER NECK!

WHERE'S TORCH?  
HE'S SUPPOSED  
TO MEET US  
HERE!

OVER  
THERE!  
HE'S COMING  
THIS  
WAY!

SWEDISH -

HELLO, TORCH!  
MEET MR. COBURN  
OF THE BRITISH  
EMBASSY!

HOW DO YOU  
DO, MR.  
TORCH--

I  
HAVE A  
CAB  
WAITING!

YOUR UNCLE SEEMS  
VERY ANXIOUS FOR  
YOUR SAFETY --  
WHAT'S THE  
TROUBLE?

OH,  
UNCLE  
IS ALWAYS  
THAT WAY!

SUDDENLY... FROM THE INNER RECESS  
OF THE CAB, A SUB MACHINE GUN  
POKES OUT WITH A DEATHLY CHATTER!

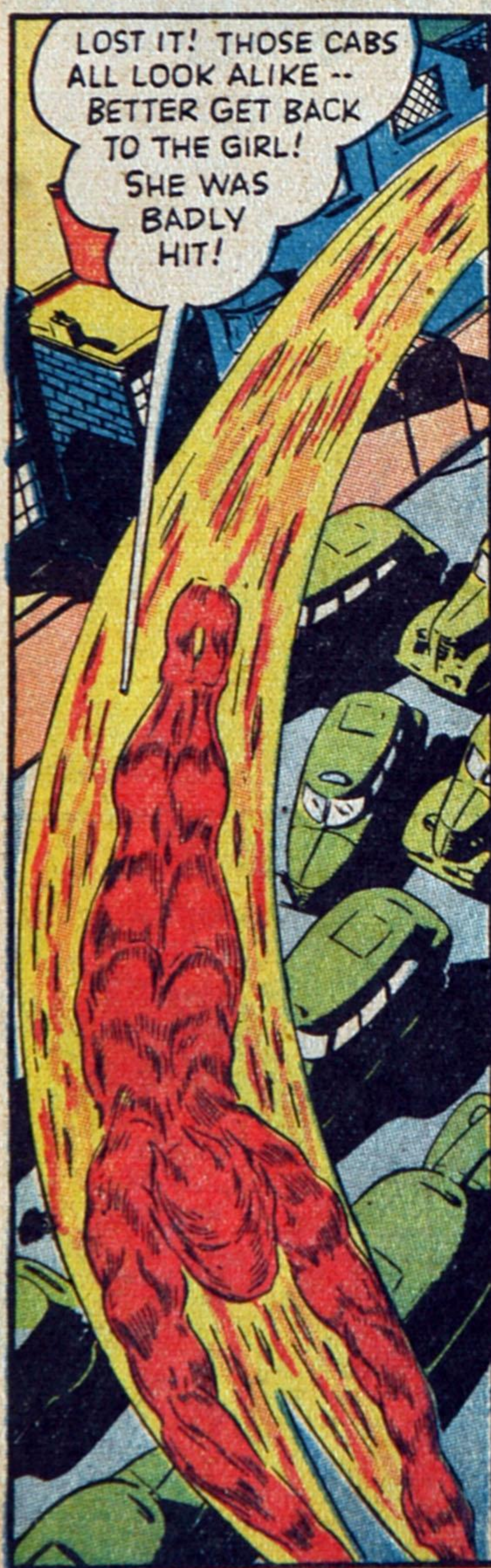
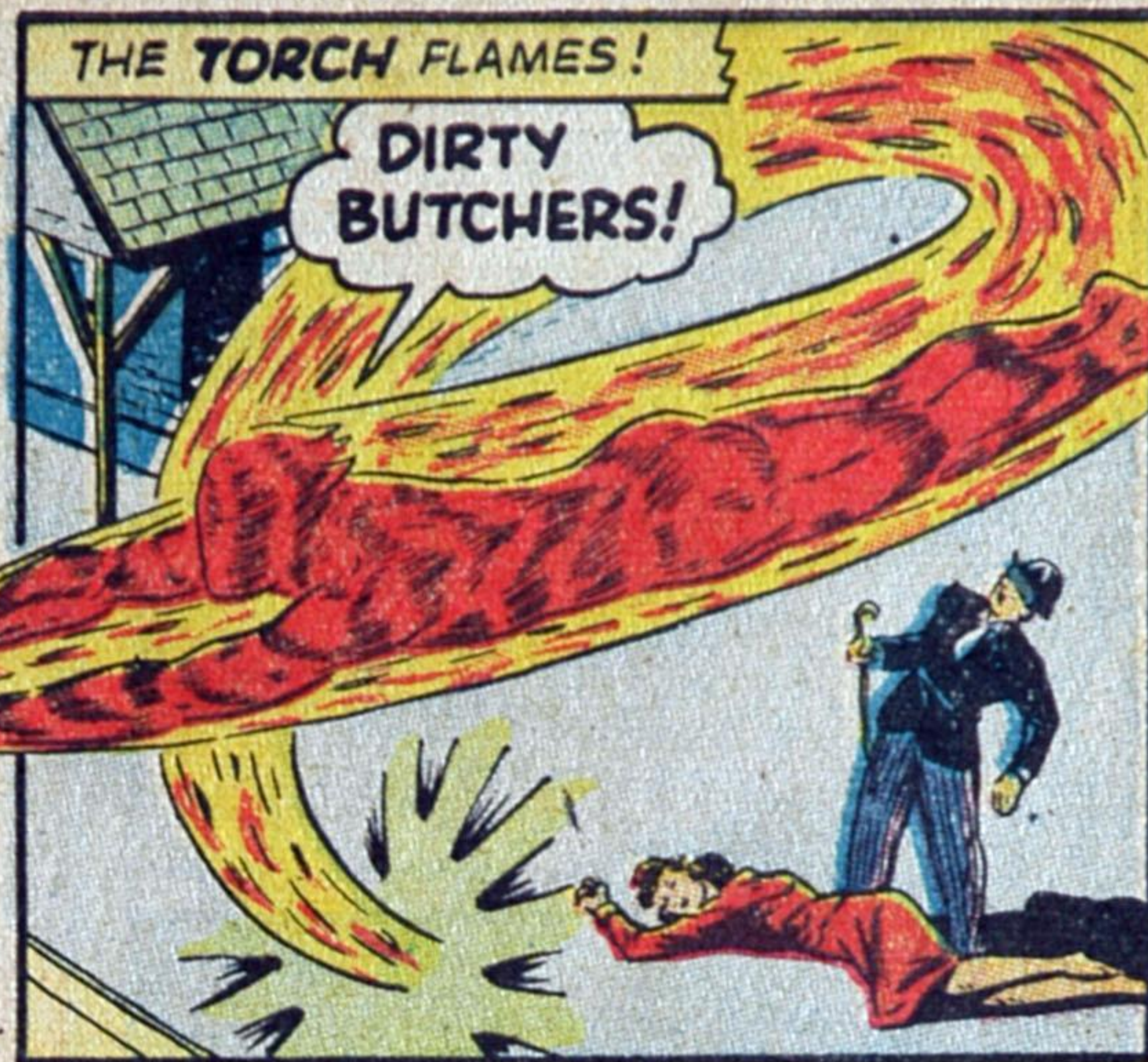
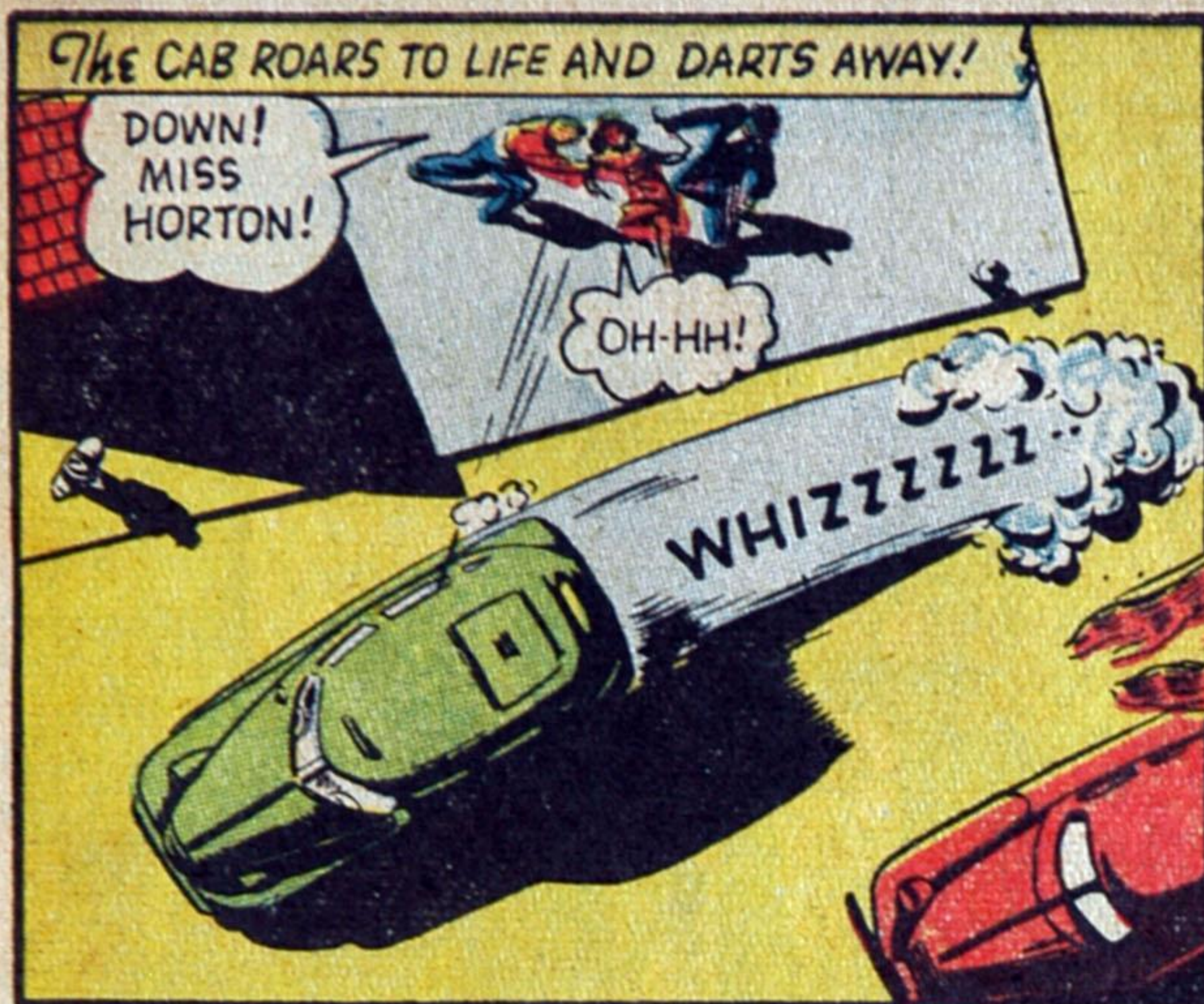
WATCH  
OUT!

OH-HH!

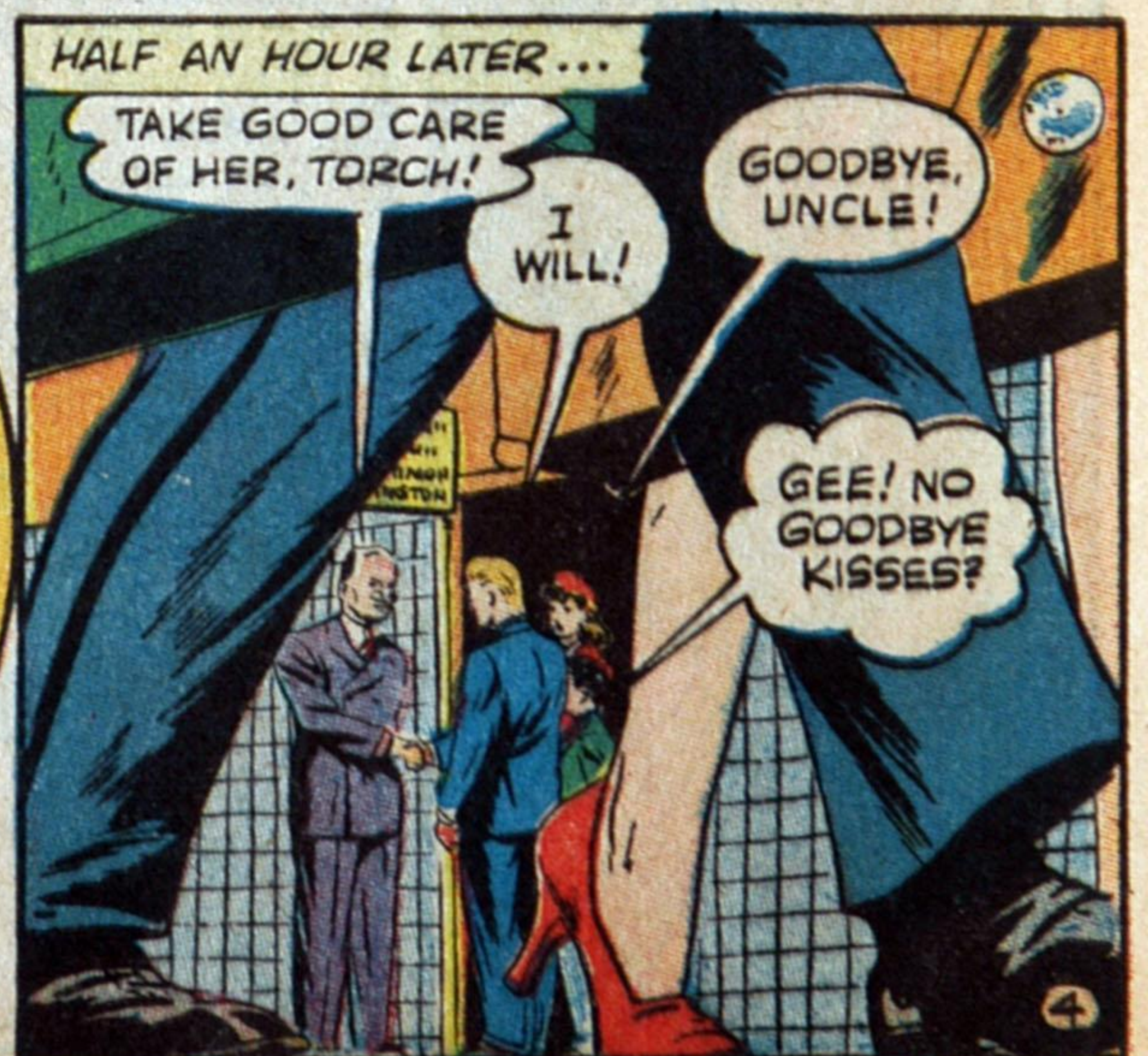
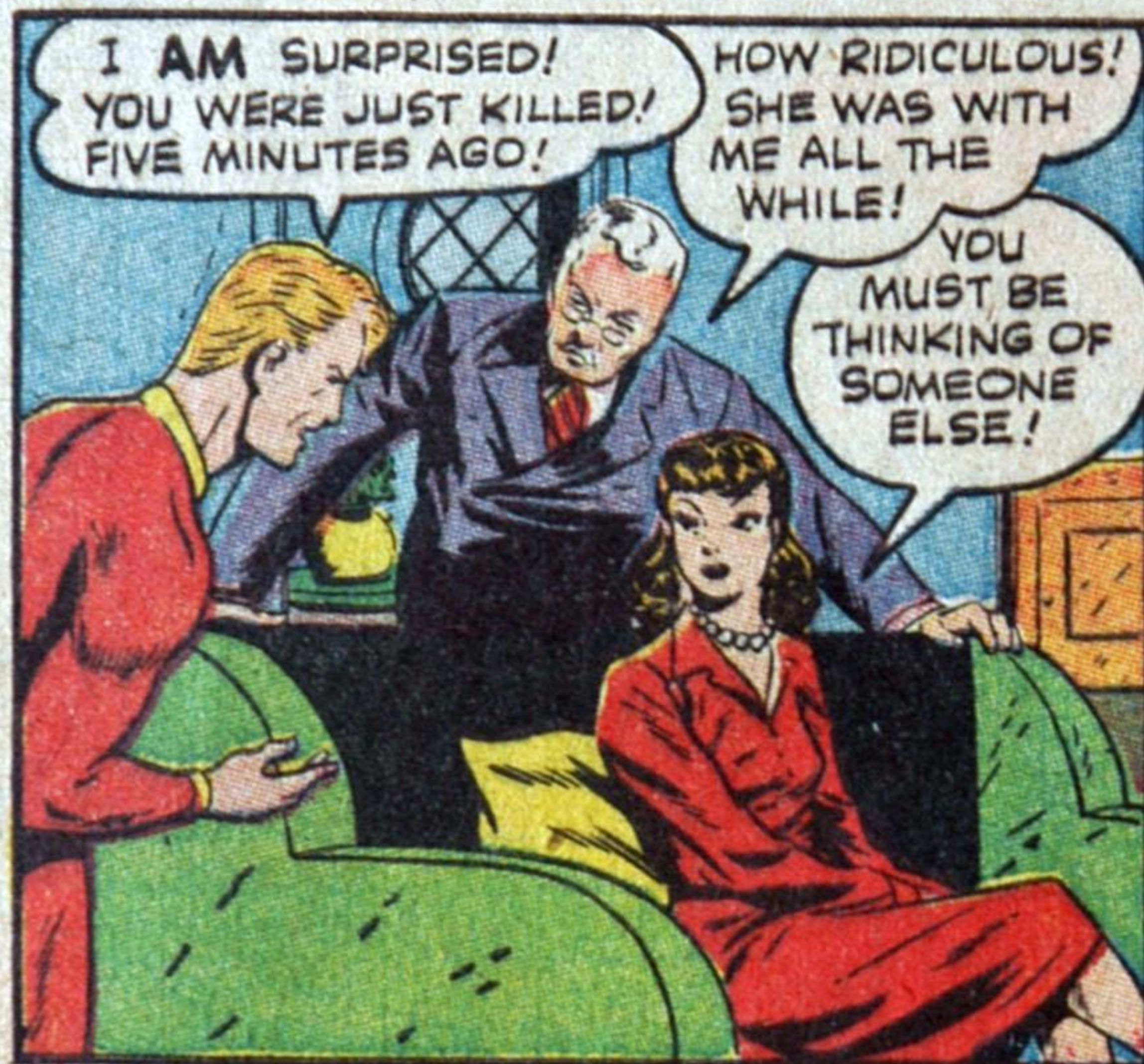
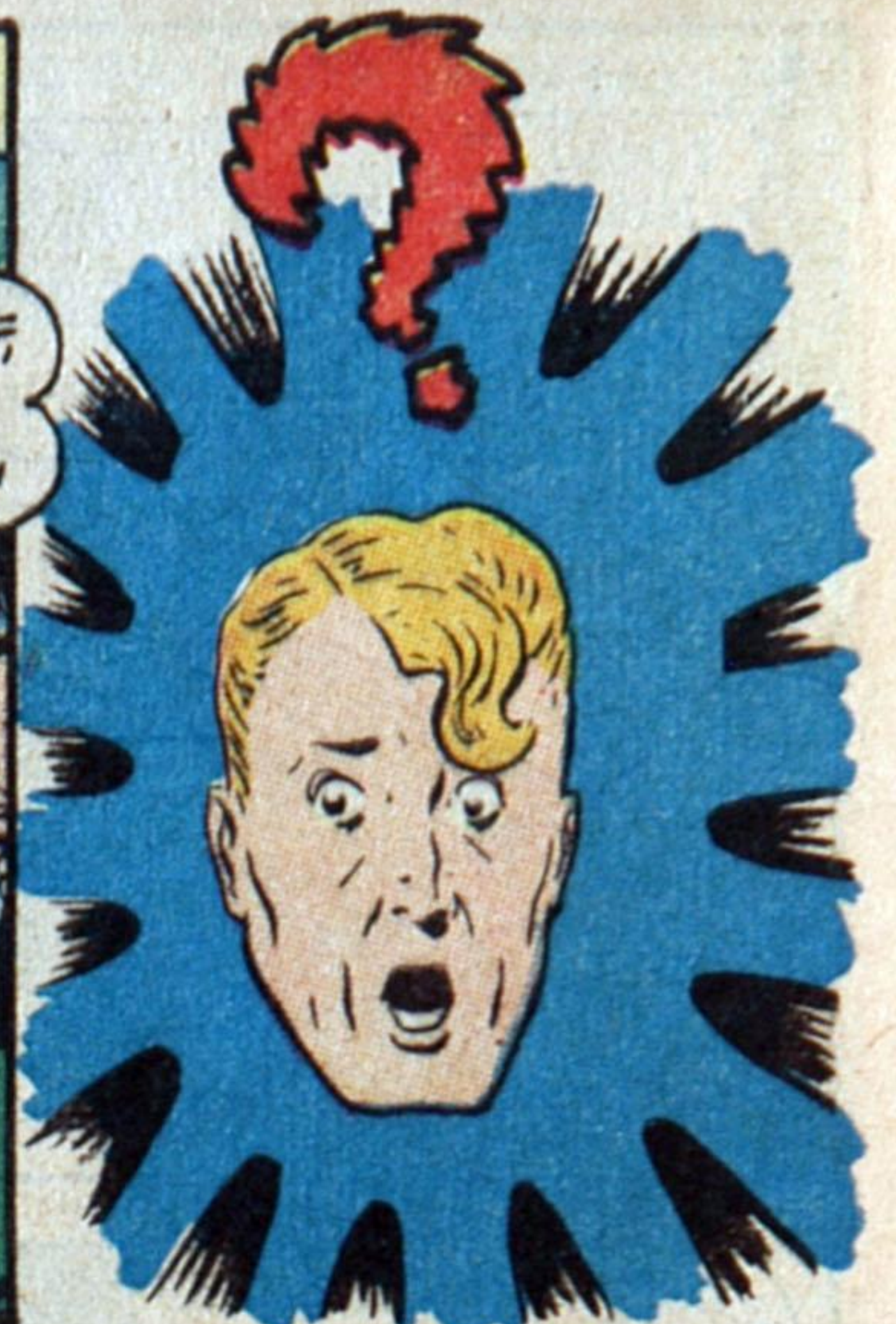
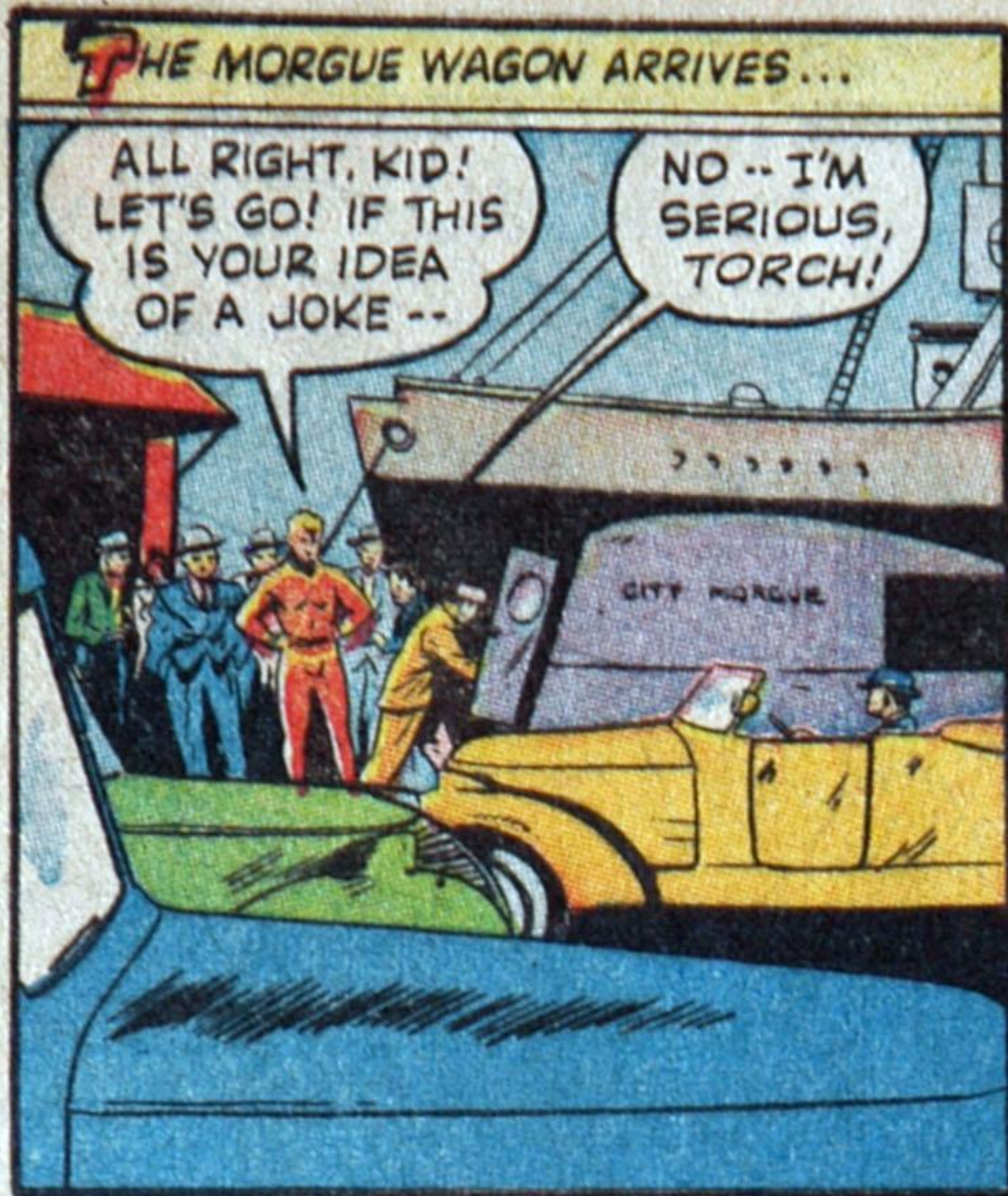
RAT-TAT-TAT

FALL  
DOWN!











AS THE WASHINGTON EXPRESS SPEEDS THROUGH A TUNNEL - IT STARTS TO CROSS A BRIDGE, BUT ---

POO-KA-DOO!

OH-HHH!

HELP!

HSSSSSS  
HSSSSSS

SPYKE  
THE  
FARM

BARELY CONSCIOUS, TORCH, IN THE MIDST OF THE WRECKAGE, HEARS A CRY ---

HELP!

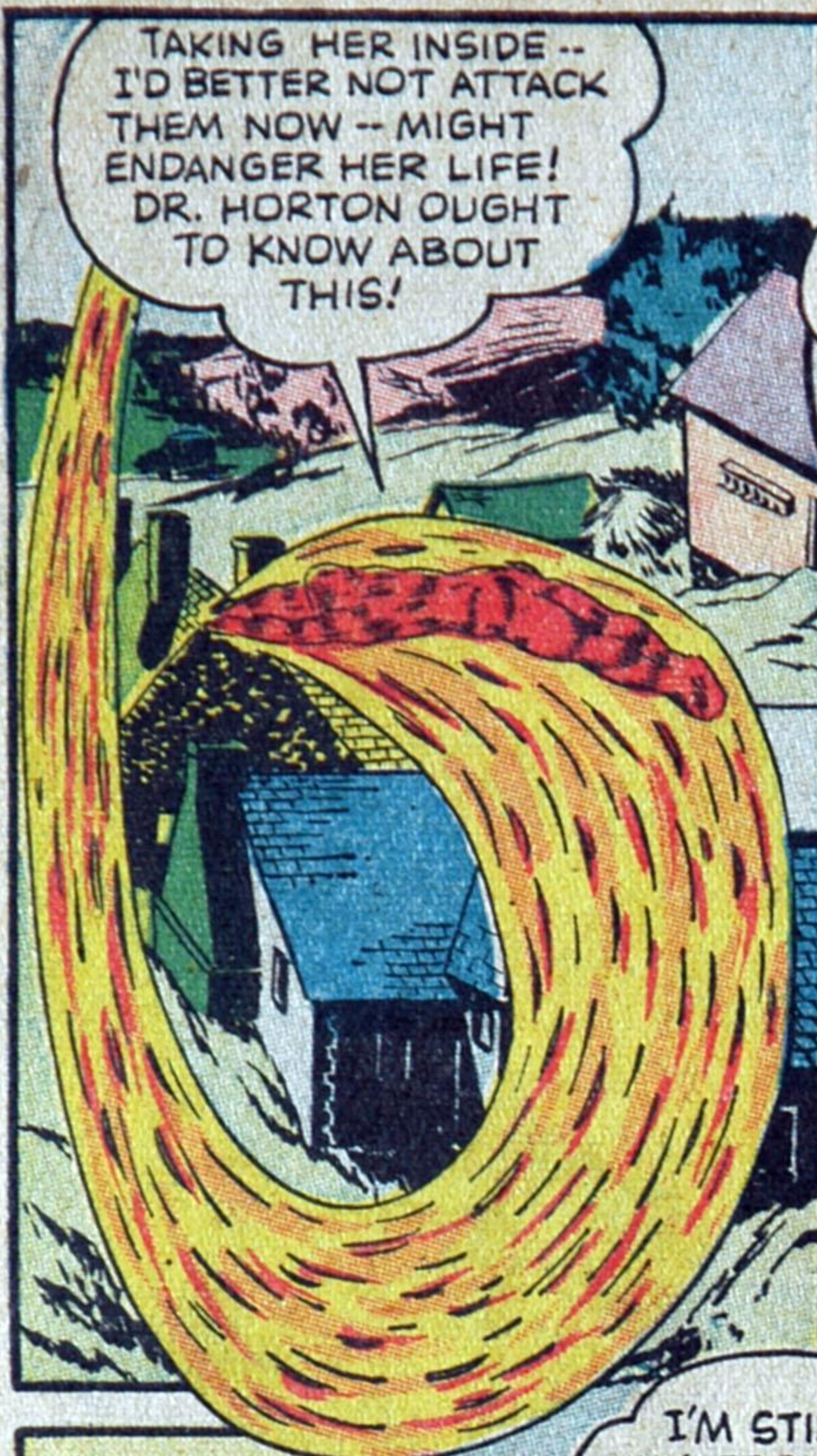
SHE'S BEING KIDNAPPED!

TORCH BURSTS INTO FLAME!

THAT WRECK MUST HAVE BEEN PLANNED!

THEY DERAILED THE TRAIN ON PURPOSE! THEY WANT DORIS - OR THAT PEARL NECKLACE! HMM! - HITTING FOR THAT FARM!





TAKING HER INSIDE --  
I'D BETTER NOT ATTACK  
THEM NOW -- MIGHT  
ENDANGER HER LIFE!  
DR. HORTON OUGHT  
TO KNOW ABOUT  
THIS!

**TORCH SPEEDS TO  
THE NEAREST TOWN...**

YES, DR. HORTON --  
THERE WAS A TRAIN WRECK --  
DORIS WAS ABDUCTED BY  
SOME MEN -- GOT HER AT  
THEIR HIDE-OUT! I WANT YOU  
AND TORO TO  
COME AT ONCE!

DID THEY  
GET THE  
PEARLS?

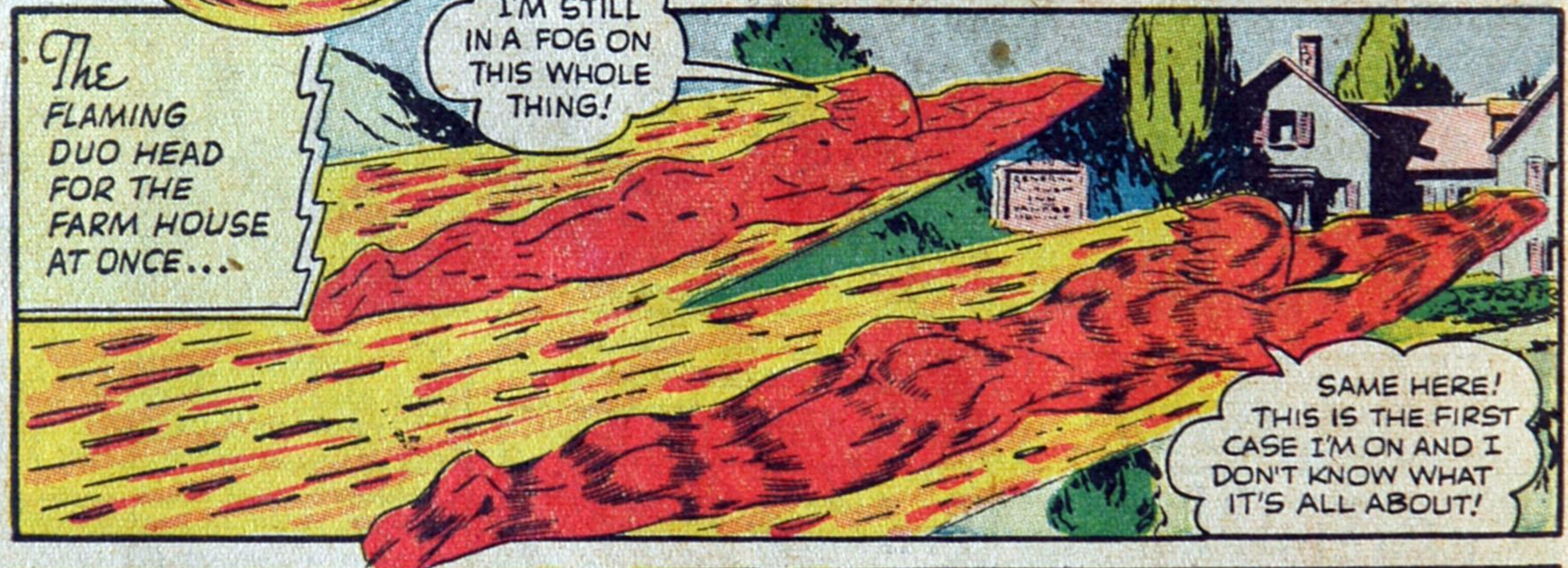
PEARLS? I DON'T  
KNOW -- IS THAT WHAT  
THEY'RE AFTER?

I CAN'T EXPLAIN  
-- WE'LL FLY  
DOWN AT  
ONCE WITH  
MR. COBURN!

**MUCH LATER ... IN A HOTEL ROOM...**

TORCH, YOU MUST GET  
DORIS AND THE PEARLS  
AWAY FROM  
THAT GANG!

I WILL! -- I  
NEED YOUR  
HELP,  
TORO!



*The*  
FLAMING  
DUO HEAD  
FOR THE  
FARM HOUSE  
AT ONCE...

I'M STILL  
IN A FOG ON  
THIS WHOLE  
THING!

SAME HERE!  
THIS IS THE FIRST  
CASE I'M ON AND I  
DON'T KNOW WHAT  
IT'S ALL ABOUT!



THEY COME TO EARTH...

THIS IS IT! THEY  
MUST BE INSIDE  
WITH THE GIRL!

HEAR THAT?  
--CAME FROM  
THE  
BASEMENT!

HELP!



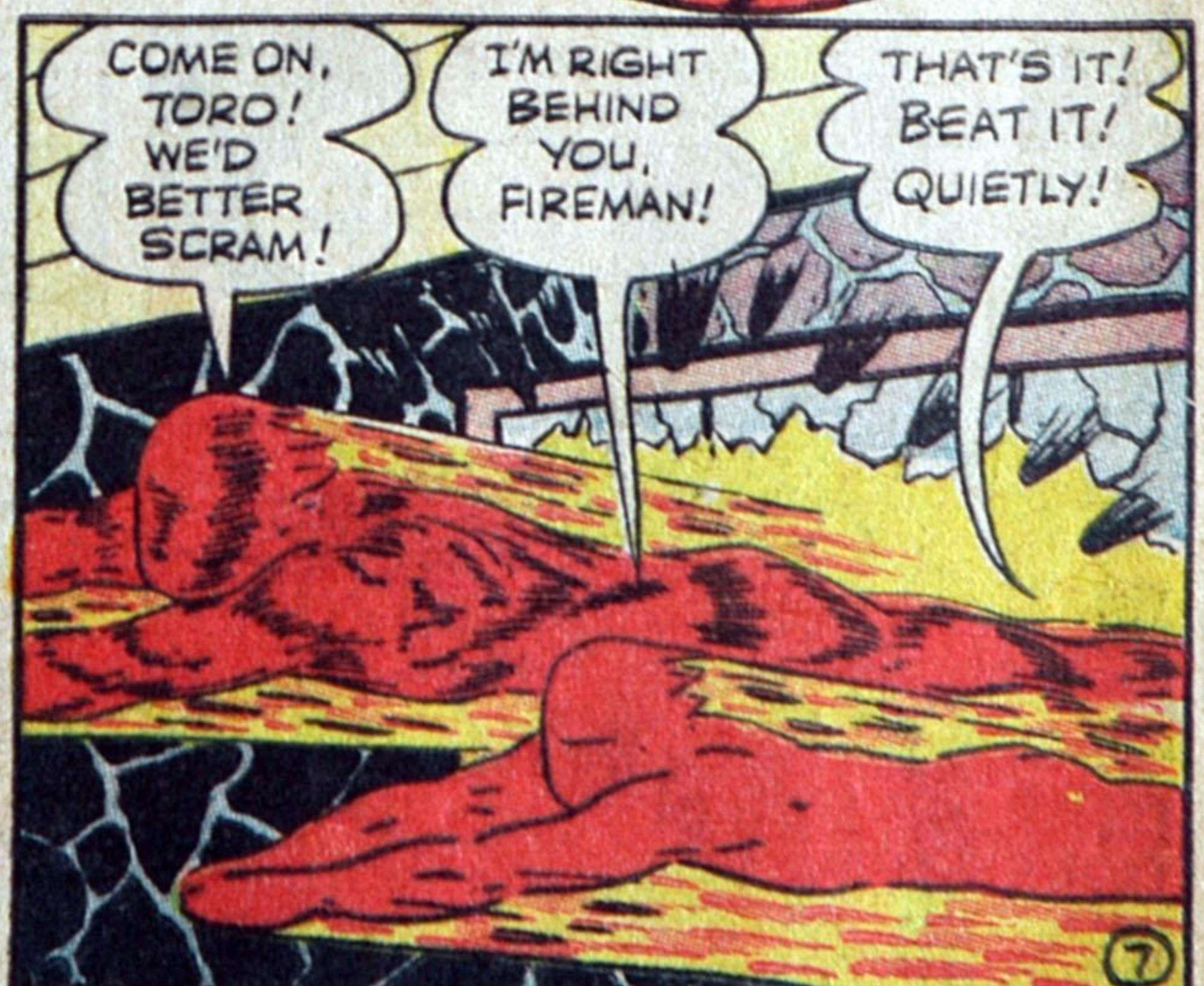
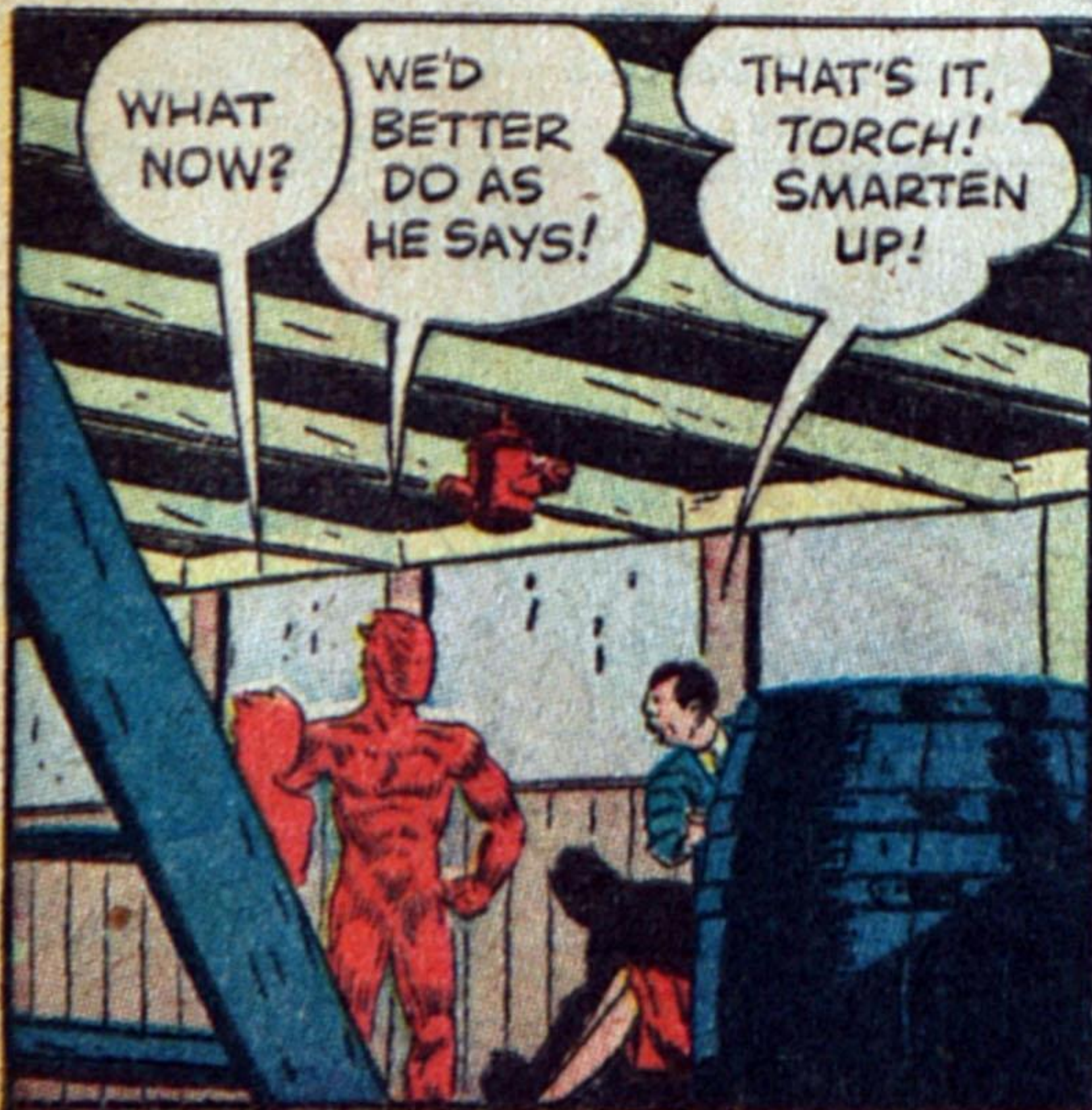
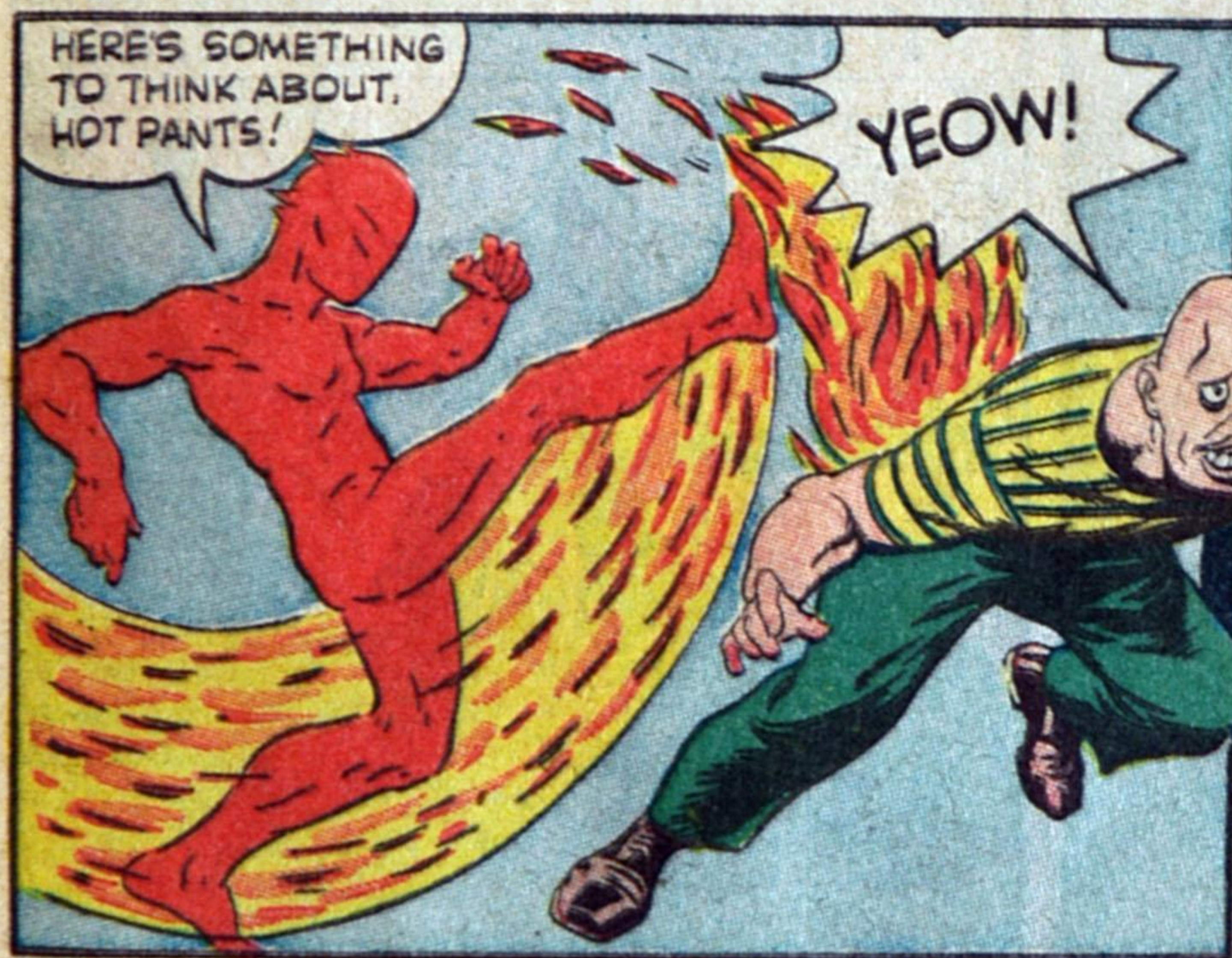
THEY'RE GOING TO  
TORTURE HER!

NOT IF WE FLAME  
AND TORTURE  
THEM FIRST!

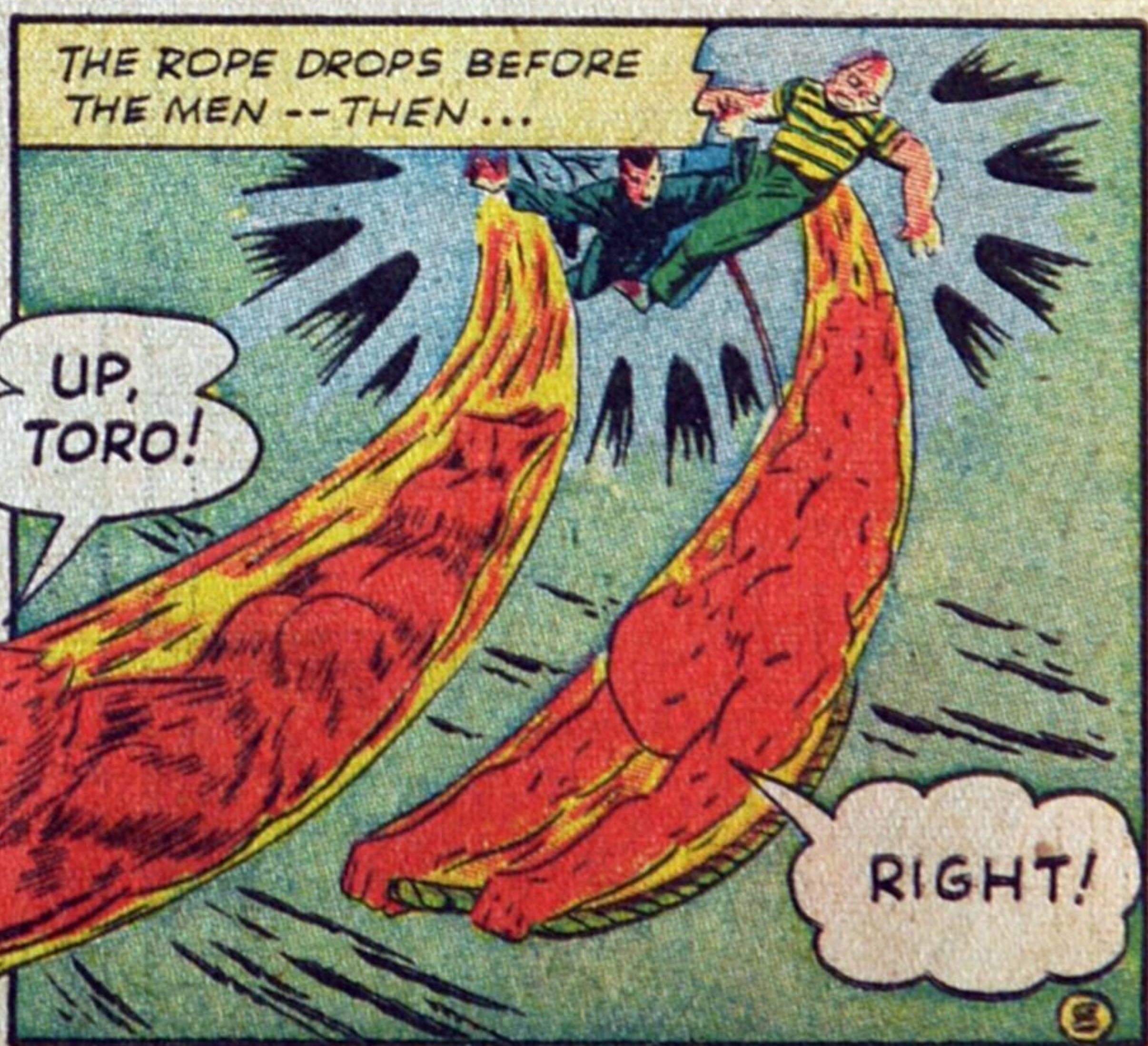
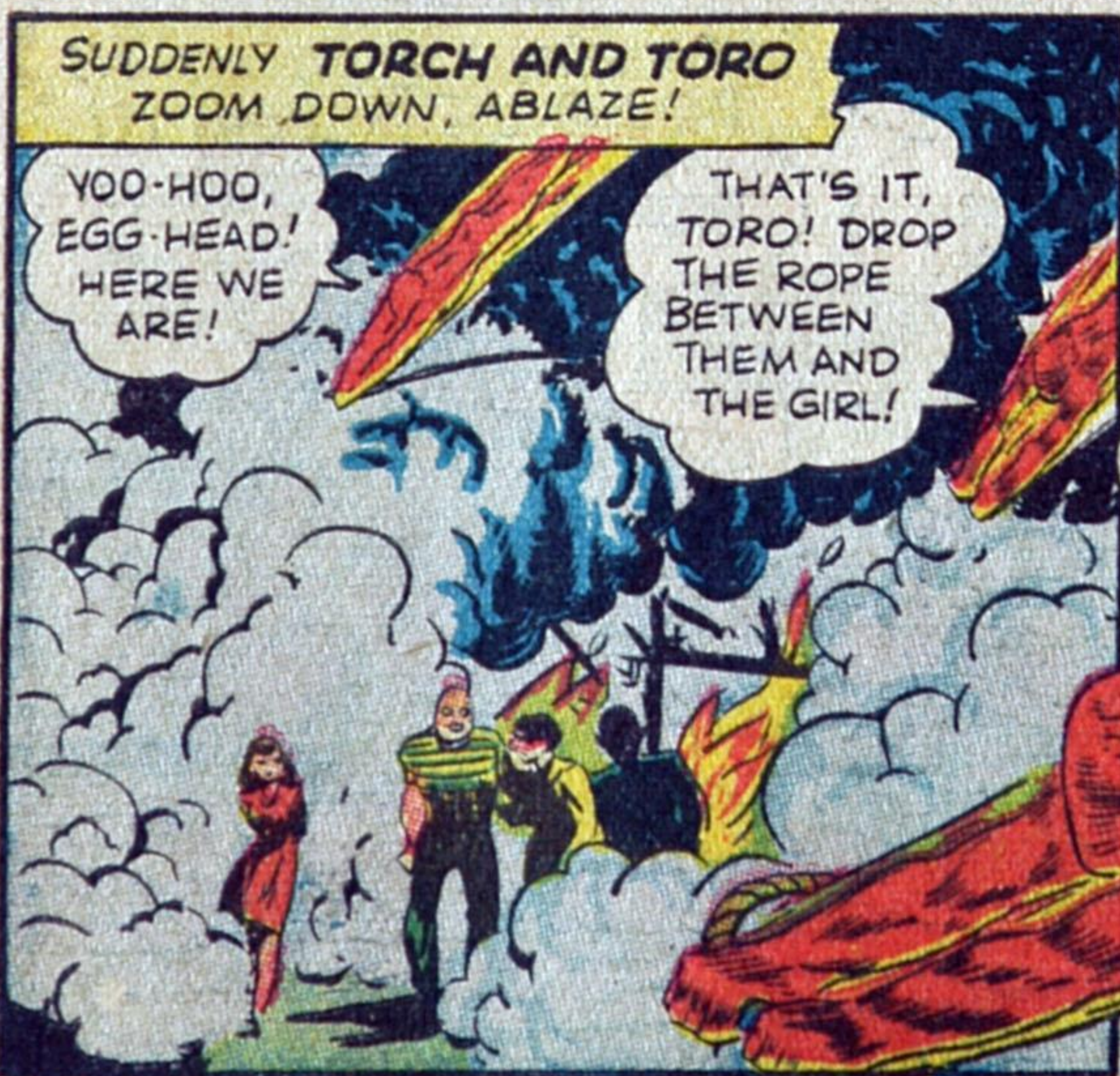
THE  
PEARLS!  
WHERE ARE  
THEY?

I  
WON'T  
TELL!





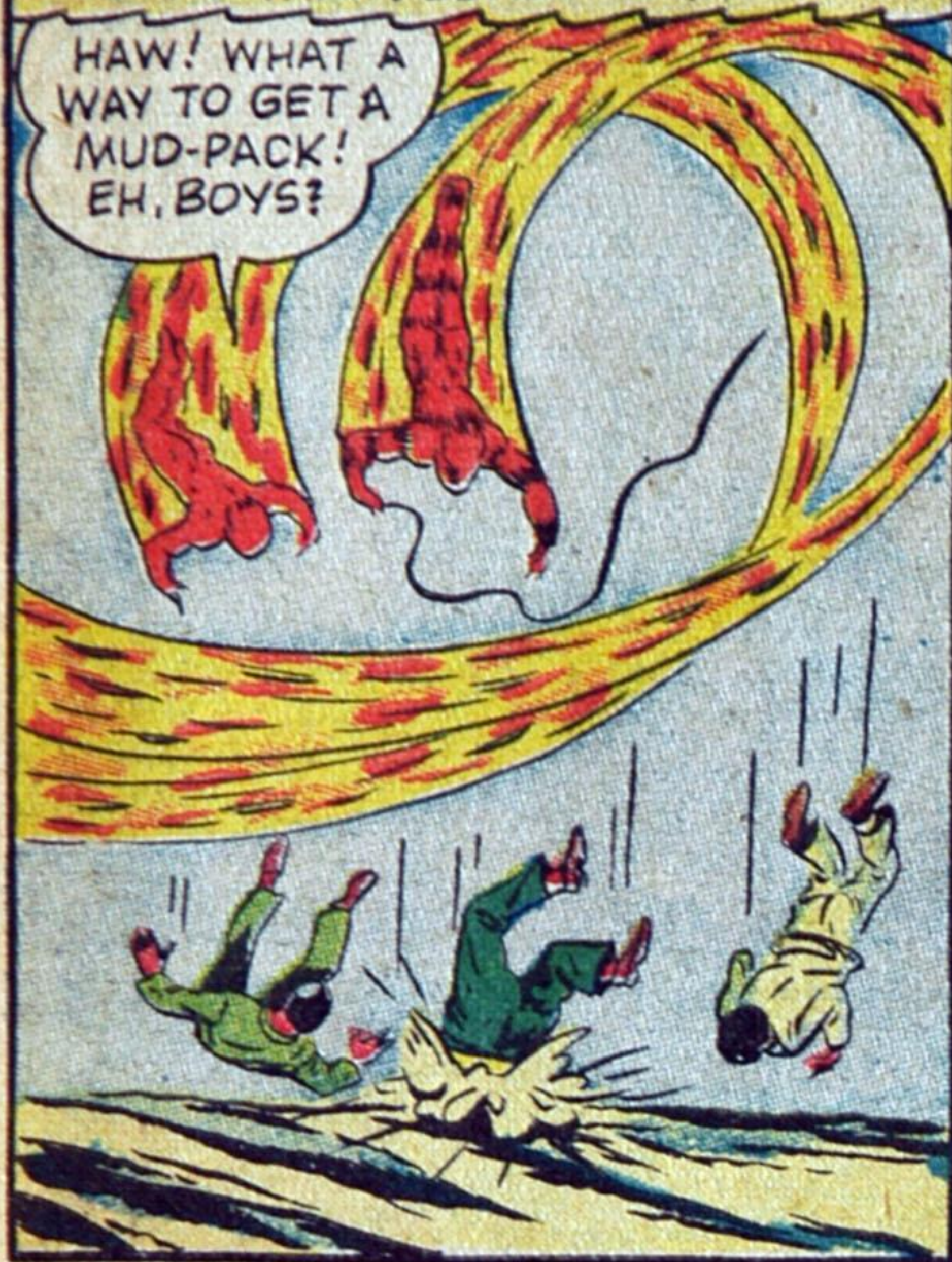






THE FLAME MASTERS REVERSE AND SPILL THEIR LOAD!

HAW! WHAT A WAY TO GET A MUD-PACK! EH, BOYS?



DOUSING THEIR FLAMES, THE DUO COME DOWN...

YOU TAKE OVER THOSE MEN AND MARCH THEM INTO TOWN -- I'M TAKING DORIS BACK TO HER UNCLE!

GEE! YOU HAVE ALL THE PLEASURE! -- --OH, WELL...



AFTER TORCH LEAVES WITH DORIS...

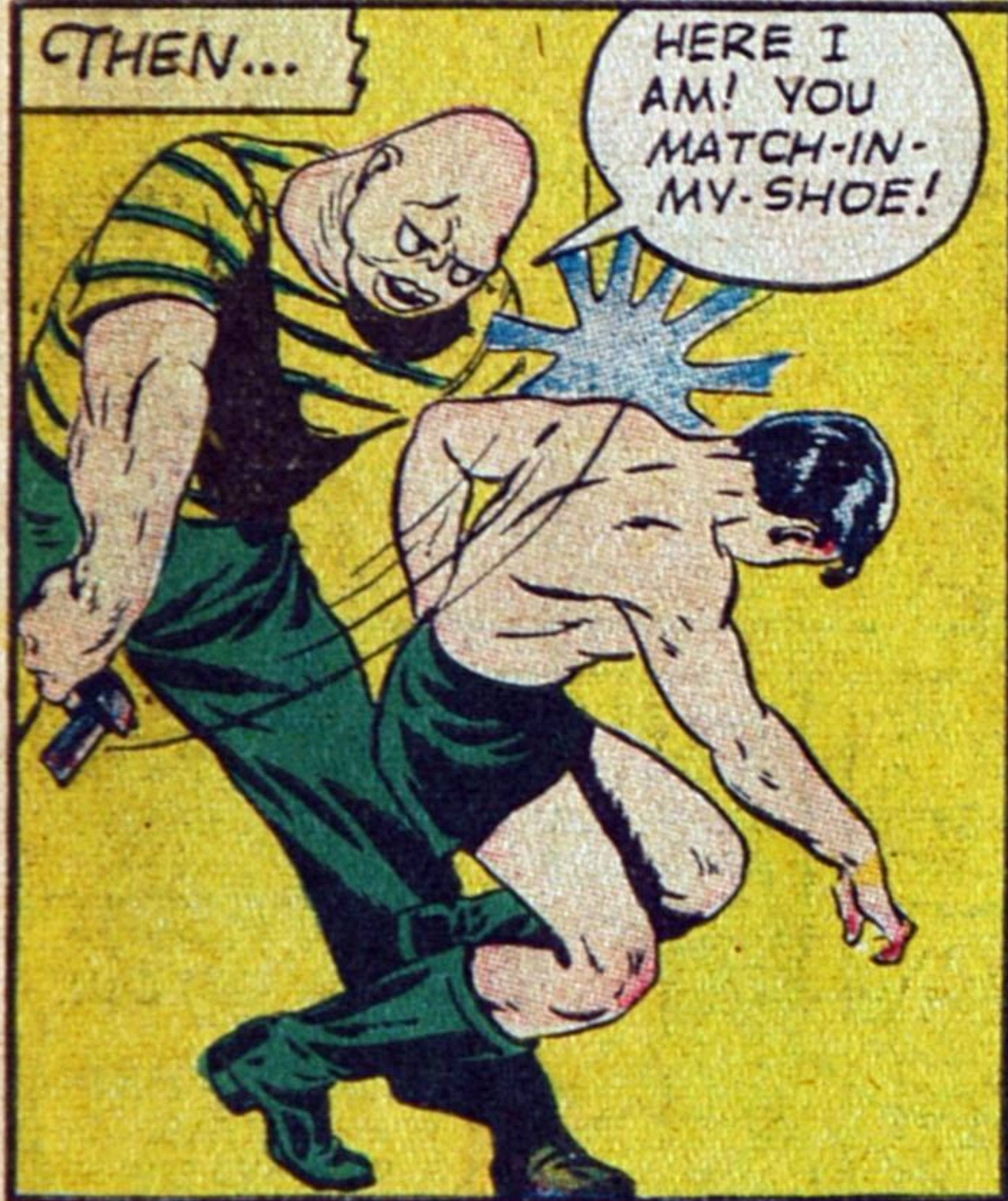
HAH!... JUST LIKE PIGS -- HEY! WHERE'S THE OTHER GUY?

YA LITTLE BRAT!



THEN...

HERE I AM! YOU MATCH-IN-MY-SHOE!



MEANWHILE... BACK IN THE HOTEL...

HERE SHE IS, DR. HORTON!

THE PEARLS-- DID THEY GET THEM?

NO, UNCLE!

WHERE ARE THEY?



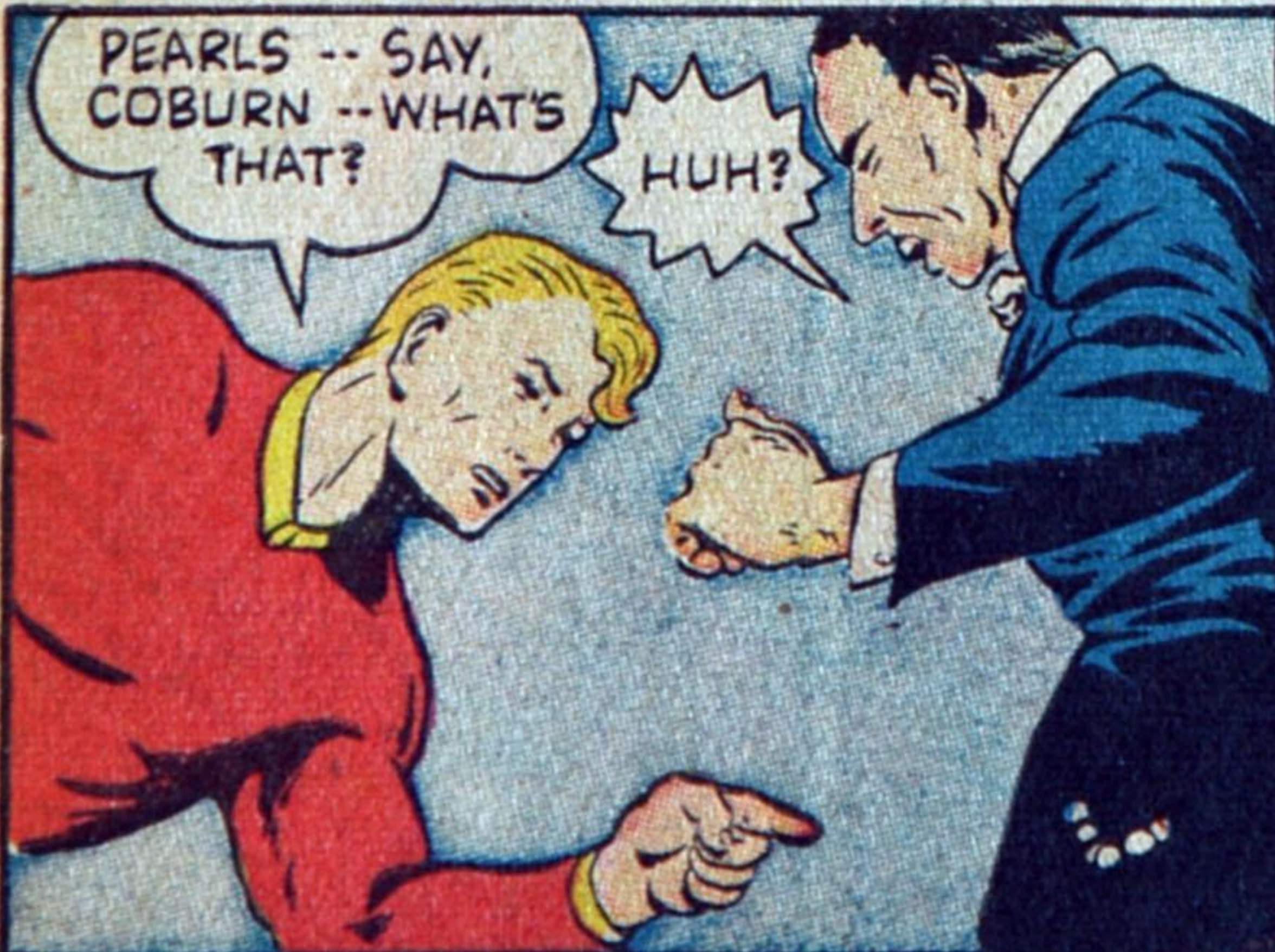
I MANAGED TO HIDE THEM IN THE HEM OF MY SKIRT!

LET ME HAVE THEM, DEAR!



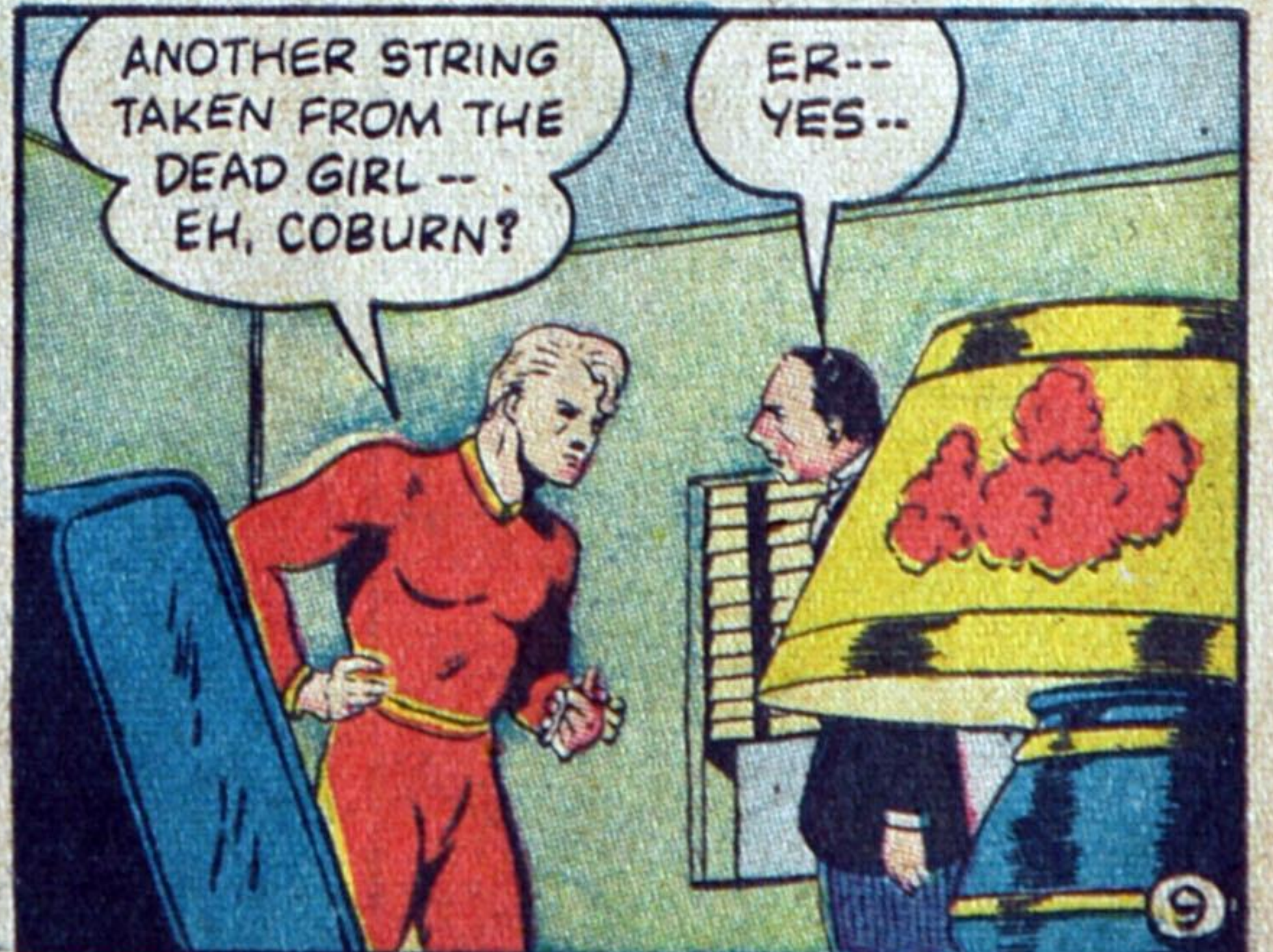
PEARLS -- SAY, COBURN -- WHAT'S THAT?

HUH?

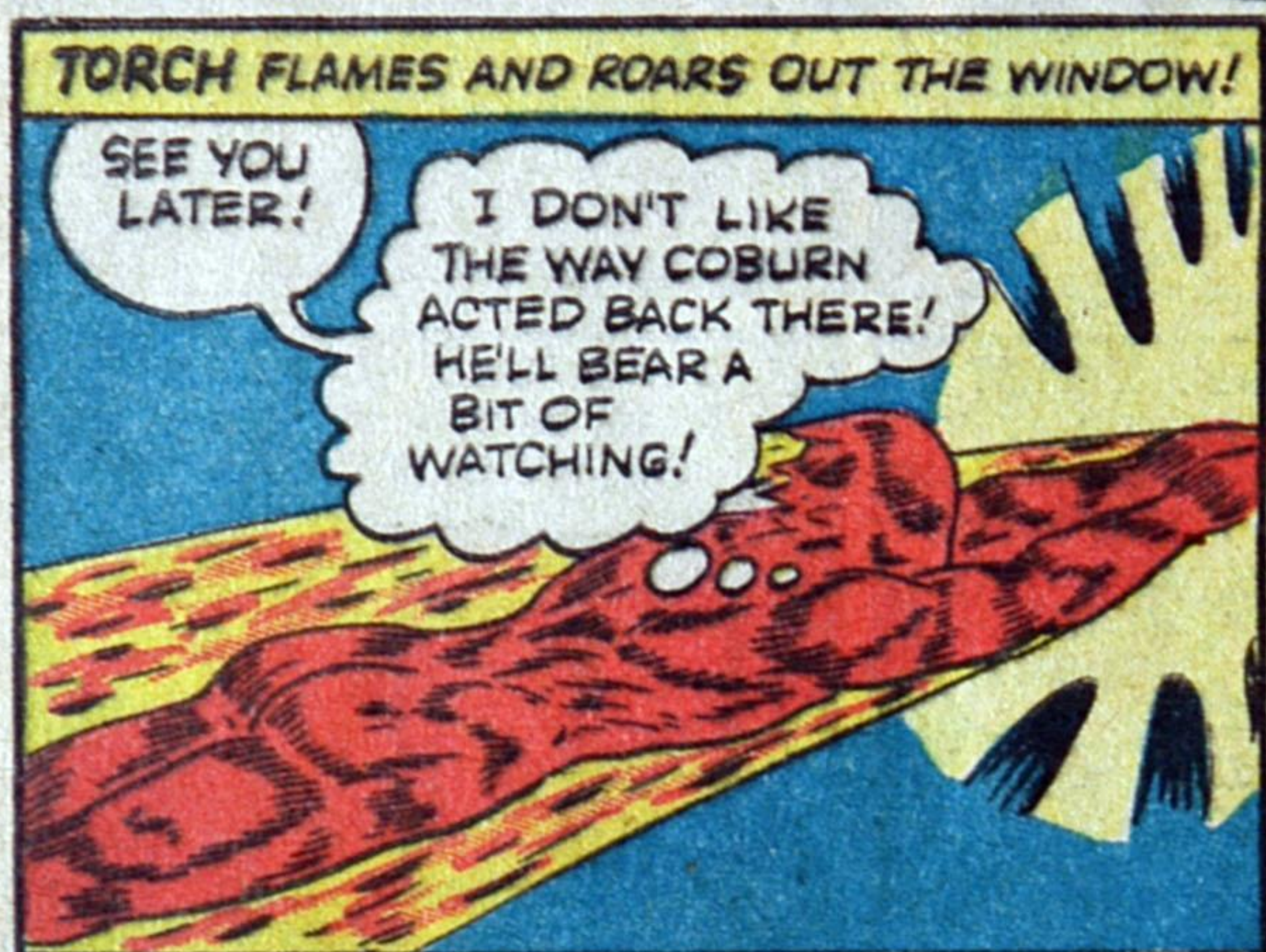


ANOTHER STRING TAKEN FROM THE DEAD GIRL -- EH, COBURN?

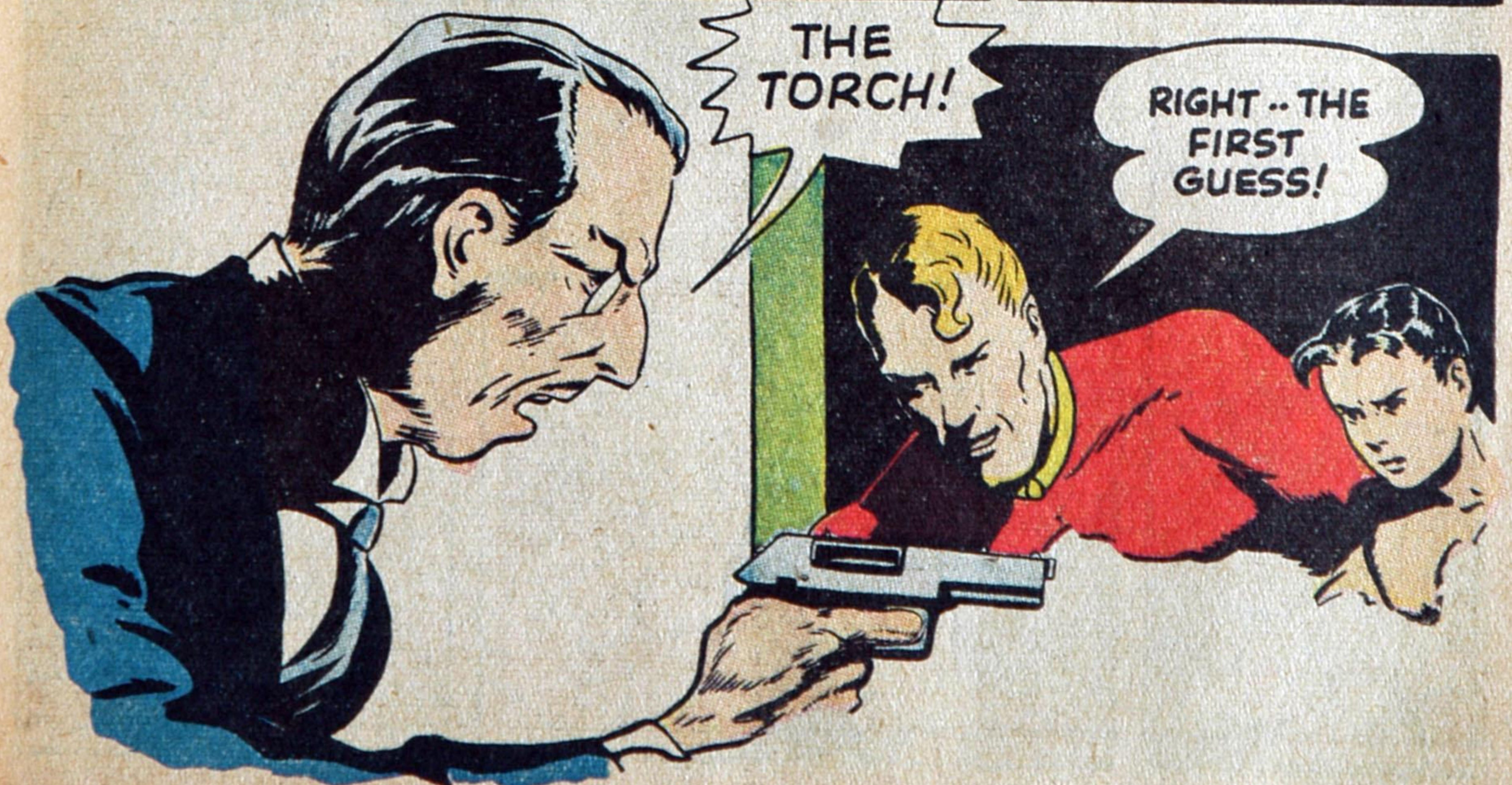
ER-- YES--













THE HUMAN TORCH UNLEASHES A FIRE-BALL!

DROP THAT GUN!

YEOW!

I'LL KICK YOUR TEETH DOWN YOUR THROAT!

OH, LITTLE MAN WANTS TO KICK THE GONG, EH?

MIND IF I GRAB YOUR LEG?

EEE-YEOWW!  
LEGGO! I'M BURNING UP!

TORCH UNPACKS A WALLOP!

I'LL SAY YOU ARE BURNING UP!

UGHH!

COBURN IS SUBDUED!

I'LL TAKE THESE, COBURN! I NEVER THOUGHT YOU WERE A PART OF THE SCHEME TO GET THE PEARLS!

THIS PAPER INSIDE THE LARGE PEARL, A PAPER WITH A LIST OF ALL THE SPIES OPERATING IN AMERICA, WAS SMUGGLED OUT OF BERLIN! MY NIECE BROUGHT IT BACK FROM SWEDEN!

BUT, WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER GIRL?

YES! --LOOK! HIS NAME HEADS THE LIST!

WHEW! THE PEARLS OF WISDOM!

UNFORTUNATELY, SHE DIED -- DOING HER DUTY -- WE COULDN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES, AND SHE SUBSTITUTED FOR DORIS -- COBURN DIDN'T KNOW THAT!

SO IT WAS COBURN WHO ENGINEERED THE WHOLE PLOT?

WHAT'S COOKIN'?

**HUMAN TORCH**

IS COOKING UP A NEW ADVENTURE NOW FOR

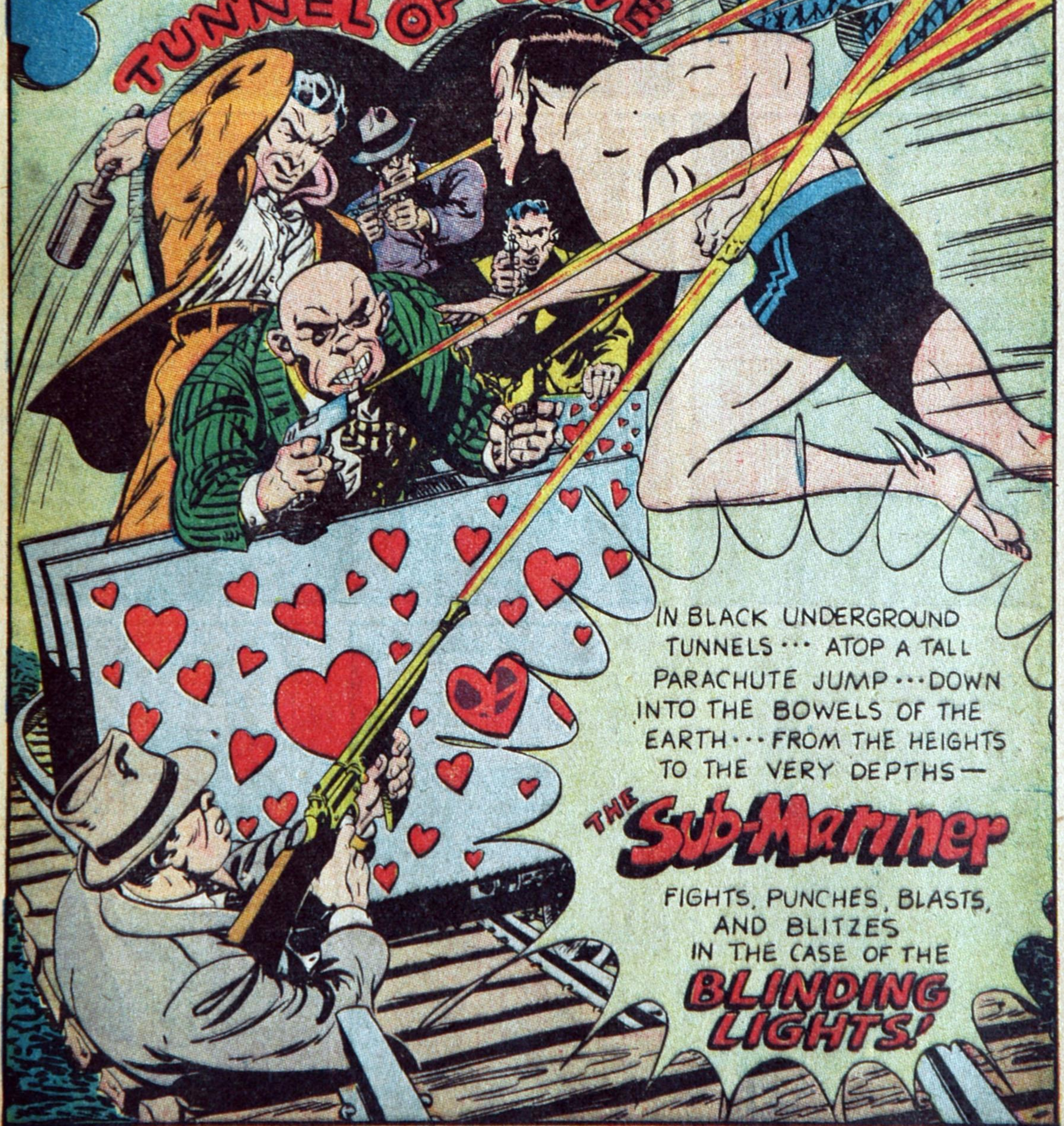
*His* **HUMAN TORCH QUARTERLY**  
DON'T MISS IT!



# SUB MARINER

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940  
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## TUNNEL OF LOVE



IN BLACK UNDERGROUND  
TUNNELS ... ATOP A TALL  
PARACHUTE JUMP ... DOWN  
INTO THE BOWELS OF THE  
EARTH ... FROM THE HEIGHTS  
TO THE VERY DEPTHS —

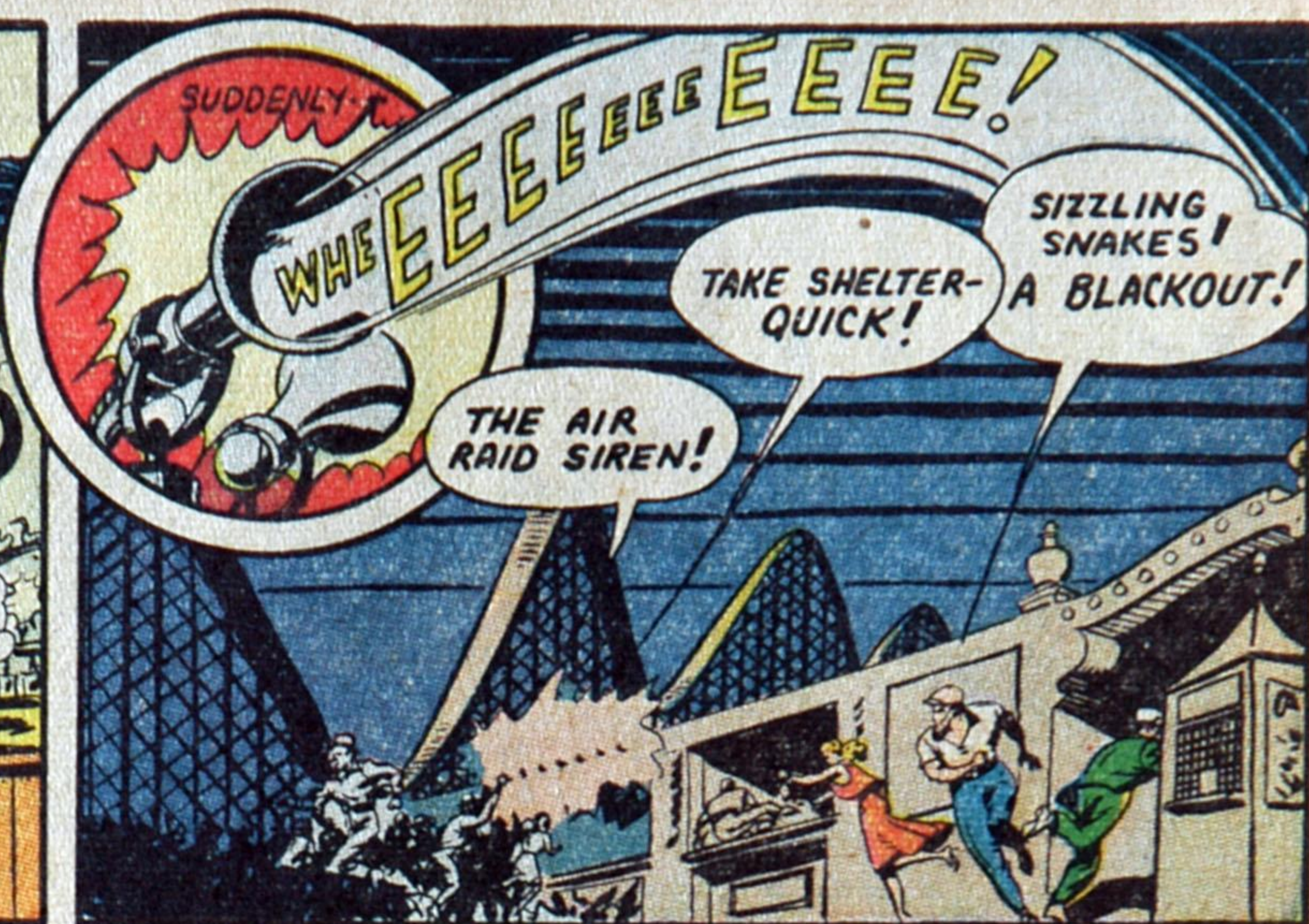
THE **Sub-Mariner**

FIGHTS, PUNCHES, BLASTS,  
AND BLITZES  
IN THE CASE OF THE  
**BLINDING  
LIGHTS!**



IN NONDESCRIPT CLOTHES, THE FAMOUS **SUB-MARINER** WALKS IN AN OCEAN-FRONT AMUSEMENT PARK.

**CROAKING CROCODILES!** THERE'S TOO MUCH **NOISE** AND TOO LITTLE **ACTION** AROUND THIS PLACE!



SUDDENLY

**WHEEEEEEEEEEEEE!**

THE AIR RAID SIREN!

TAKE SHELTER-QUICK!

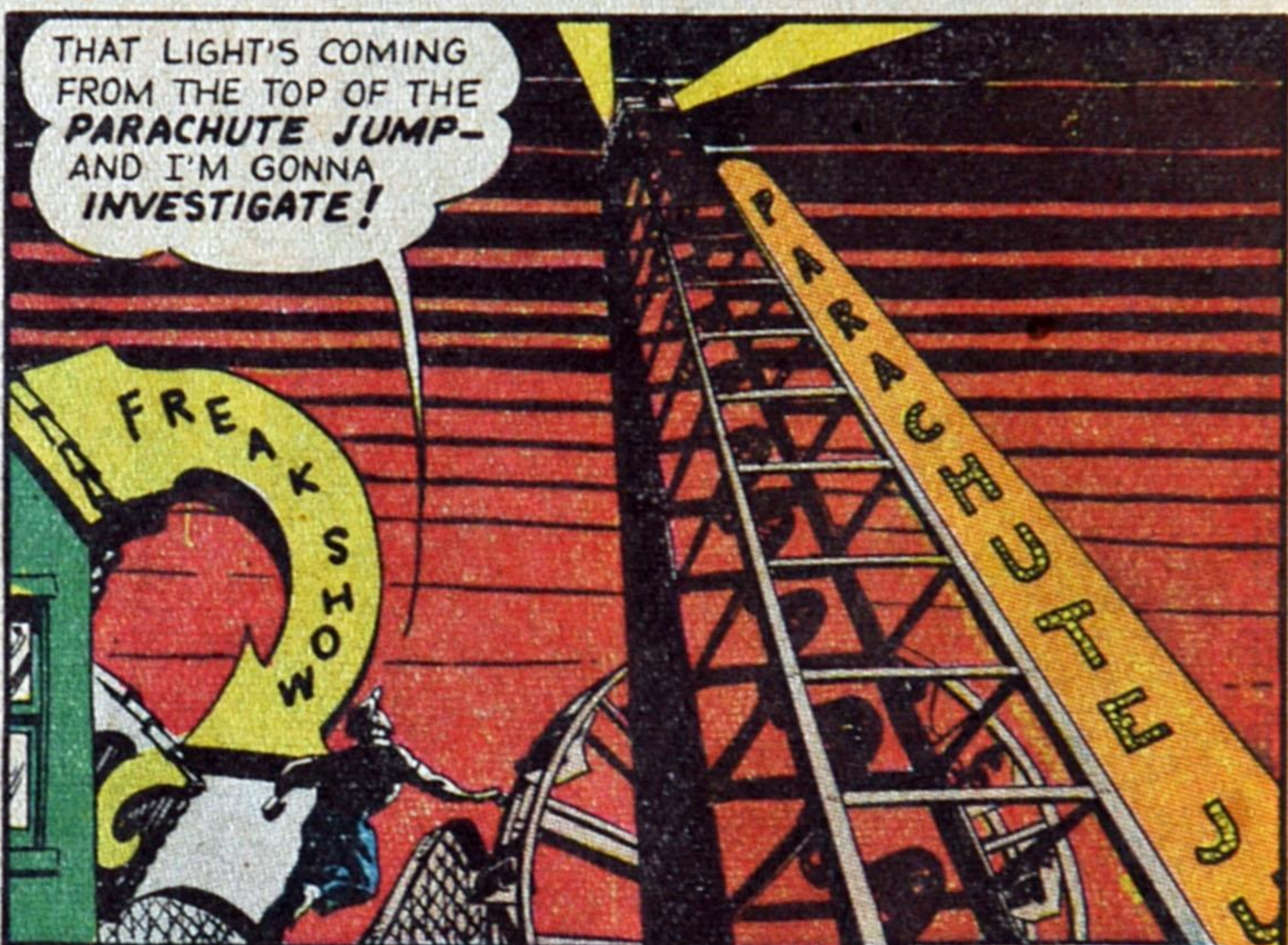
SIZZLING SNAKES! A BLACKOUT!

TWO MINUTES LATER...

I CAN'T SEE A TH'—  
**HEY!** WHAT'S THE LIGHT DOING ON?



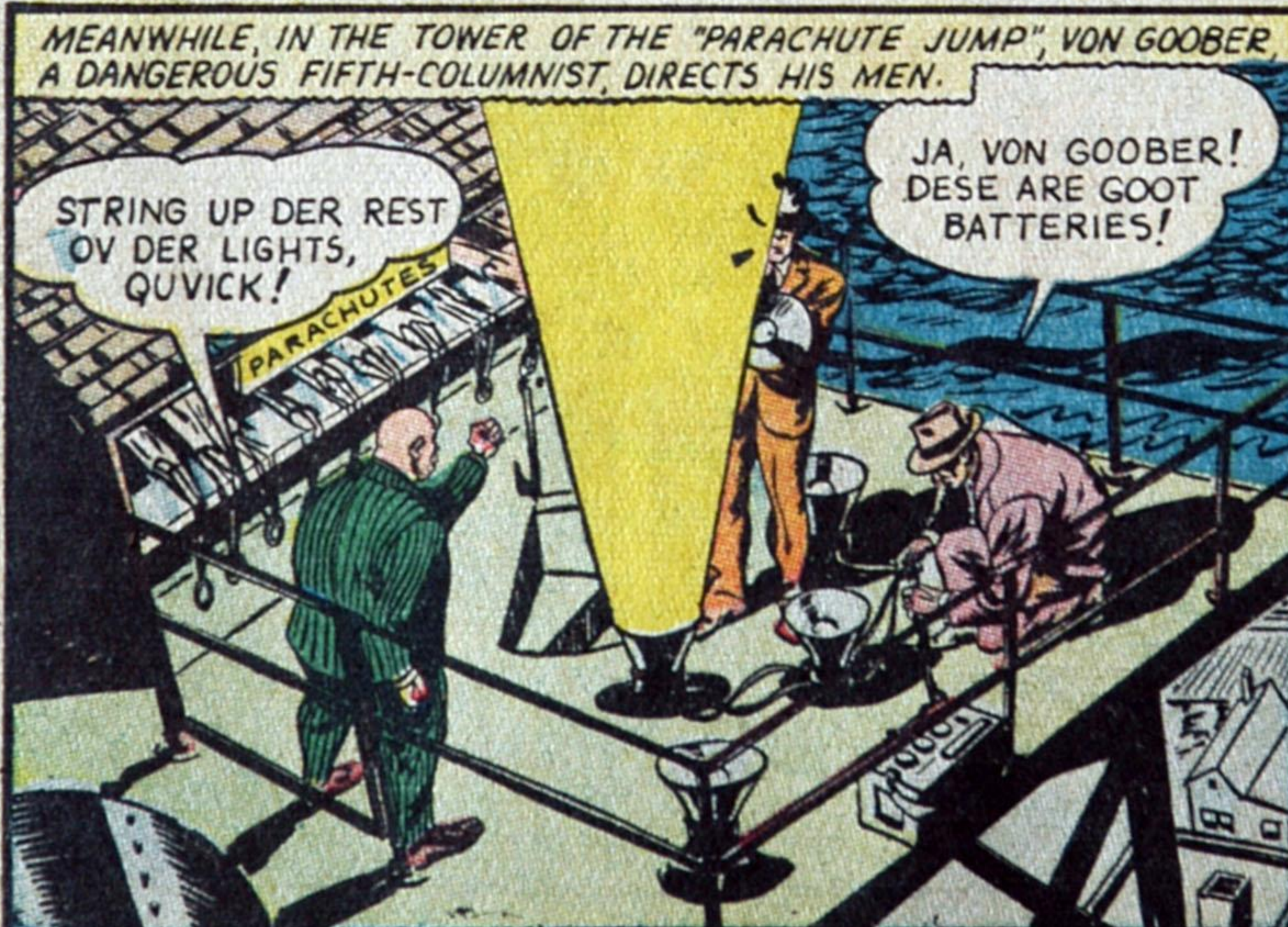
THAT LIGHT'S COMING FROM THE TOP OF THE **PARACHUTE JUMP**—AND I'M GONNA **INVESTIGATE!**



MEANWHILE, IN THE TOWER OF THE "PARACHUTE JUMP", VON GOOBER, A DANGEROUS FIFTH-COLUMNIST, DIRECTS HIS MEN.

STRING UP DER REST OV DER LIGHTS, QUVICK!

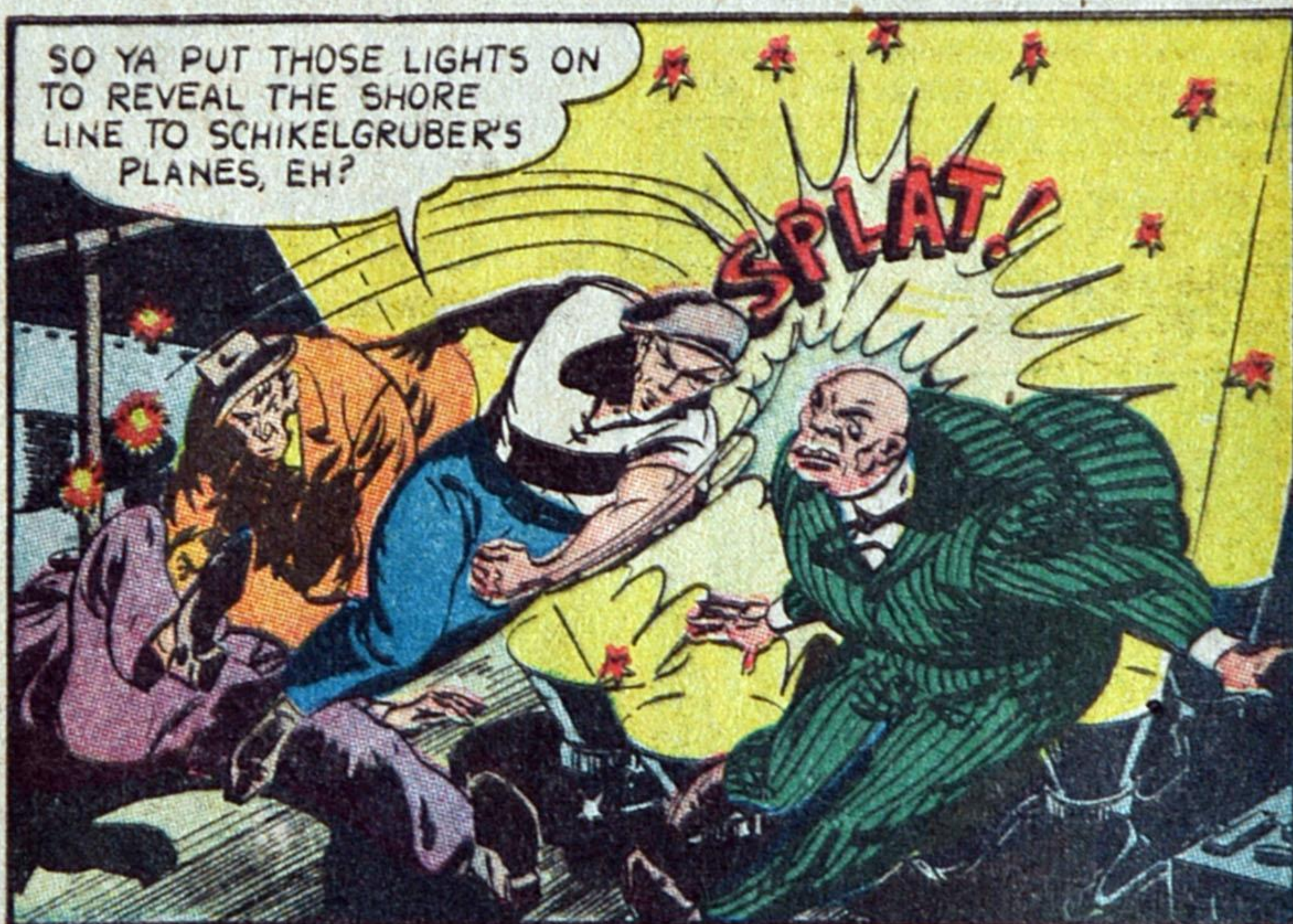
JA, VON GOOBER! DESE ARE GOOT BATTERIES!



**HURRY!** IN CHUST **TEN MINUTES** DER FEUHRER'S BOMBERS VILL **ATTACK!**









WITH A JOYFUL SHOUT, VON GOOBER DASHES OVER TO THE EDGE OF THE PARACHUTE JUMP!

JA! JA! DEATH TO DER SUB-MARINER, AT LAST!

DER FEUHRER VILL GIFF YOU DER IRON CROSS!

BELIEVING SUB-MARINER DEAD, THE NAZIS HASTEN FROM THEIR DANGEROUS POSITION.

DER PLANES VILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW!

VE MUST RUSH TO DER AIR RAID SHELTER!

ACH! IT ISS TOO DARK!

BUT... LET'S SEE WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO NAMOR— AS HE PLUMMETS DOWNWARD.

SHIMMYING SHAD! DO THESE LIGHTS MEAN LIGHTS OUT FOR ME???

YOWEEE!

I CAUGHT THE TIP OF THIS PARACHUTE!!! AT LEAST I'LL SET DOWN LIGHTLY NOW!

HALF A MINUTE LATER...

EXIT!

I'D BETTER GET RID OF THESE FAST!

CRASH!

I HEAR FOOTSTEPS ON THE PAVEMENT. IT MUST BE THOSE NAZIS, TRYING TO TAKE SHELTER!

HE SWIFTLY FOLLOWS.

NO ONE CAN GET FAR IN THIS INKPOOL! I'LL BET A CROOKED CRAYFISH IT'S THEM!

WHAT THE DEVILFISH! THE "TUNNEL OF LOVE"! I DIDN'T KNOW NAZI RATS WERE ROMANTIC!

TUNNEL OF LOVE



WITHOUT REALIZING THAT THE **SUB-MARINER** IS NEAR, VON GOOBER BARKS OUT A COMMAND.

PUSH DER LEVER—  
UND CHUMP ON,  
**QVICK!**

I HAF  
PUSHED  
IT!

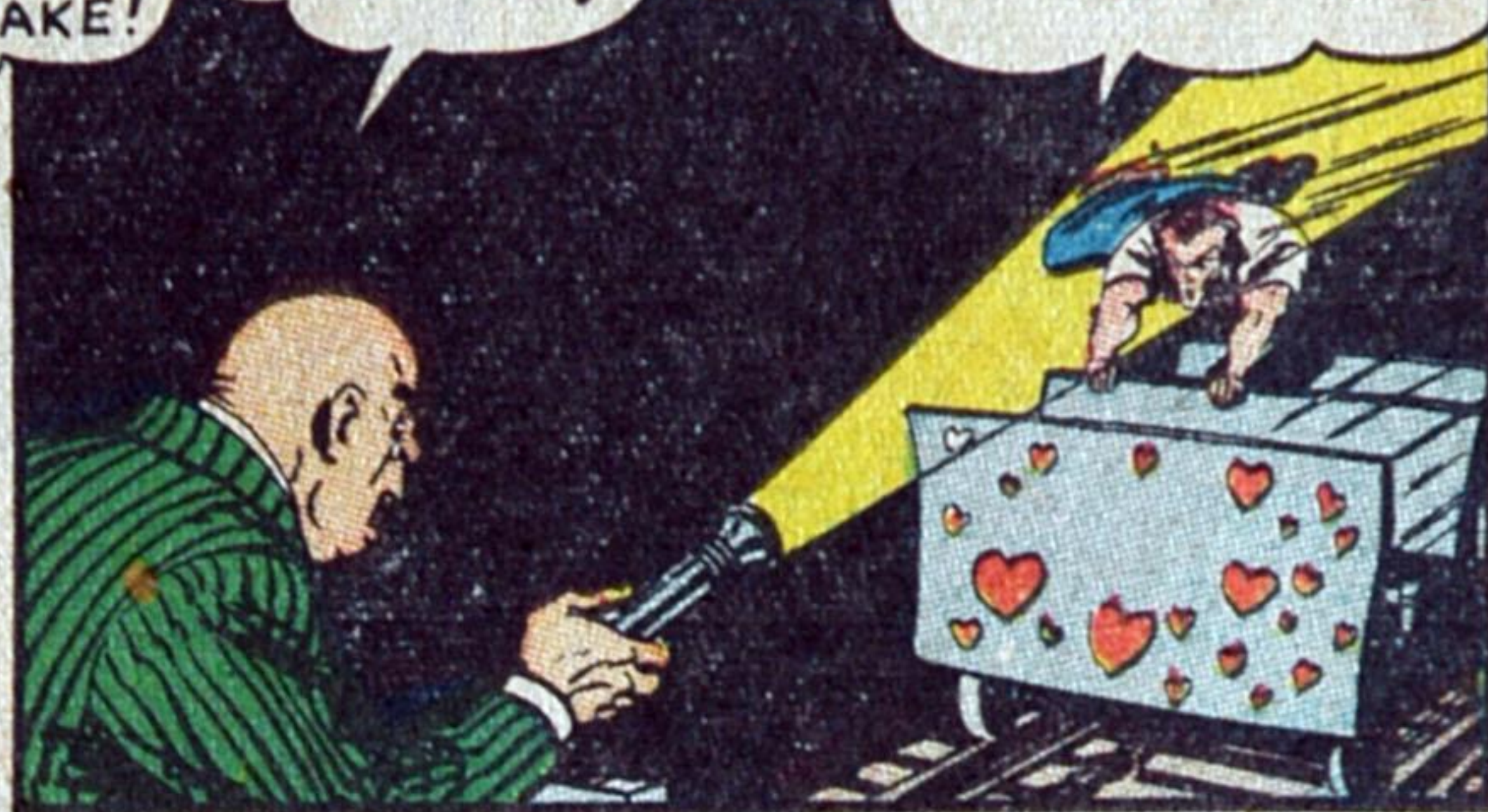
AND I'M  
GONNA **PUSH YOUR  
FACE IN, SNAKE!**



THE CARS PICK UP SPEED!

**DER SUB-MARINER-  
ALIVE!**

YEAH! BUT  
YOU WON'T BE  
IF I GET MY  
HANDS ON YOU!



**SUB-MARINER'S CAR STOPS SUDDENLY, AND  
HE HOPS OUT, ONLY TO FIND...**

THEY **DISAPPEARED!**  
WELL, I'LL BE A  
SON OF A  
SEA HAWK!  
THEY MUST BE  
**SOMEWHERE!**

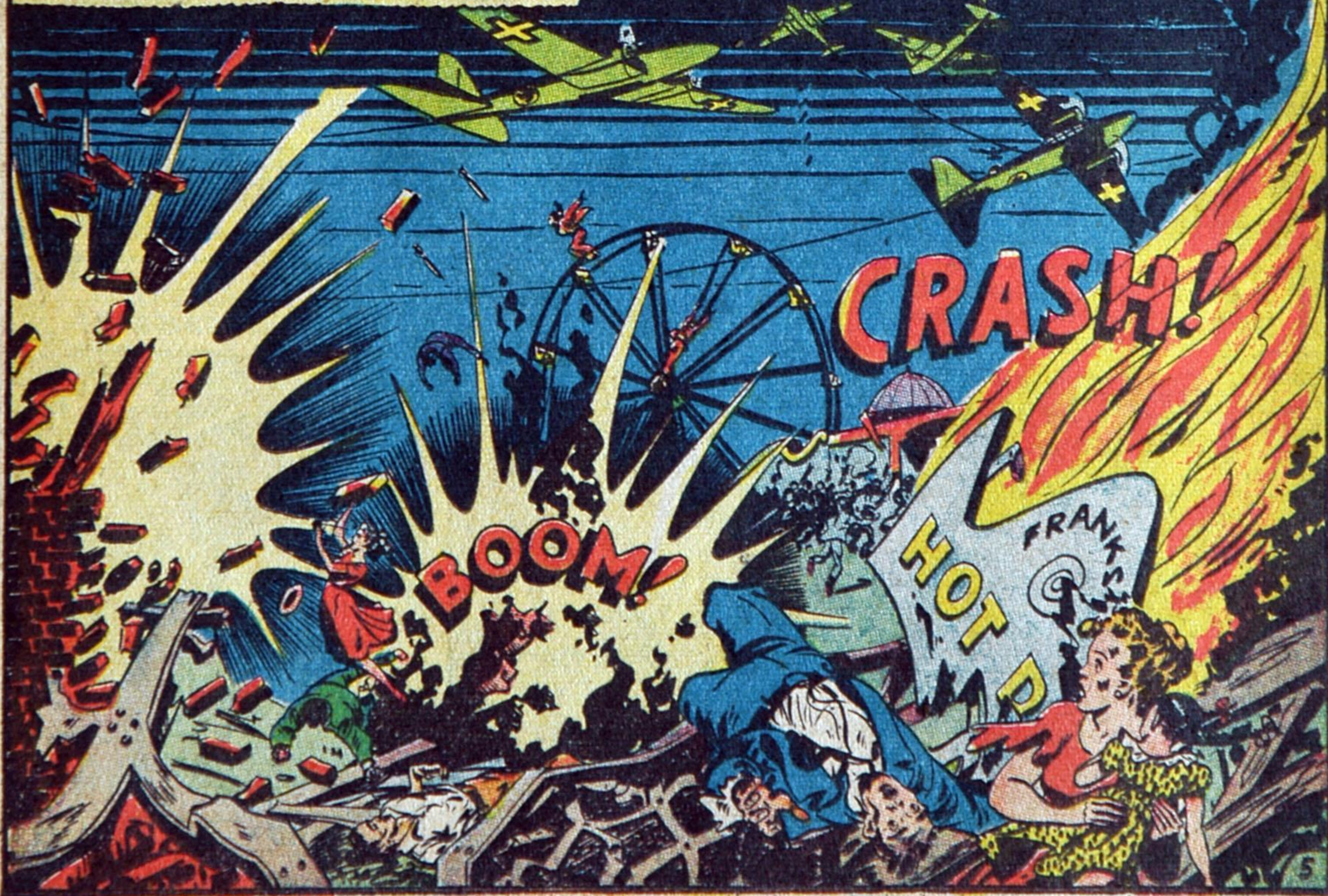


AS HE RUSHES OUT  
OF THE TUNNEL...



IT'S TOO DARK  
TO FIND THEM  
**NOW— BUT  
IF I EVER—  
SINGING STARFISH!  
ENEMY PLANES!**

**SURE ENOUGH! NAZI PLANES ZOOM OVER THE AMUSEMENT PARK,  
DROPPING A DEADLY CARGO OF DOOM!**





HE IMMEDIATELY RACES TO THE WATERFRONT.

THOSE PLANES WERE GUIDED BY THE NAZIS AND THEIR LIGHTS! WELL, I'M NOT THROUGH YET!



IF THE BOMBERS HAVE A MOTHER-SHIP OUT HERE... I'M GONNA FIND IT!



SWIFT STROKES AND SHARP EYES SOON BRING SUB-MANNER TO...

A PLANE-CARRYING SUBMARINE!

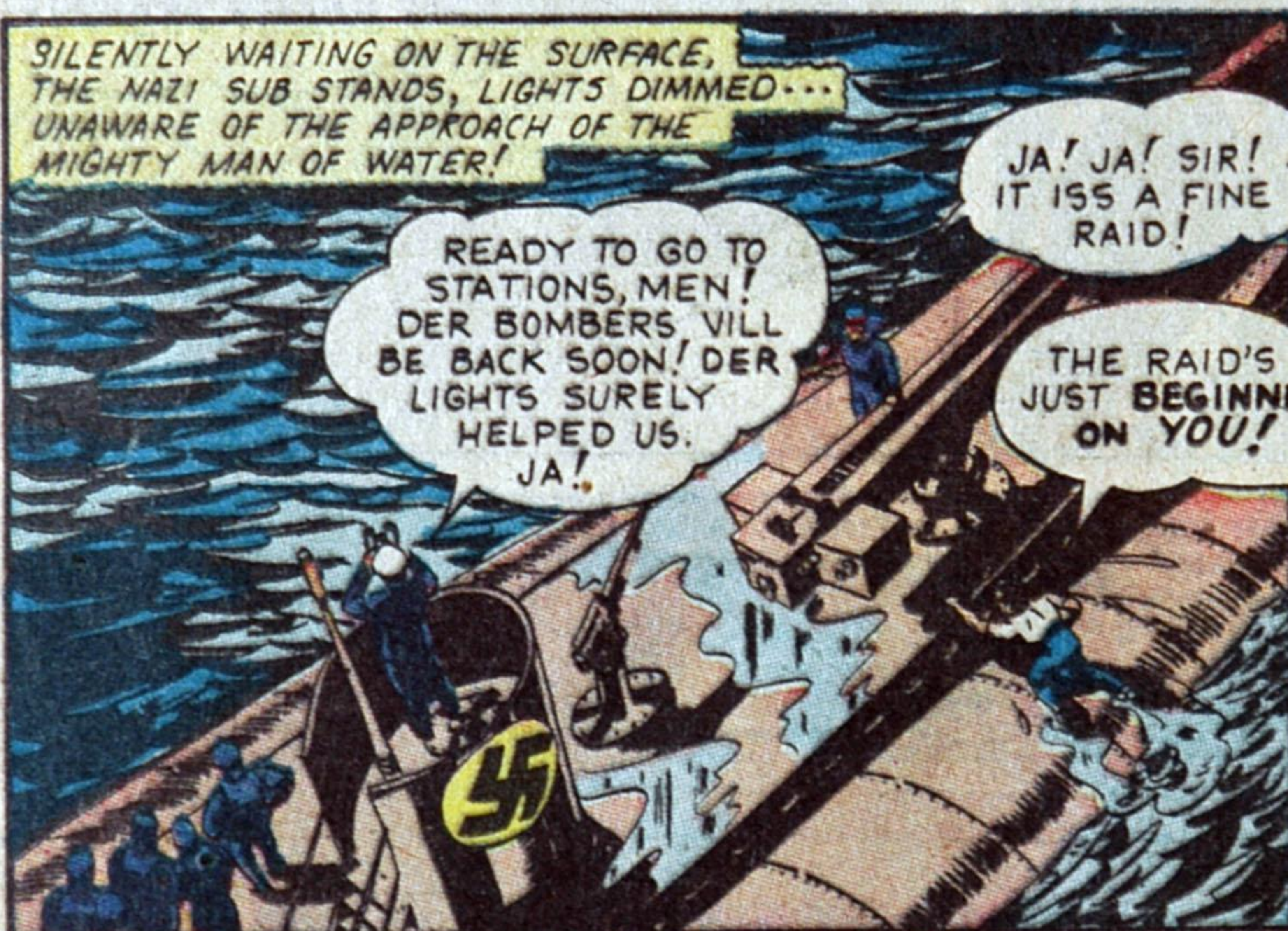


SILENTLY WAITING ON THE SURFACE, THE NAZI SUB STANDS, LIGHTS DIMMED... UNAWARE OF THE APPROACH OF THE MIGHTY MAN OF WATER!

READY TO GO TO STATIONS, MEN! DER BOMBERS VILL BE BACK SOON! DER LIGHTS SURELY HELPED US. JA!

JA! JA! SIR! IT ISS A FINE RAID!

THE RAID'S JUST BEGINNING- ON YOU!



THE SURPRISED SAILORS TURN, TO FACE A BALL OF LEAPING FURY!

YOU! VY-

NO WHYS- JUST BUTTS!



I DON'T NEED A CHOPPER TO MAKE MASHED MACKEREL OUT OF YOU BUMS!

YOW!

I VILL KILL HIM MIT DIS ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN! JA!

AAAAAH! DER TRIGGER!





AS IF WARNED BY SOME SIXTH SENSE, SUB-MARINER WHEELS AROUND, AND...

YI-YI-YI-YI!  
MY HANDS!

I KNEW I COULDN'T TURN MY BACK FOR A MINUTE - WITH NAZIS AROUND!



WITHOUT WASTING A SECOND, HE FLINGS THE BADLY-BEATEN HITLERITES INTO THE OPEN HATCH!

GET BACK INTO YOUR PIT, SNAKES!



... AND CLIMBS IN HIMSELF!

I'M GONNA LOCK 'EM IN THE TORPEDO TUBES AND SNAP THE LIGHTS ON, BEFORE THE PLANES COME BACK!



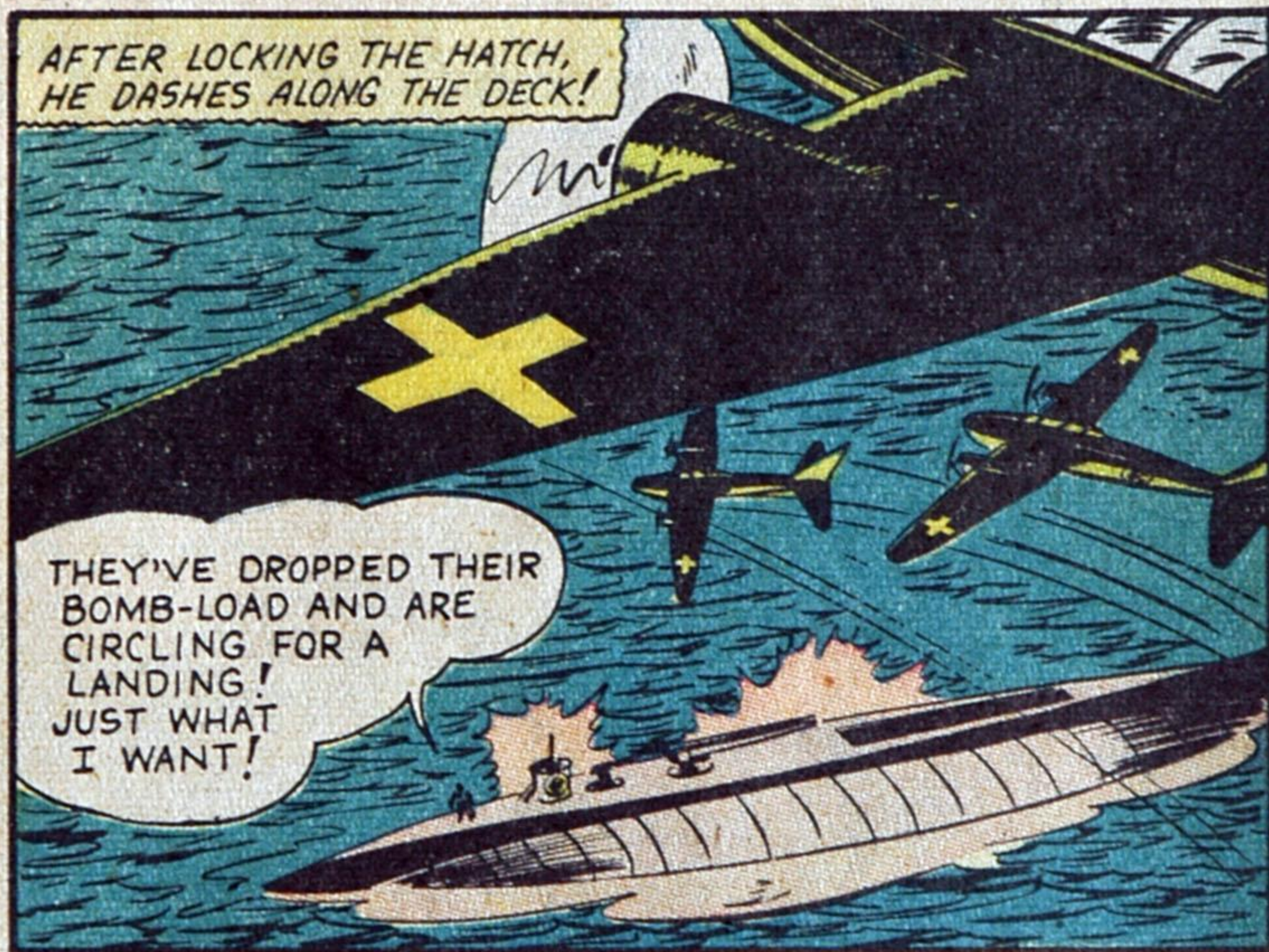
CRYING CATFISH! I HEAR THE PLANES!

WELL, THIS SAILOR-SUIT'LL GIVE 'EM A HOT SURPRISE!



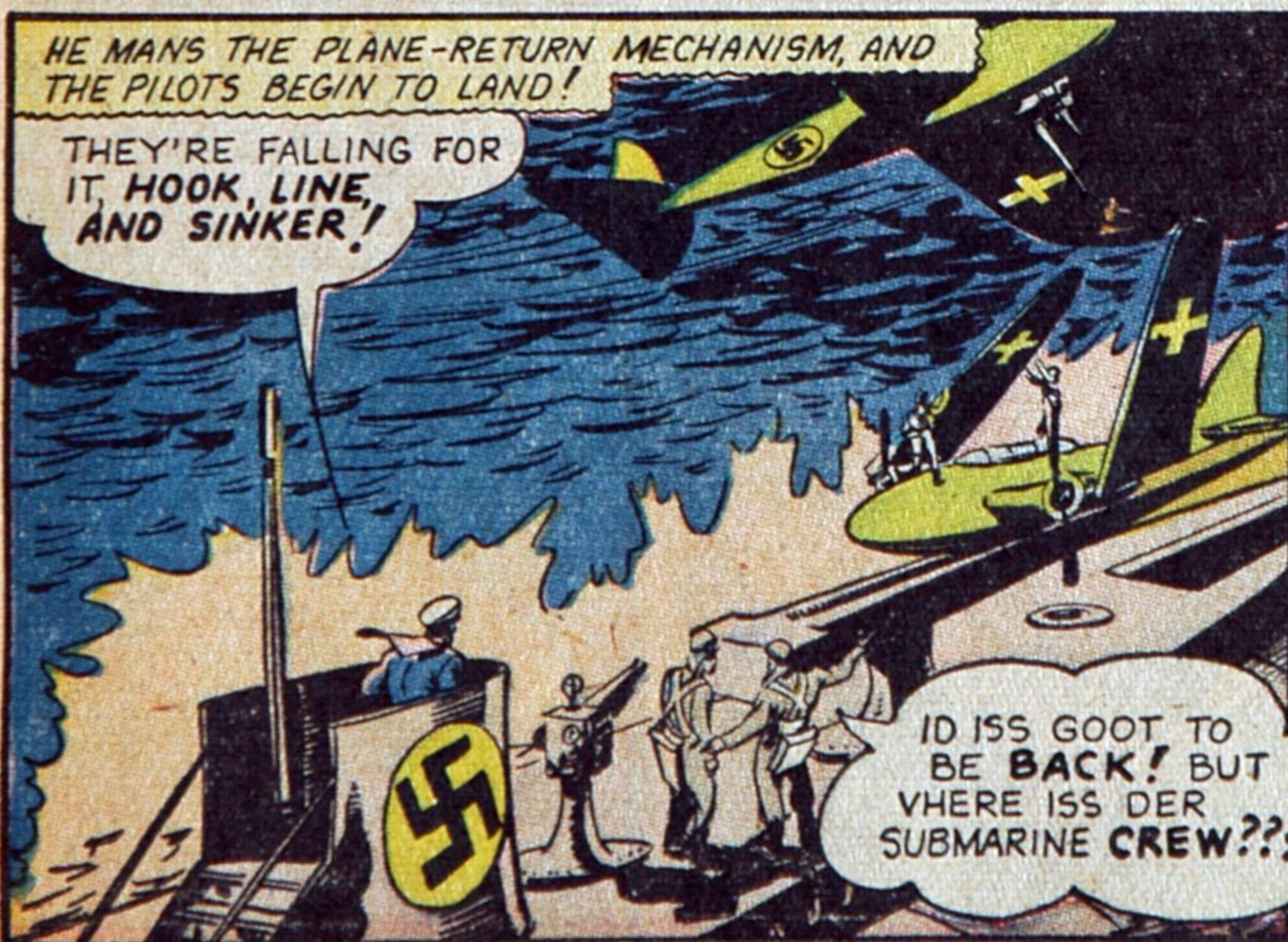
AFTER LOCKING THE HATCH, HE DASHES ALONG THE DECK!

THEY'VE DROPPED THEIR BOMB-LOAD AND ARE CIRCLING FOR A LANDING! JUST WHAT I WANT!



HE MANS THE PLANE-RETURN MECHANISM, AND THE PILOTS BEGIN TO LAND!

THEY'RE FALLING FOR IT, HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER!



ID ISS GOOT TO BE BACK! BUT WHERE ISS DER SUBMARINE CREW???

.... SOON —  
VE MUST SUBMERGE, QUICKLY! JA!

LOOK!  
DER HATCH-CLOSED!





WITH BREATHLESS SUDDENNESS **SUB-MARINER** CRASHES INTO THE NAZI PILOTS.

DER SAILOR HASS GONE **CRAZY!**

JUST **CRAZY** ENOUGH TO WANT TO **KILL** EVERY NAZI I SEE!



UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THE LIGHTS ON THIS SUB WILL ATTRACT AN AMERICAN SHIP IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES!



A SHORT TIME LATER, A PATROL BOAT PULLS ALONGSIDE.

**SURRENDER!**— OR WE'LL BLOW YOU NAZIS TO KINGDOM COME!

JUST A MINUTE!



YOU'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE, CAPTAIN. THEY'VE ALREADY SURRENDERED!

**WOW!** THE **SUB-MARINER!**



A MINUTE PASSES... THEN—

S'LONG, CHUMS! I GOTTA DATE IN THE "TUNNEL OF LOVE"!

WELL, I'LL BE—!



NOW I'M GONNA GET THE WORM WHO STARTED ALL THIS.



ONE THING I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT— WHY DID THOSE SPIES SIGNAL PLANES TO COME OVER AND BOMB THE VERY PLACE WHERE THEY REMAINED???





SURE-FOOTED, EVEN IN THE BLACKOUT, HE SPEEDS BACK TO THE AMUSEMENT PARK.

I GOTTA TAKE ANOTHER LOOK-SEE INTO THAT "TUNNEL OF LOVE" BEFORE THE "ALL CLEAR" SOUNDS!

HERE WE ARE! WHAT IN—! A CROWBAR! MMM! I SURE CAN USE IT!

IF I HAVE TO TEAR UP EVERY INCH OF THIS TRACK, I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHERE THE SPIES' "TUNNEL OF LOVE" CAR DISAPPEARED TO!

MINUTES LATER, HE MAKES AN AMAZING DISCOVERY!

THEY WENT DOWN HERE—

WHILE THE REGULAR TRACK RAISED AUTOMATICALLY! WHAT A SET-UP! NOW, WATCH ME SET 'EM DOWN—HARD!

MEANWHILE, IN THE HIDE-OUT UNDER THE "TUNNEL OF LOVE"...

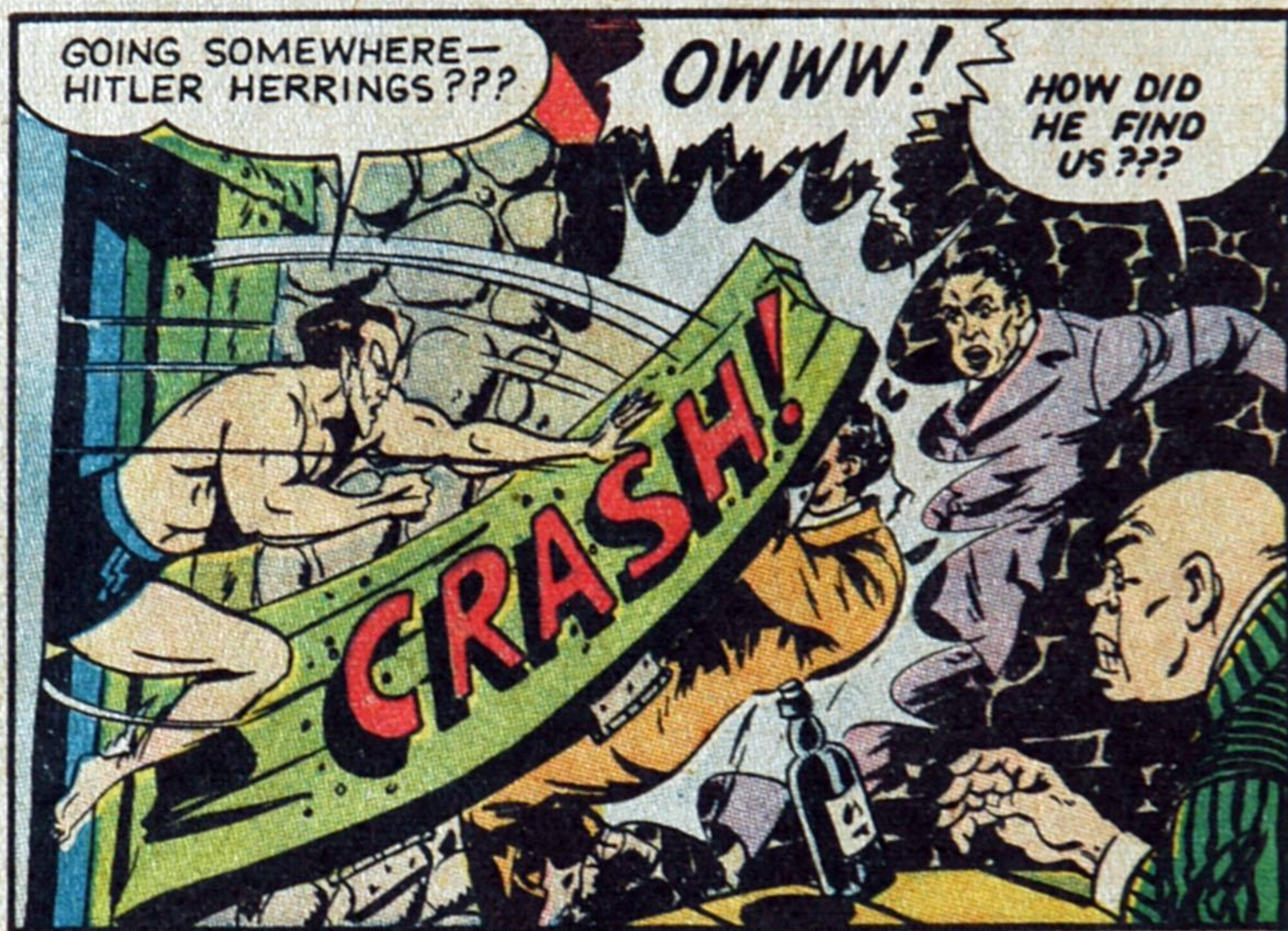
YOU ARE **TOO SMART** VOR DER AMERICAN FOOLS, VON GOOBER!

NO ONE VOULD EFER FIND US **HERE!**

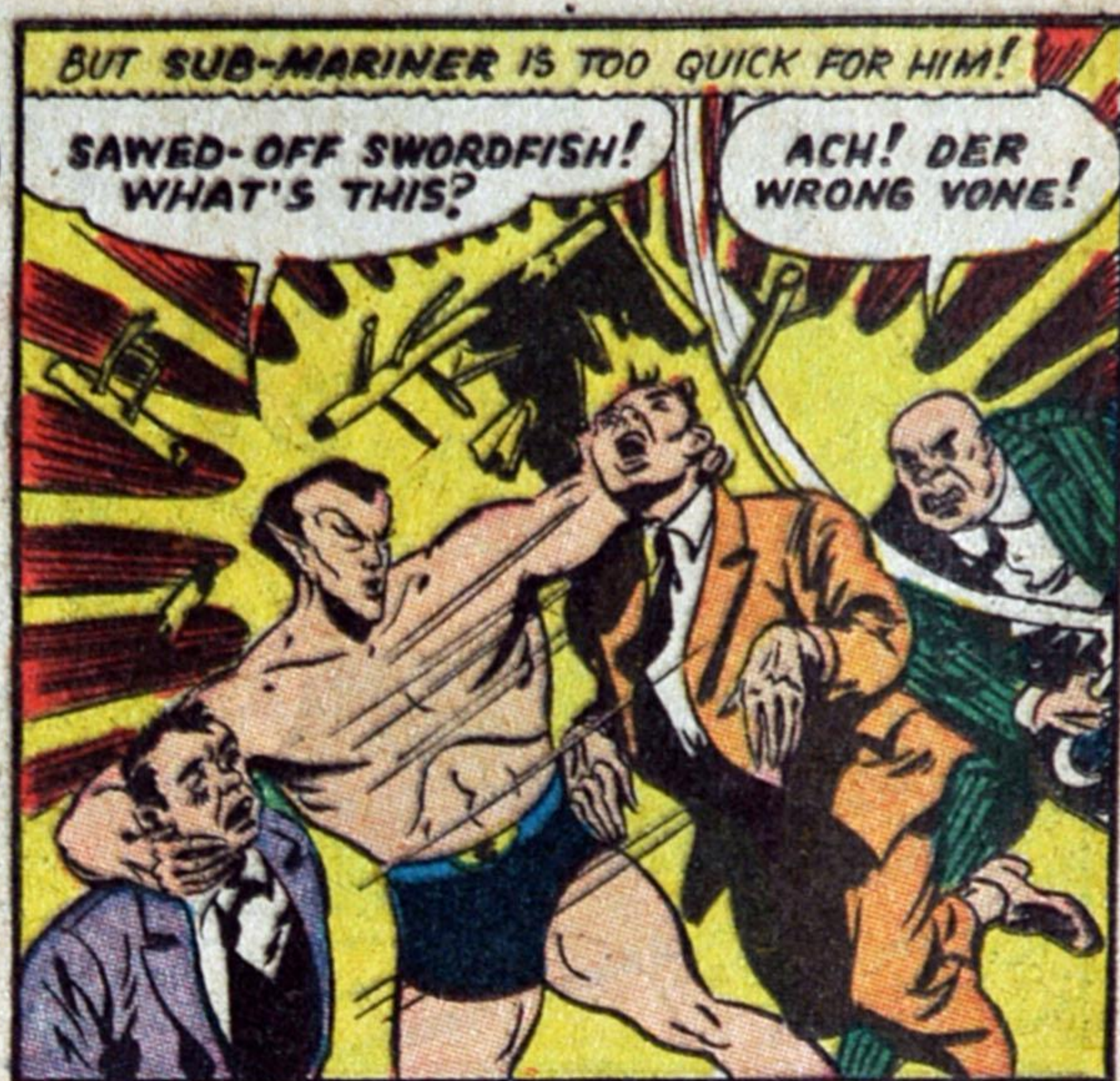
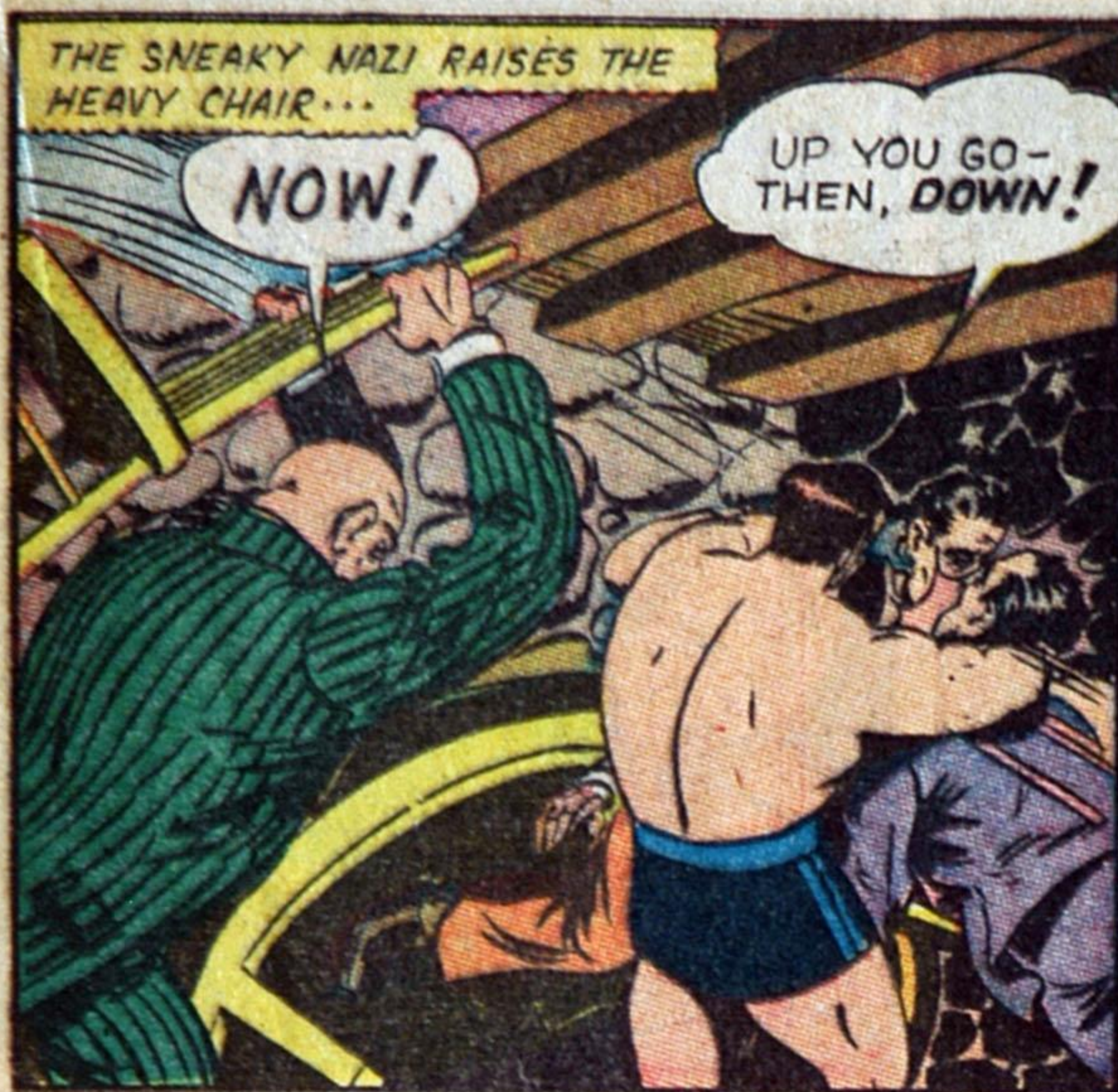
JA!

DIS PLACE ISS **SAFE**, EFEN AGAINST OUR **OWN** BOMBERS! **HA-HA-HA!**

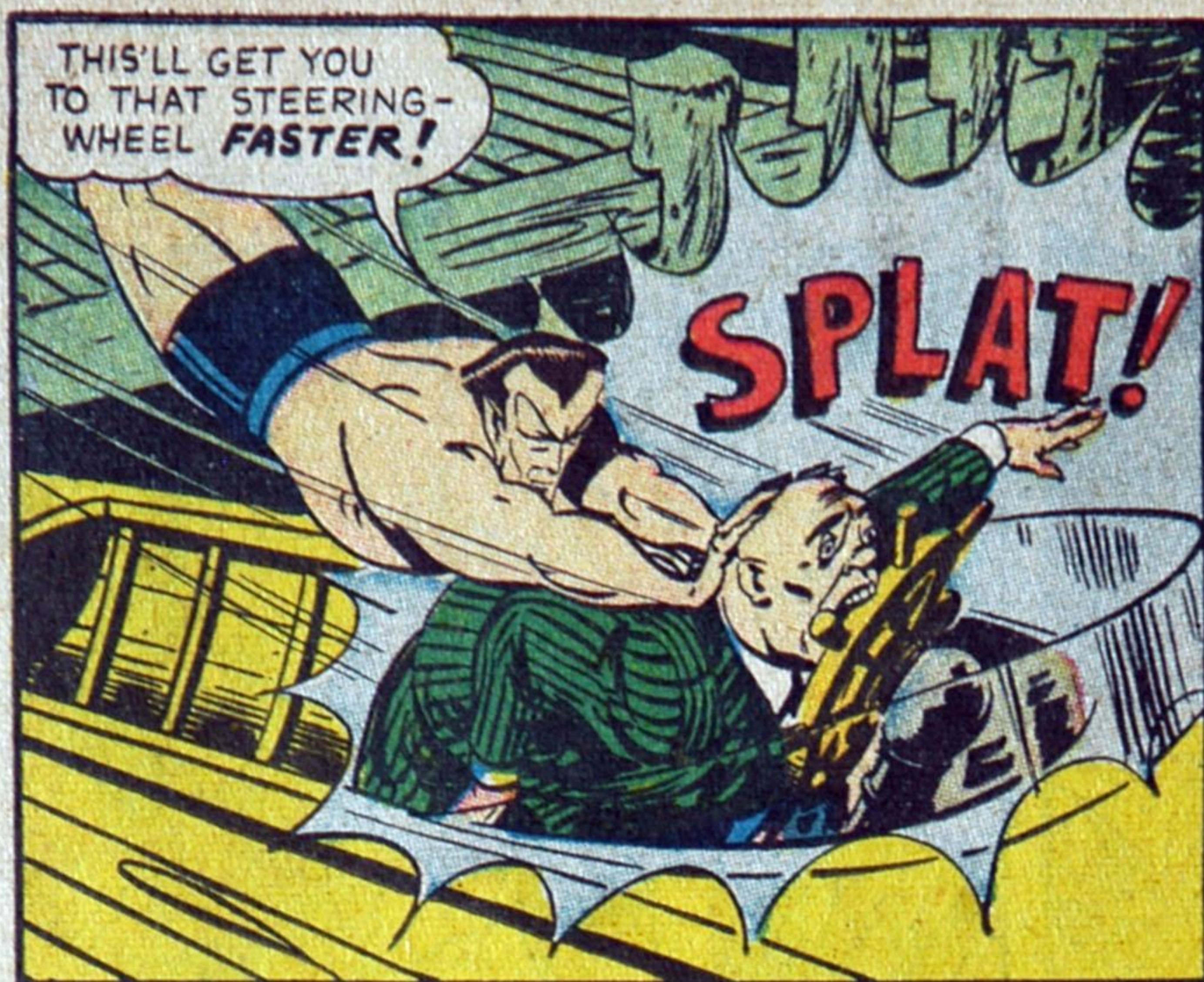












SO - IT'S "LIGHTS OUT" FOR THE HITLERITES!

THERE'S MORE OF THIS KIND OF THING TO DO.

**WATCH!**

**Sub-Mariner**

TAKES ANOTHER DIVE AT OUR ENEMIES IN

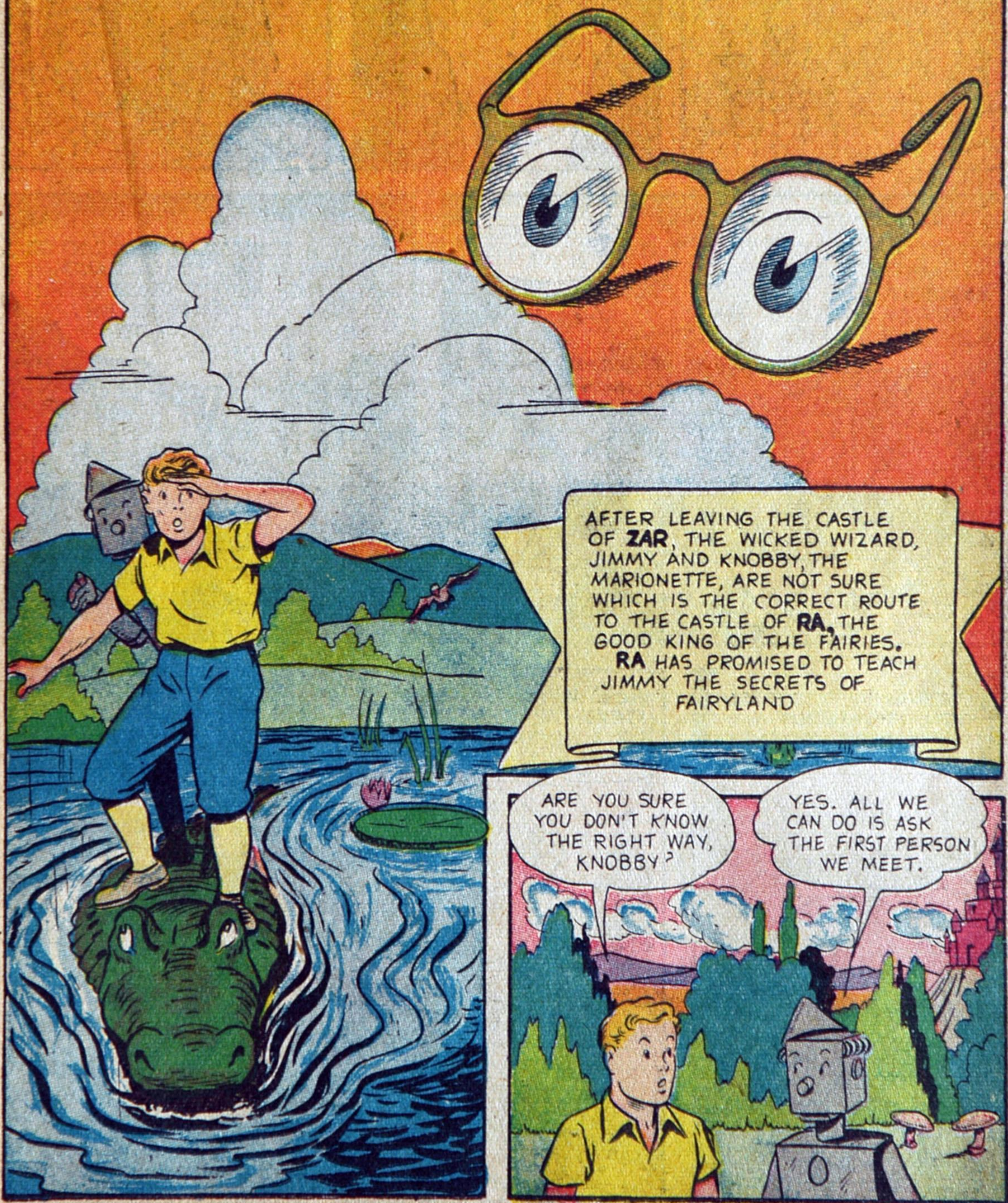
**MARVEL COMICS**

THE COMIC FEATURE BOOK AT ITS BEST. 10¢ NOW!



# JIMMY JUPITER

AND THE MAGIC GLASSES

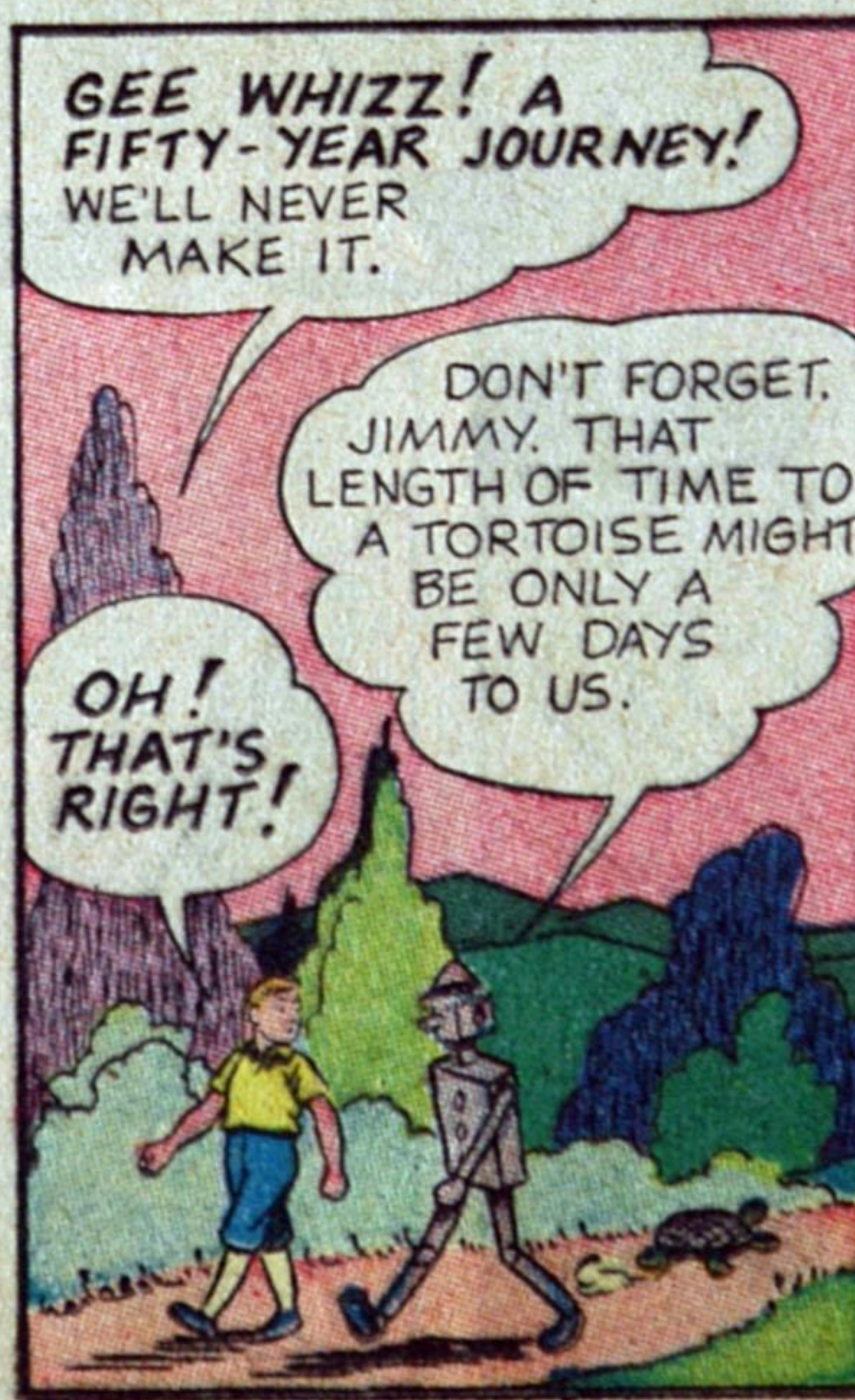
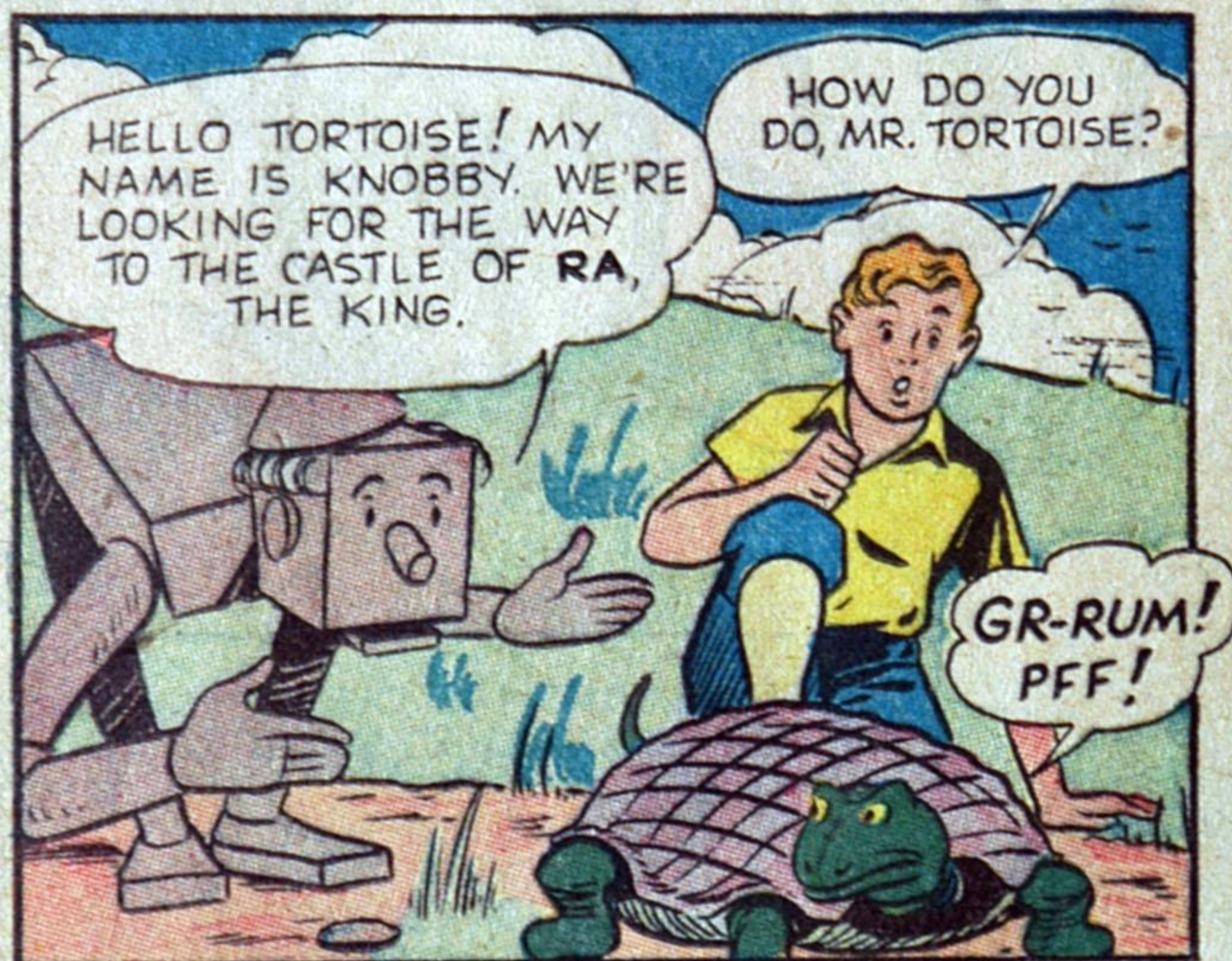
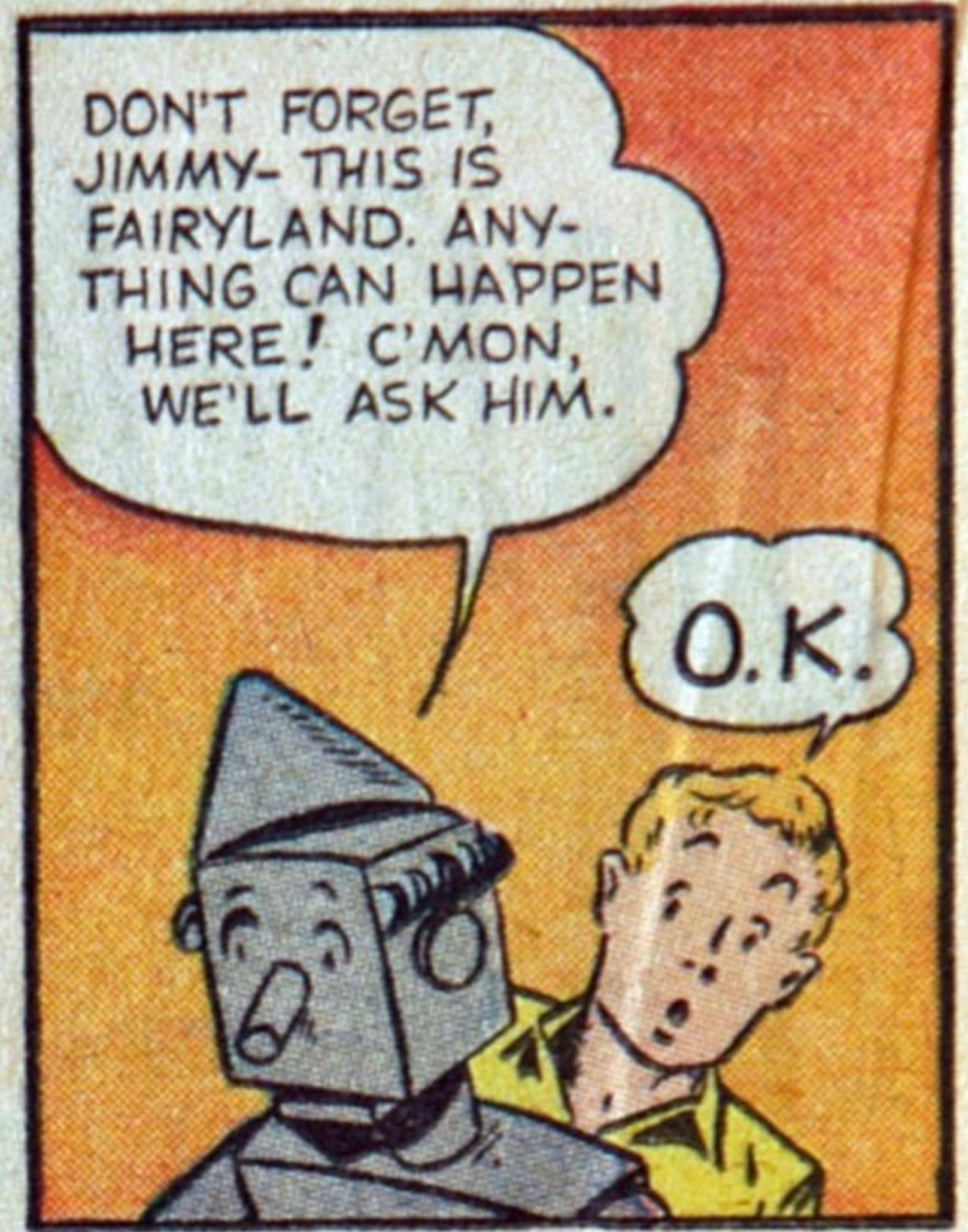


AFTER LEAVING THE CASTLE OF **ZAR**, THE WICKED WIZARD, JIMMY AND KNOBBY, THE MARIONETTE, ARE NOT SURE WHICH IS THE CORRECT ROUTE TO THE CASTLE OF **RA**, THE GOOD KING OF THE FAIRIES. **RA** HAS PROMISED TO TEACH JIMMY THE SECRETS OF FAIRYLAND

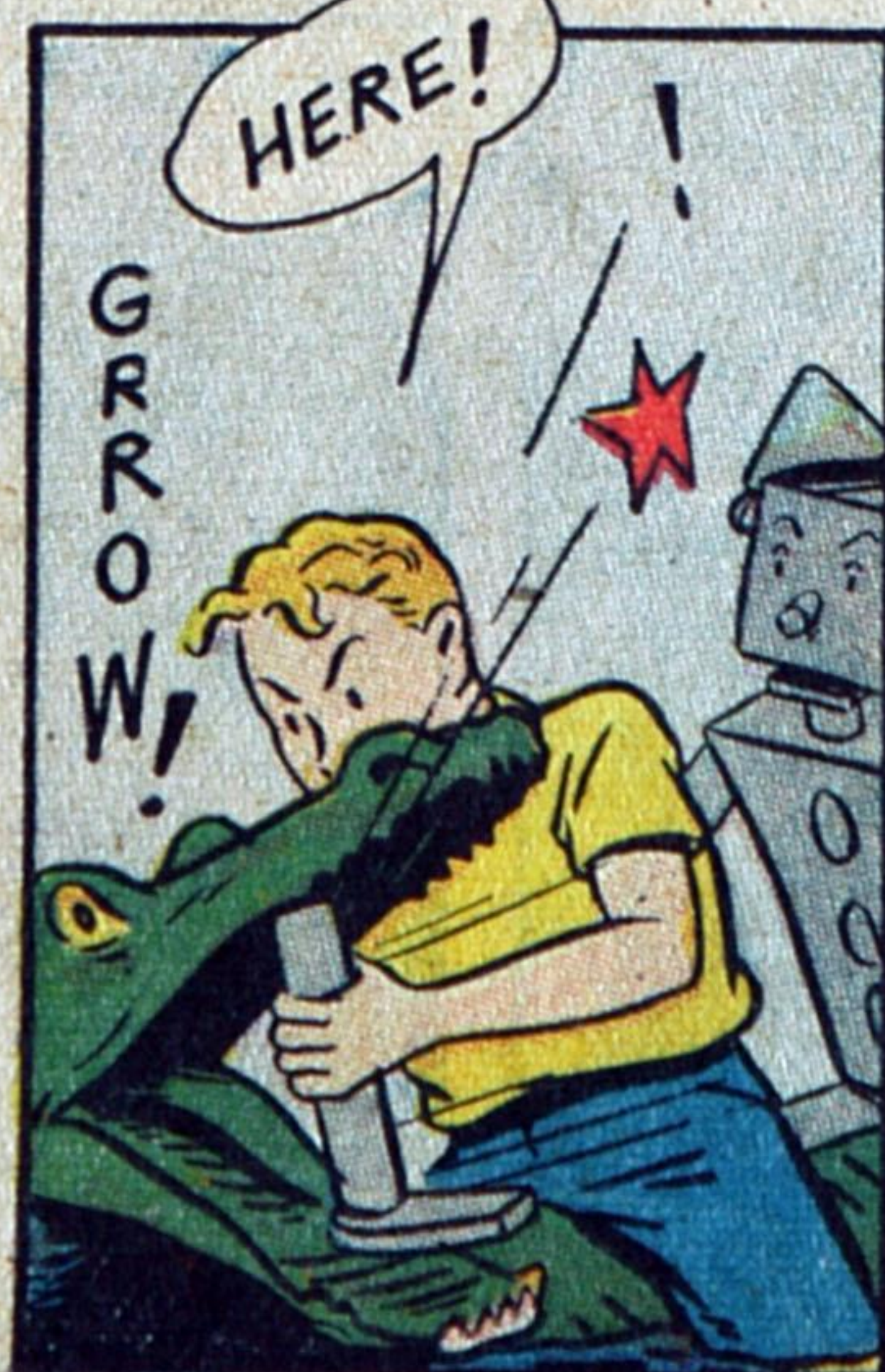
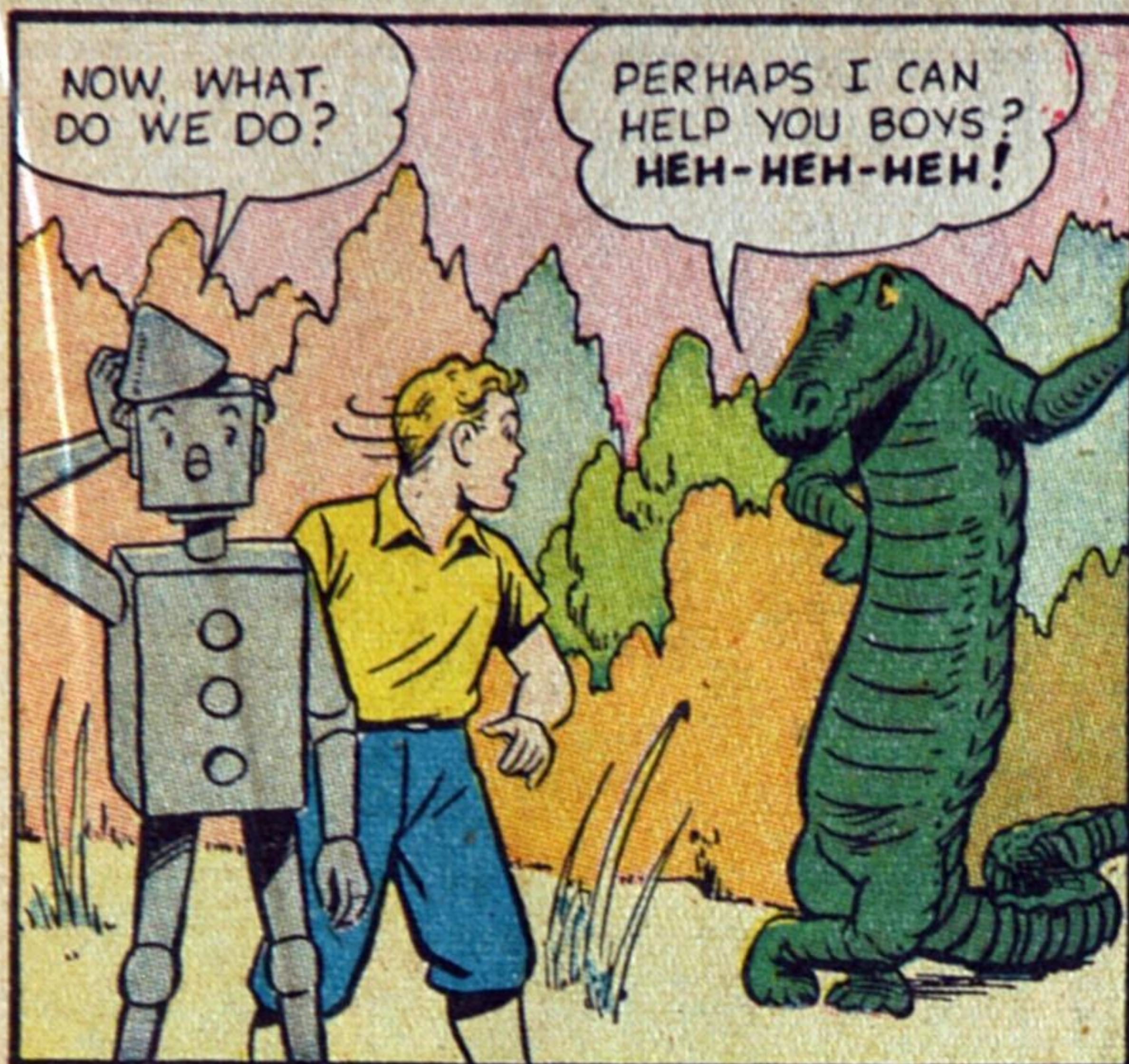
ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T KNOW THE RIGHT WAY, KNOBBY?

YES. ALL WE CAN DO IS ASK THE FIRST PERSON WE MEET.

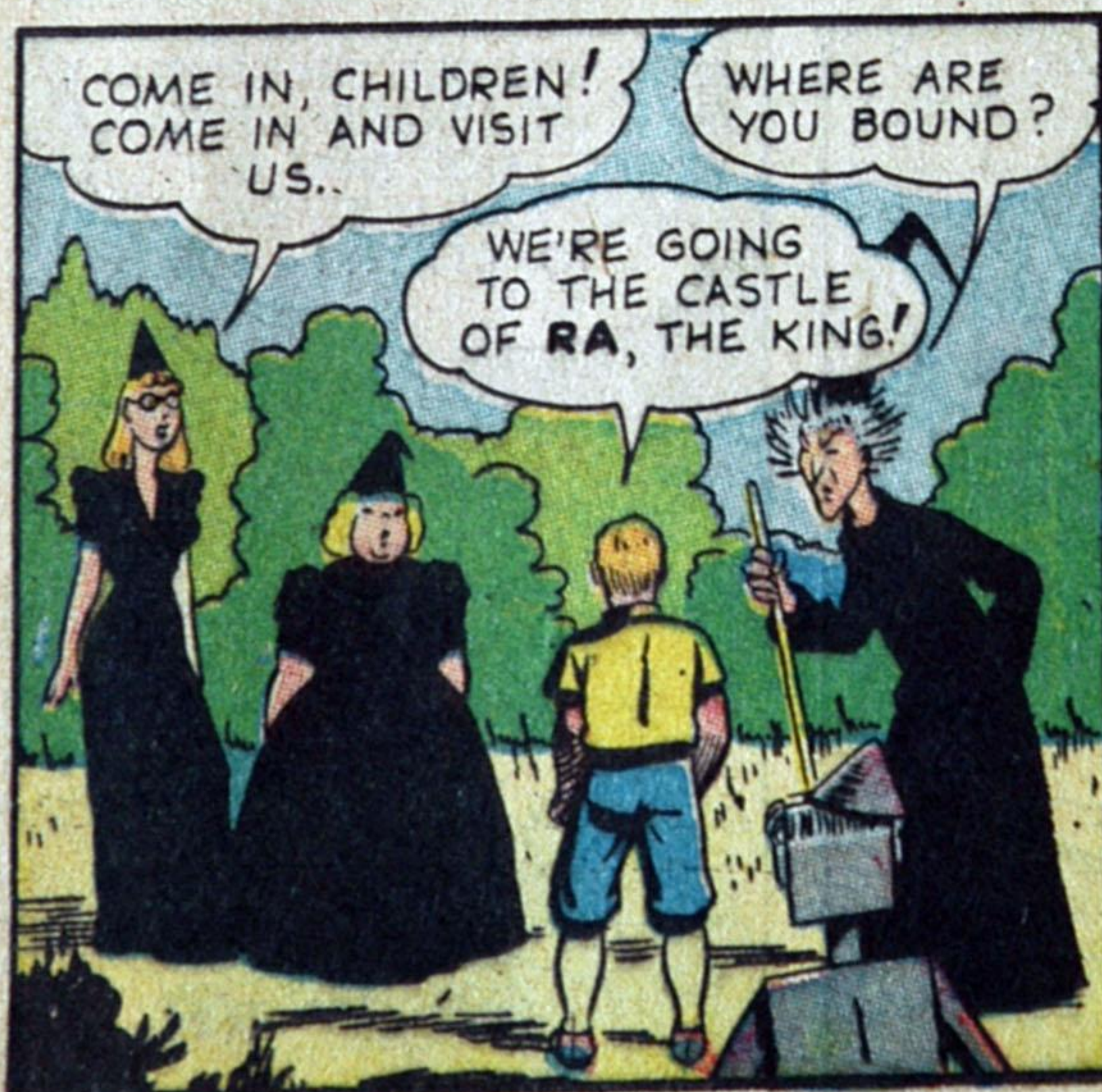
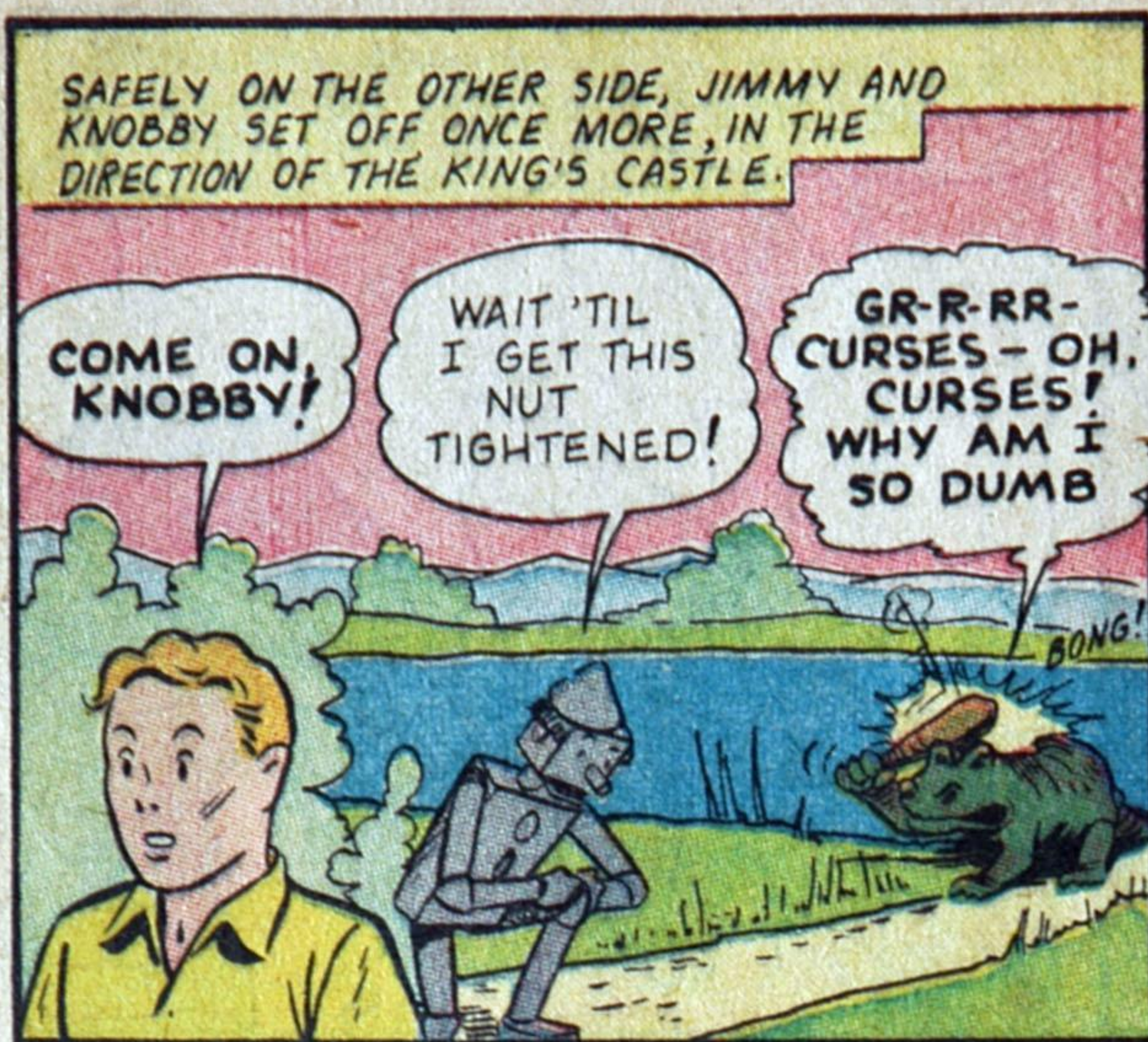




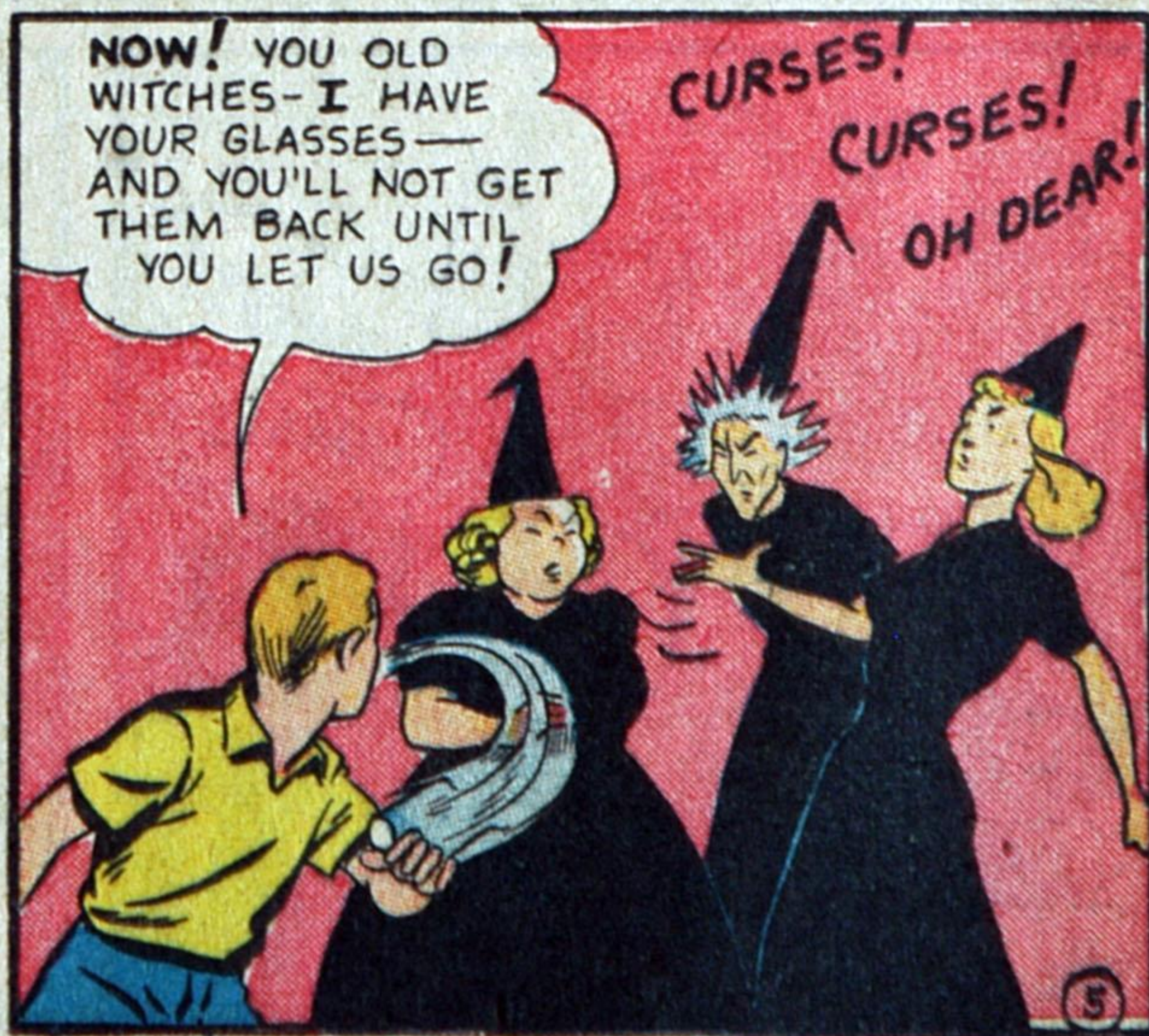
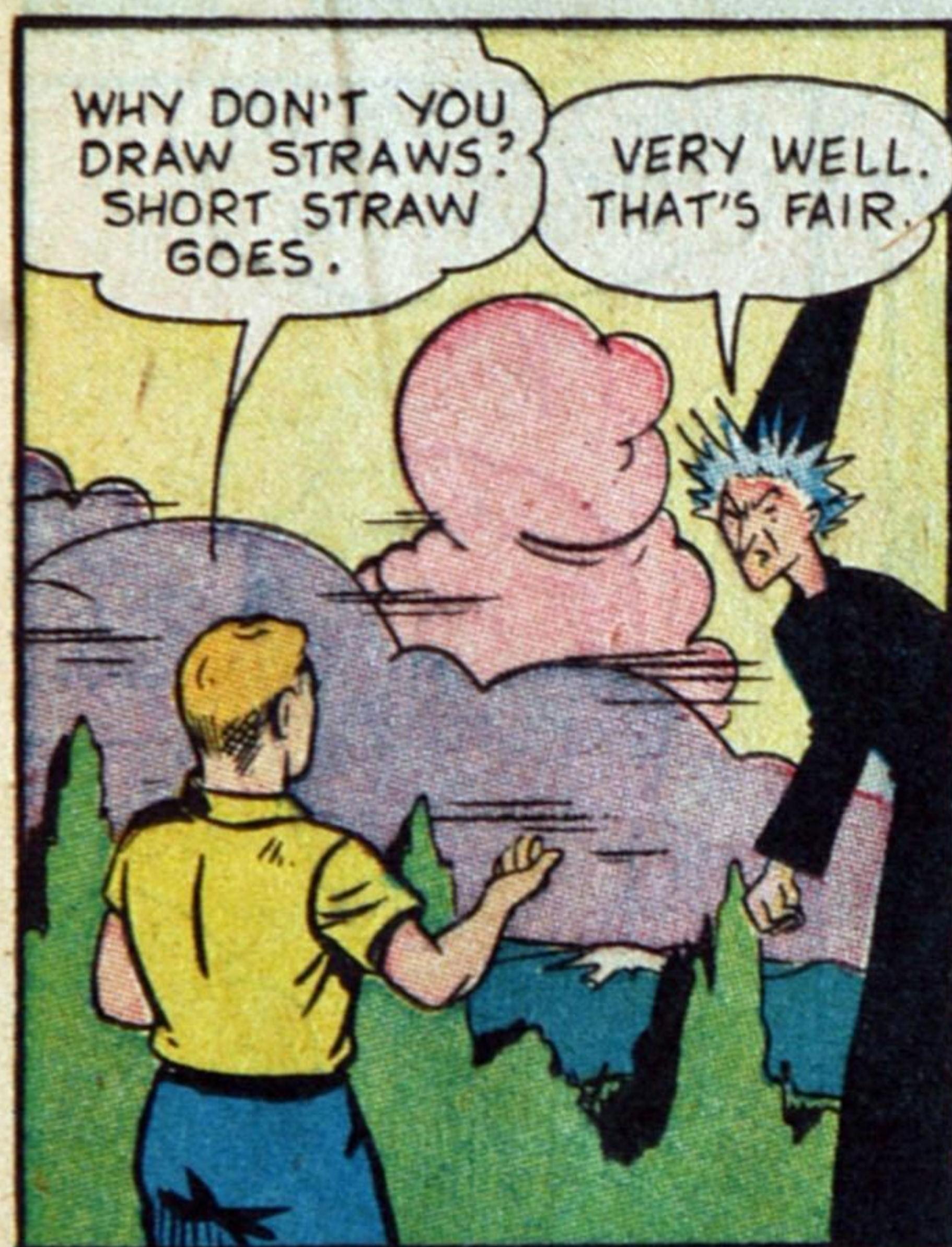
















OH, PLEASE, LITTLE BOY, GIVE US OUR GLASSES. WITHOUT THEM WE ARE BLIND.

NOT UNTIL YOU REMOVE THE SPELL!



VERY WELL, WE WILL REMOVE THE SPELL. BUT WE CANNOT DO IT UNTIL YOU GIVE US THE GLASSES!

THAT'S RIGHT!



HOW DO I KNOW YOU'LL DO IT IF I DO GIVE YOU THE GLASSES?

WE PROMISE!

DON'T BELIEVE THEM, JIMMY!

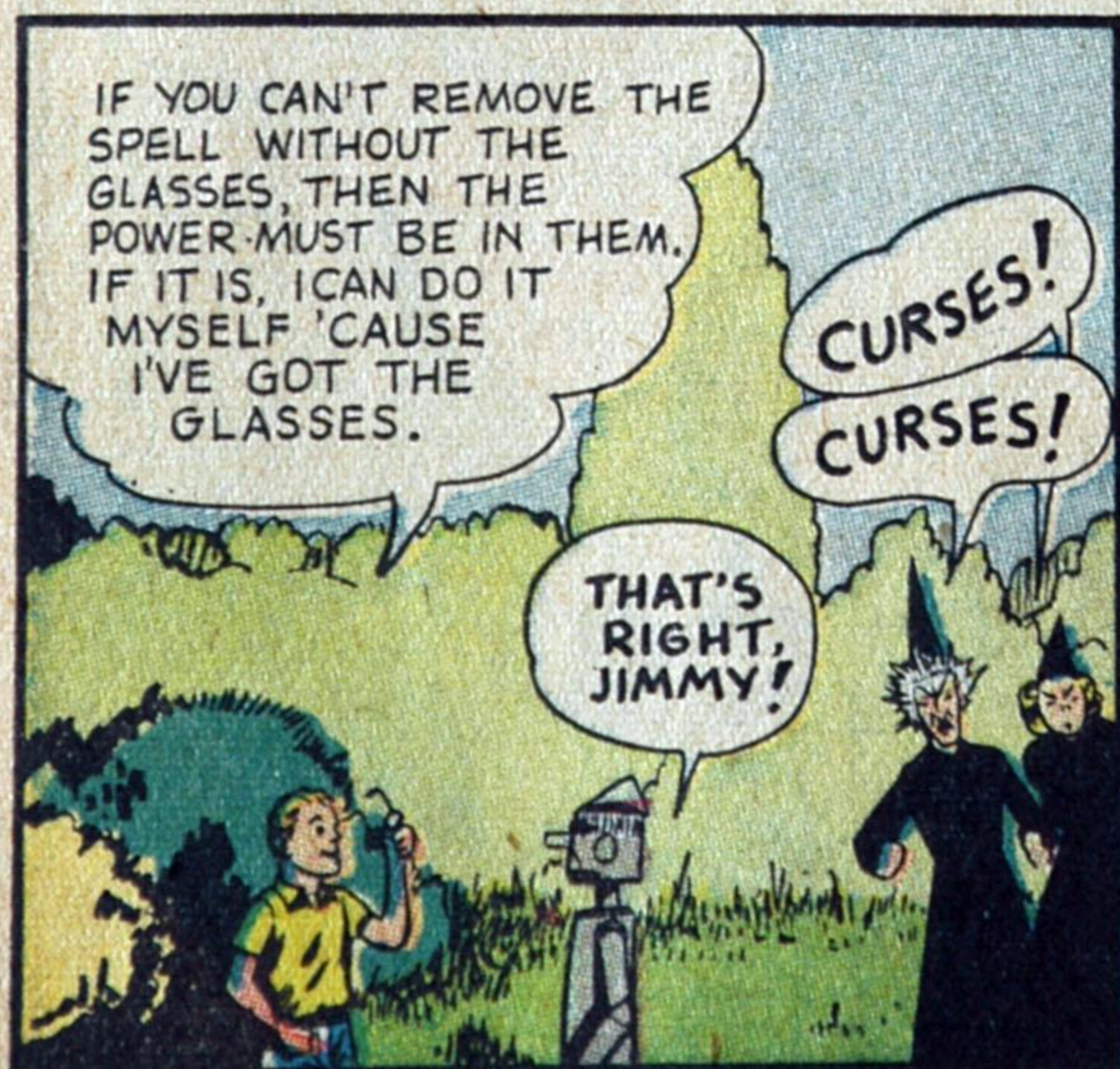


HM-M—WE-E-LLL! I THINK THERE IS SOMETHING FUNNY HERE! LEMME SEE!

HURRY! HURRY!



AHA—I'VE GOT IT! I KNEW I'D THINK OF SOMETHING.

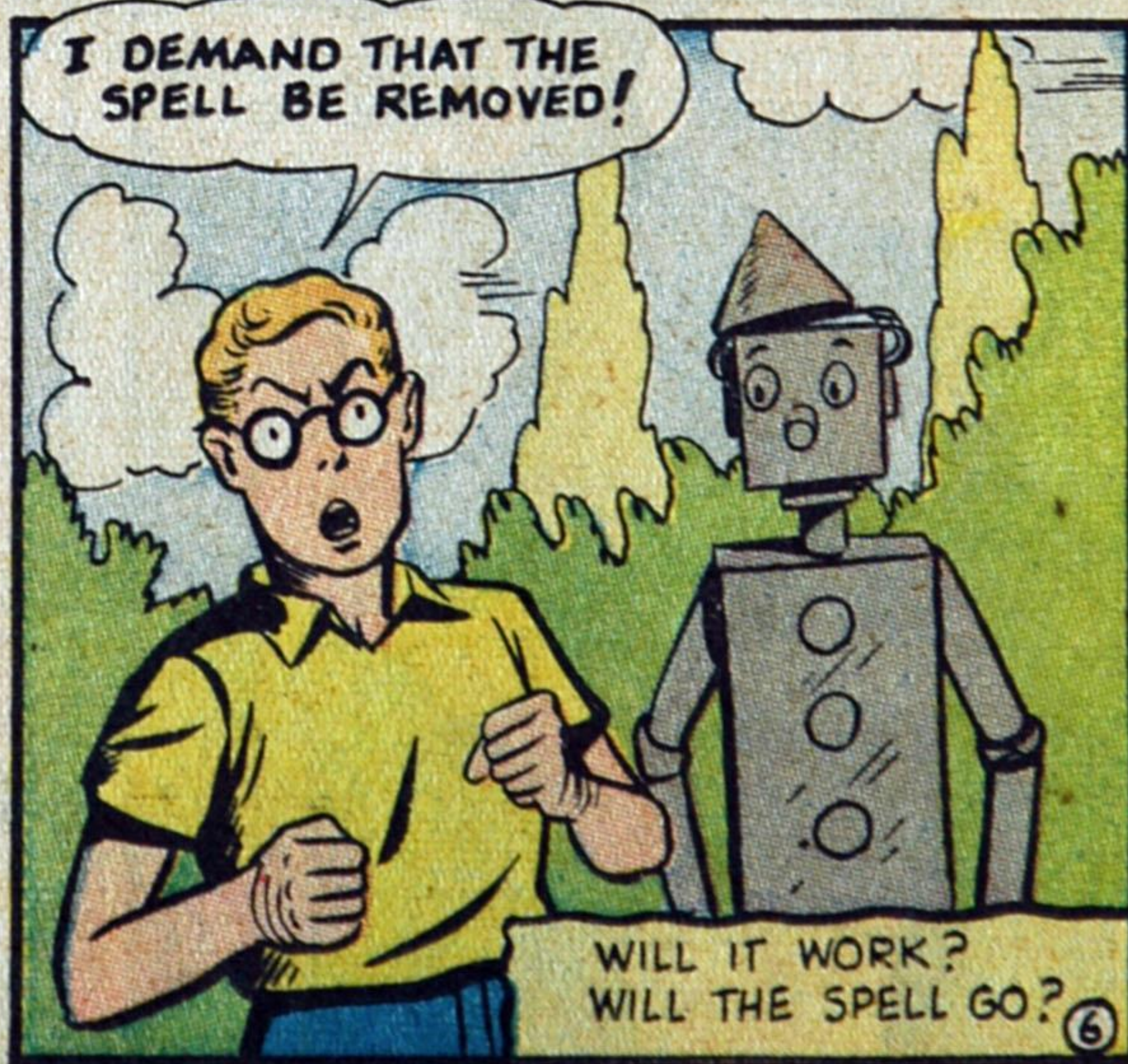


IF YOU CAN'T REMOVE THE SPELL WITHOUT THE GLASSES, THEN THE POWER MUST BE IN THEM. IF IT IS, I CAN DO IT MYSELF 'CAUSE I'VE GOT THE GLASSES.

CURSES!

CURSES!

THAT'S RIGHT, JIMMY!



I DEMAND THAT THE SPELL BE REMOVED!

WILL IT WORK? WILL THE SPELL GO? ⑥



IT DOES! THERE IS A PUFF OF SMOKE  
AND THE BOYS ARE NO LONGER HELD  
WITHIN THE MAGIC CIRCLE!



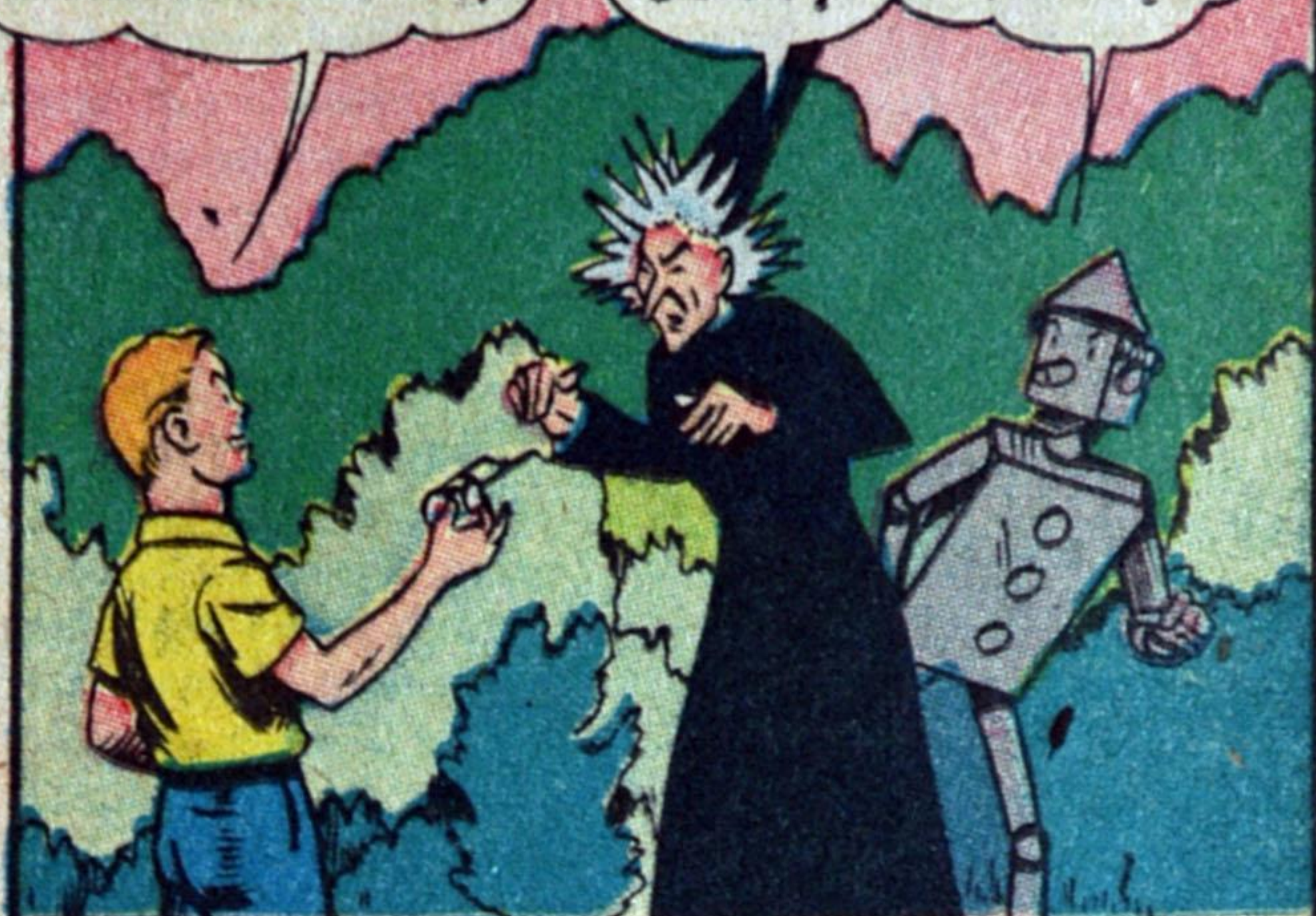
HOORAY!  
IT WORKED!

YIPPEE!

NOW YOU CAN HAVE  
YOUR GLASSES BACK!

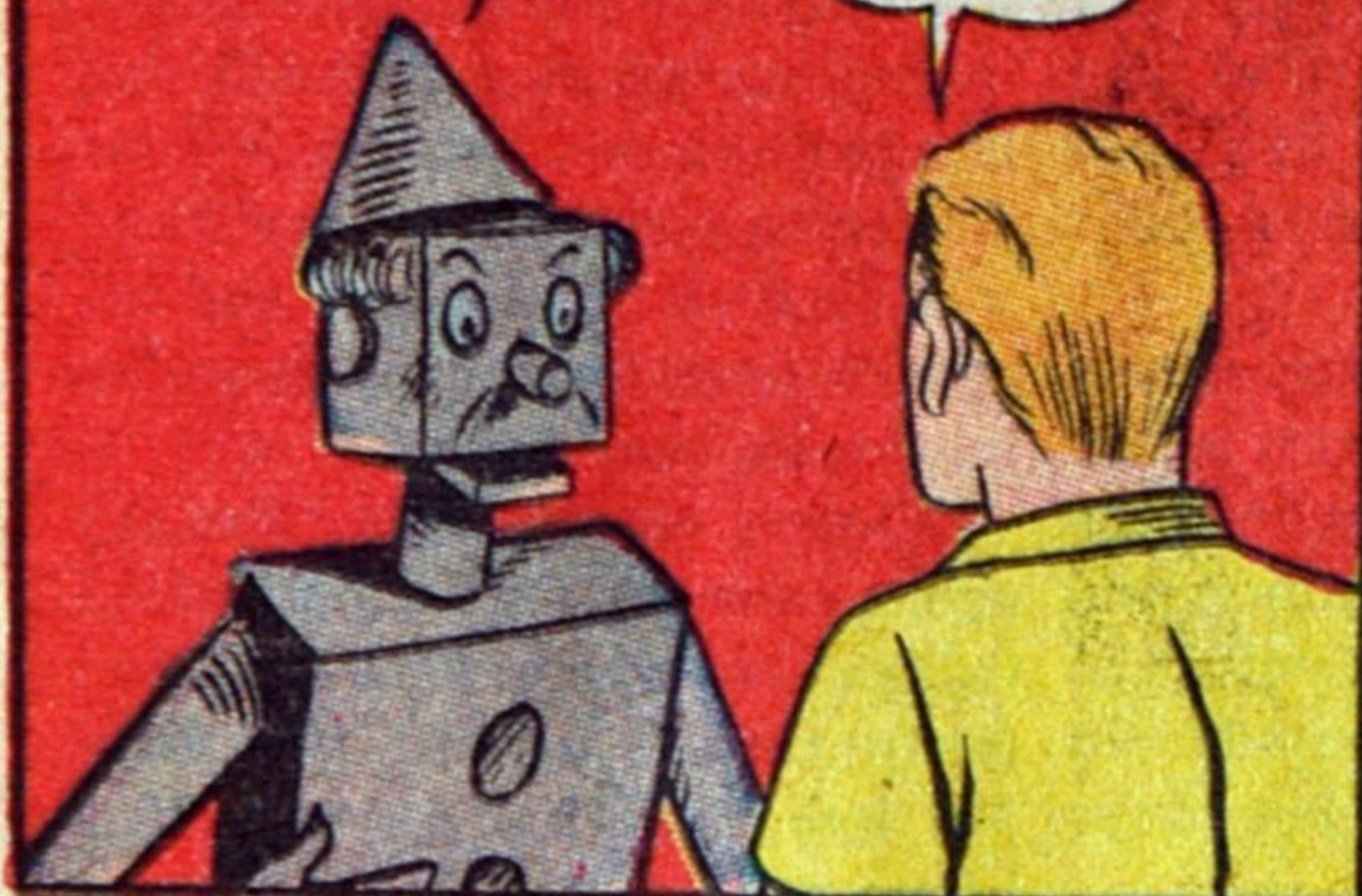
GOOD!  
GOOD!

NO, JIMMY!  
WAIT!



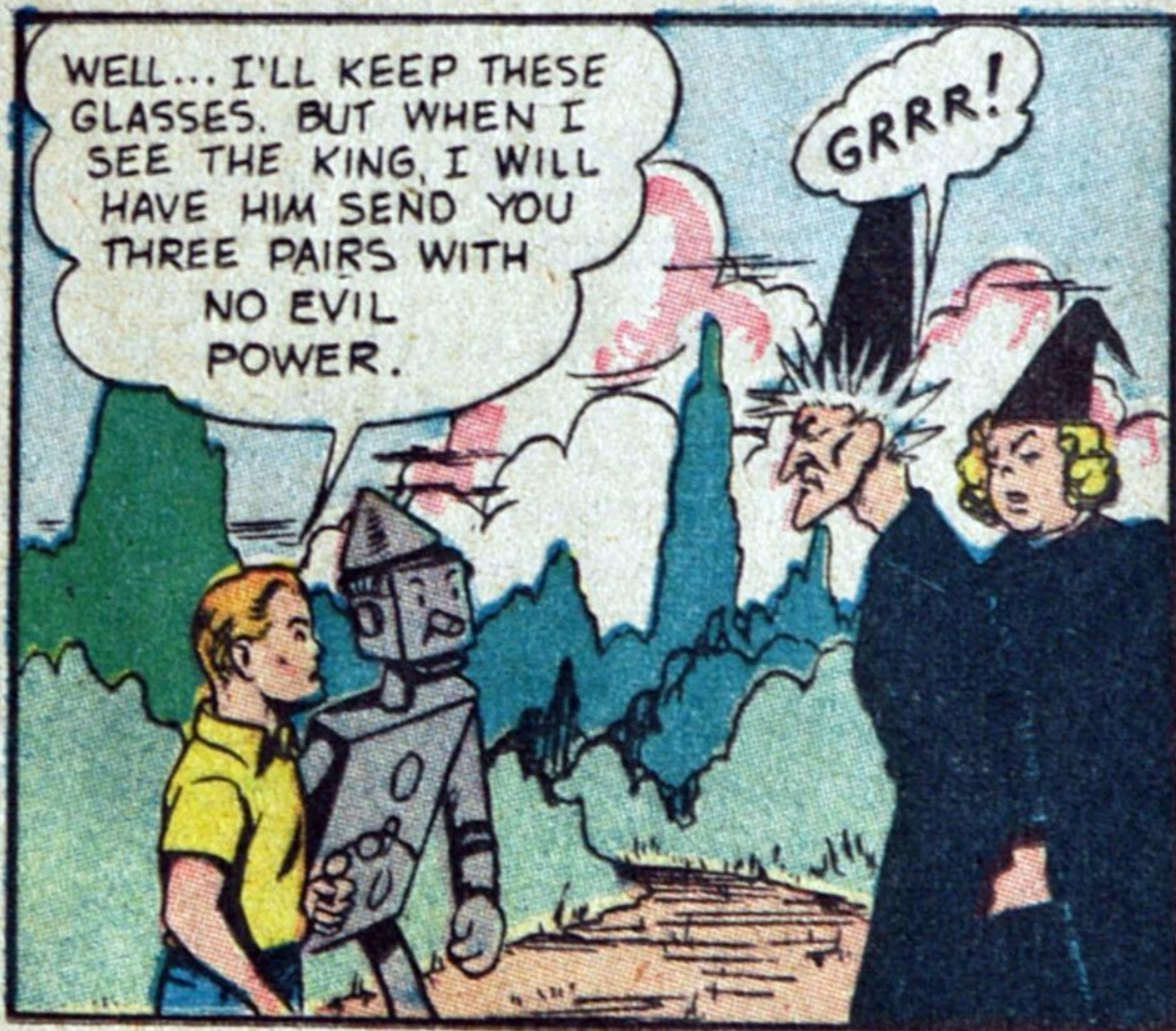
IF YOU GIVE THEM BACK,  
THEY WILL ONLY USE  
THEM FOR MORE  
EVIL!

THAT'S  
TRUE!



WELL... I'LL KEEP THESE  
GLASSES. BUT WHEN I  
SEE THE KING, I WILL  
HAVE HIM SEND YOU  
THREE PAIRS WITH  
NO EVIL  
POWER.

GRRR!



AND SO, JIMMY AND KNOBBY  
CONTINUE ON THEIR JOURNEY.

IT CAN'T BE MUCH  
FURTHER, NOW!

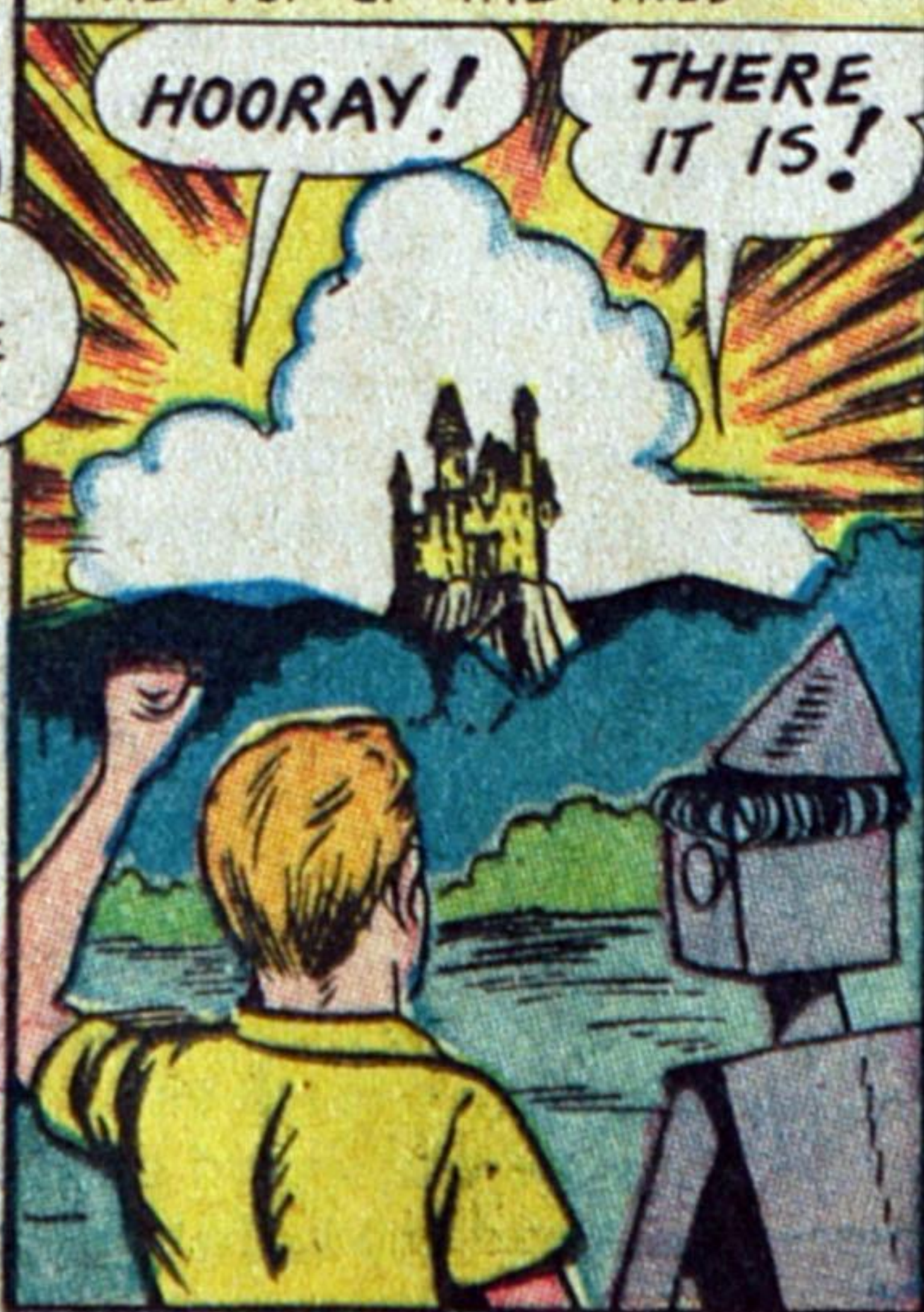
MAYBE,  
WHEN WE  
GET UP THIS  
HILL, WE'LL BE  
ABLE TO SEE  
IT!



...AND SURE ENOUGH!—AT  
THE TOP OF THE HILL...

HOORAY!

THERE  
IT IS!



BUT THE TWO  
FRIENDS ARE  
NOT THERE YET  
NEXT MONTH  
THEY SEE MORE  
OF THE AMAZING  
THINGS FAIRYLAND  
HAS IN STORE  
FOR ALL—

IN  
**MARVEL**  
COMICS



# JANE HAD TO GET ROUGH

*By*  
**Faith Moorland**

**I**T WAS SURE DEATH to all of them if the baby cried aloud. "Keep that kid quiet," said Peters in a hoarse whisper.

"I'm doing the best I can," replied his wife, trying to hush the little one that was sobbing and moaning in her lap. The wind drove the rain against the side of the car and made it rock to and fro.

"Mary," said Jane Peters to the young girl crouching beside her in the freight, "take the bottle and hold it between you and a crack and when it lightens, drop ten drops into the spoon."

Mary took the bottle and at each flash of lightning dropped a drop of paregoric into the spoon and when she had put in ten drops they gave it to the baby. That meant 20 drops; it was dangerous, but it had to be done.

"I suppose we mustn't strike a light," said the girl.

Fred Peters snorted. "You bet you can't strike a light; unless you're ready to give up your scalp," he replied without taking his eyes from the crack through which he was peeping for the first signs of the murdering Sioux. A Pawnee scout had warned the

express company executive that the Sioux were on the loose and there had been just time enough to crawl into a freight car drawn up on a siding above the railroad station.

The station agent, Joe Regan, was still on the job, refusing to leave his post. Fred Peters knew his pal was sitting there just a few yards away in the little room that served as ticket office, telegraph office and sleeping compartment. It was hard to keep quiet there in the car while Joe faced the Sioux alone but there was his wife and baby and his wife's friend, that helpless school teacher from Boston, who had been boarding with them and he felt it his duty to protect them as best he could. Regan had understood this and told him to go.

"I'll hold them off as long as I can," he had said, "and help may get through from Ogallala." He had already wired for help, but Ogallala was seventy-five miles away.

The rain came in great sheets and with such force that it seemed the car could hardly hold the rail. It was just a common red stock car with a few armfuls of straw on the floor, re-routed from the main line just a few days before.

Occasionally, Peters turned to glance at the two women, who were crouching in one end, and when the lightning lit up their faces they were fearful to behold. Now the rain, cold as sleet, came through the cracks in the car and stung like a thousand hornets as it struck their skin. Jane Peters had seen three winters in Wyoming, but the school teacher was, in every sense, a tenderfoot and the experiences of the night had brought her to the verge of insanity.

"HERE THEY ARE," whispered Peters. The women put their eyes to a crack and when a flash came they could see a reef of feathered heads that formed a

half-circle around his house. Half the band dismounted and made a rush for the cottage. The door was broken down and the red devils swarmed in.

One of them took a newspaper and lighted it at the open fireplace making a torch which they used to hunt for the occupants. The little party in the stock car could see the Sioux running, half crouching, from room to room. Finding the place deserted and smarting under their disappointment, the Indians set fire to Peters' home and by the light of it started to loot the railroad station which stood less than a hundred yards away.

Joe Regan was waiting for them and as the Indians approached he opened fire. At the very first shot the leader of the murderous gang leaped high into the air, came down on his feet, leaped up again and finally fell in a heap to rise no more. With a deafening yell, the angry band made a rush for the door and began to beat upon it with tomahawks, clubs and guns.

Having emptied his rifle, the agent now took up a pair of 45 caliber revolvers and the lead fairly rattled against the door. No less than half-a-dozen hair lifters sank to the ground, causing the besiegers to fall back. From a distance they began to pour lead into the building but Regan, crouching behind the little iron safe, was still unhurt. An Indian brought a torch from the burning cottage and attempted to fire the station, but the rain and wind put out the fire.

Two or three Sioux, noticing a string of cars upon the siding, began to search for stock or edible freight. From car to car they ran, thrusting their rifles into the straw. "Uh," said an old buck, as his rifle found something soft in one of the cars and Fred Peters gritted his teeth in pain as the rifle crashed in a rib.

Laying hold of the side of the car door and now as it opened, he



thrust his hideous face inside. Peters could have blown off the top of his head but he knew that to fire would be to attract a dozen redskins, against whom he could not hope to hold out long. The women scarcely breathed and the baby, full of paregoric, slept as though it had entered upon its final rest.

The other two Indians had given up the search among the empty cars and gone back to the station where the agent, having reloaded his weapons, kept the gang hopping and dancing on the station platform.

THE OLD SIOUX at the car door cocked his head and listened. Perhaps he thought he heard someone breathing for he put his hands on the sill and leaped into the car. He had scarcely straightened up when Peters' rifle fell across his feathered head and he dropped without a sound. The young Boston school teacher opened her mouth to scream and Jane Peters landed a swift right to the jaw. The teacher flopped over beside the Indian.

The Sioux never moved a finger. Quick examination showed Peters his neck was broken and removing the warrior's gun and ammunition, he covered the dead body with straw.

Every attempt to fire the station having failed, the Indians were now preparing to storm the fort. Peter groaned for he knew Joe Regan was doomed; then suddenly he felt the car vibrate as though it were being rolled slowly along the rail. His first thought was that the Indians were pushing the empty cars down near the station and that they would set fire to the straw and then there would be no possible escape. Jane Peters thought so too, for she looked at her husband.

You'll give us the lead before they get through?"

"Yup," he said and swallowed hard.

"And save a bullet for yourself," she added.

He nodded, not daring to trust himself to speak. Then there was a roar and an instant later a great dark object hove in sight and rolled past their car. It was a locomotive drawing a dozen box cars and running without a headlight. As it got abreast of the station the box cars opened up and out spilled a company of government scouts, all Pawnees except the officers. What followed was short and decisive and the Sioux fled leaving more than half their number on the station platform.

The conductor had ridden all

the way on the locomotive and the moment the train stopped he leaped to the ground and ran through a shower of bullets to where the cottage had been. The sight of the house in ashes made him sick at heart, but there was still hope, they might have escaped to the station and facing about he fought his way through the shot riddled door. Joe Regan lay upon the floor in a pool of his own blood, but he was living.

"Where are they?" asked the conductor.

"Among the stock cars, if they are still alive," was the faint whisper. "I saw them leaving the house . . . go get them . . . I'm all right," and the conductor, placing the wounded man on his bed, made for the stock cars.

"Peters, where are you?" he called and Peters answered, only two cars away. The conductor lighted his lantern and climbed aboard. Jane and Fred Peters greeted him with a smile, but the school teacher was still out cold.

"Is she dead?" asked the conductor falling upon his knees and holding the light close to the girl's face.

"Dead? Hell, no," said Peters "She's just unconscious. She started to scream and Jane, here, had to get rough."

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,  
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,  
REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF  
AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of Marvel Mystery Comics published monthly at  
Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1942  
State of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State  
and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin  
Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according  
to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher  
of the Marvel Mystery Comics and that the follow-  
ing is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a  
true statement of the ownership, management  
(and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the  
aforesaid publication for the date shown in the  
above caption, required by the Act of August 24,  
1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933,  
embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regula-  
tions, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher,  
editor, managing editor, and business managers are  
Publisher, Timely Comics, Inc., 330 W. 42nd  
St., N.Y., N.Y.; Editor, Martin Goodman, 330 W.  
42nd St., N.Y., N.Y.; Managing Editor, Martin  
Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y.; Business  
Manager, Abraham Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St.,  
N.Y., N.Y.

2. That the owner is (If owned by a corporation,  
its name and address must be stated and also im-  
mediately thereunder the names and addresses of  
stockholders owning or holding one per cent or  
more of total amount of stock. If not owned by  
a corporation, the names and addresses of the  
individual owners must be given. If owned by a  
firm, company, or other unincorporated concern,  
its name and address, as well as those of each  
individual member, must be given.)  
Timely Comics, Inc., 330 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees,  
and other security holders owning or holding 1 per  
cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages,  
or other securities are (If there are none, so state.)  
None.

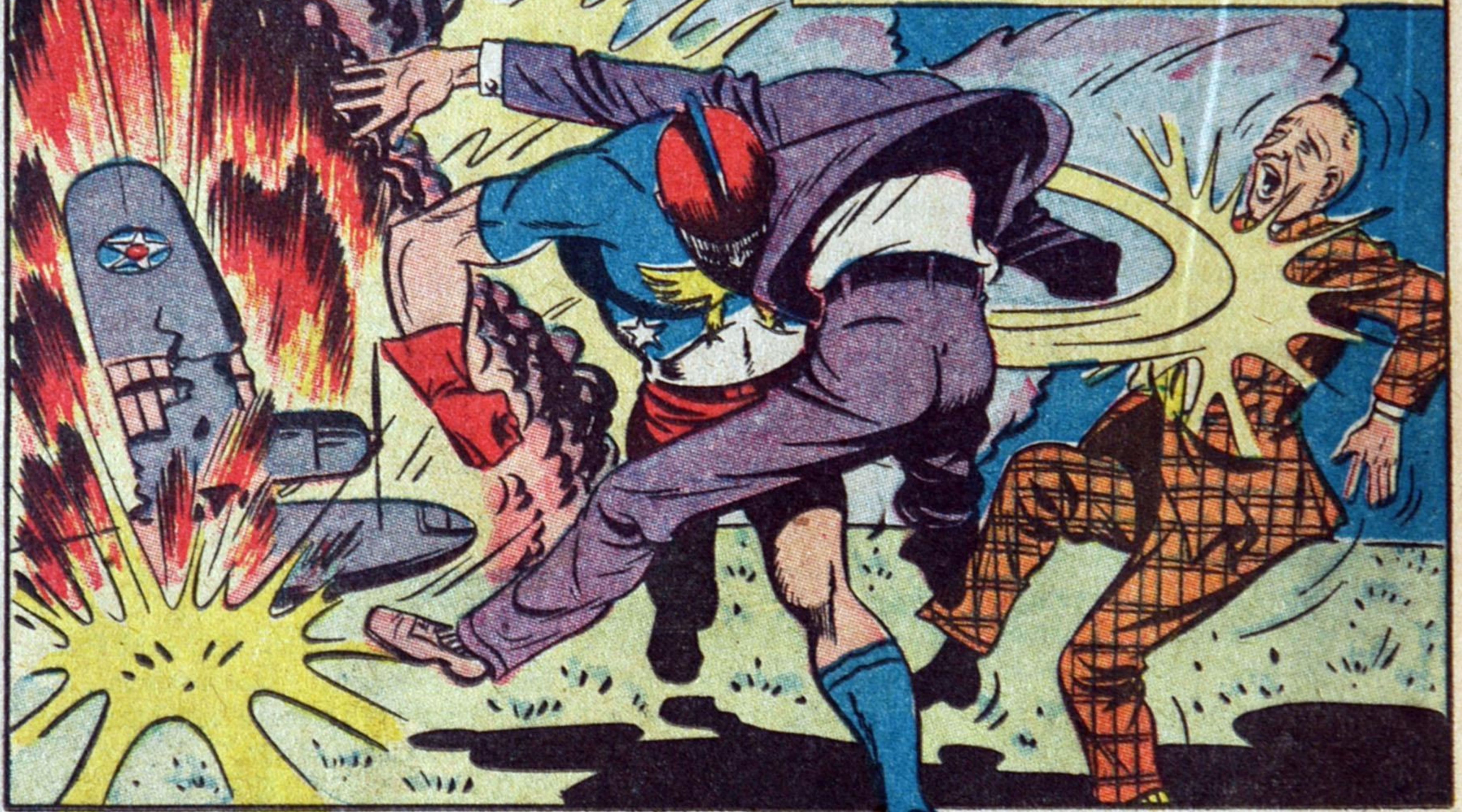
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving  
the names of the owners, stockholders, and security  
holders, if any, contain not only the list of stock-  
holders and security holders as they appear upon  
the books of the company but also, in cases where  
the stockholder or security holder appears upon  
the books of the company as trustee or in any  
other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or  
corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is  
given; also that the said two paragraphs contain  
statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and  
belief as to the circumstances and conditions under  
which stockholders and security holders who do  
not appear upon the books of the company as  
trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity  
other than that of a bona fide owner and this  
affiant has no reason to believe that any other  
person, association, or corporation has any interest  
direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other  
securities than as so stated by him.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day  
of September, 1942. (Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.  
(SEAL) REGINA N. GERBER.  
(My commission expires, March 30, 1944.)



# the PATRIOT

**F**LAMES LIKE THE FLAMES OF HADES LIGHT THE NIGHT -- ANOTHER PLANE FACTORY SABOTAGED! THE AUTHORITIES CRACK DOWN, BUT STILL THE SHADOW ARMY OF SABOTEURS STRIKES! SO GET GOING, **PATRIOT**, THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE! -- FAST!



THE STORY OPENS WITH A FAMILIAR TRIO DISCUSSING THE SITUATION...

JEFF, IF I COULD FIND OUT HOW THOSE NAZIS WERE SNEAKING INTO THE COUNTRY, I'D HAVE THE SCOOP OF THE YEAR!

MY DEAR CASEY, I HAVE A THEORY!

ANOTHER THEORY? HMM! BREAKING OUT INTO A COLD SWEAT! MUST HAVE BEEN THE ICE CREAM AND PICKLES!

BE YOURSELF, MARY! I'M SERIOUS! I'M CONVINCED THERE'S A LINK BETWEEN THE SABOTAGE AND THE INCREASING NUMBER OF ESCAPES OF NAZI FLIERS FROM CANADIAN PRISON CAMPS!

I CATCH! DAMAGING PLANES WOULD BE RIGHT DOWN A FLIER'S ALLEY! TERRIFIC! I'LL GET THE BOSS TO SEND ME TO CANADA! WHY DON'T YOU TWO COME ALONG?

WHEN IT COMES TO DANGER -- I'LL TAKE VANILLA AND PICKLES!

YOU WOULD!





THE SCENE SHIFTS TO A CANADIAN PRISON CAMP...

ANOTHER PRISONER FROM ENGLAND, SIR -- LIEUTENANT KARL MUELLER!

THE FAMOUS NAZI ACE! BRING HIM IN!

HELLO, MUELLER! I WANT TO GIVE YOU SOME GOOD ADVICE. BE GOOD AND DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE!

KEEP YOUR ADVICE, HERR COMMANDANT. I TAKE MY ORDERS FROM THE FUEHRER!

BUT AS THE PRISONER IS LED OUT, HE EXCHANGES A WINK WITH THE COMMANDANT. MUELLER IS NONE OTHER THAN ---

TAKE HIM AWAY!

COME ALONG, RAT!

-- JEFF, ALIAS THE PATRIOT!

NICE OF 'EM TO PLANT ME IN THE JUG THIS WAY! HERE'S HOPING IT WORKS!

HEIL HITLER!

AS JEFF IS LED INTO THE PRISON BARRACKS, HE OUT-HEILS GOEBBELS, HIMSELF!

NONE O' THAT AROUND HERE, LIEUTENANT KARL MUELLER! YOU AIN'T IN GERMANY!

YEOW!

CANADIAN SWINE! SOME DAY YOU WILL LICK MY BOOTS!

NERTS!

WELL DONE, LIEUTENANT!

JUST WHAT ONE WOULD EXPECT OF A DARING ACE LIKE KARL MUELLER! WHEN YOUR JAW STOPS ACHING, WE'LL HAVE A TALK, JA?

JA WEHL!



**Later... IN THE PRISON CAMP YARD...**

MY NAME IS HOPF. I MAKE IT MY BUSINESS TO HELP GOOD GERMANS ESCAPE-- WHAT DO YOU SAY?

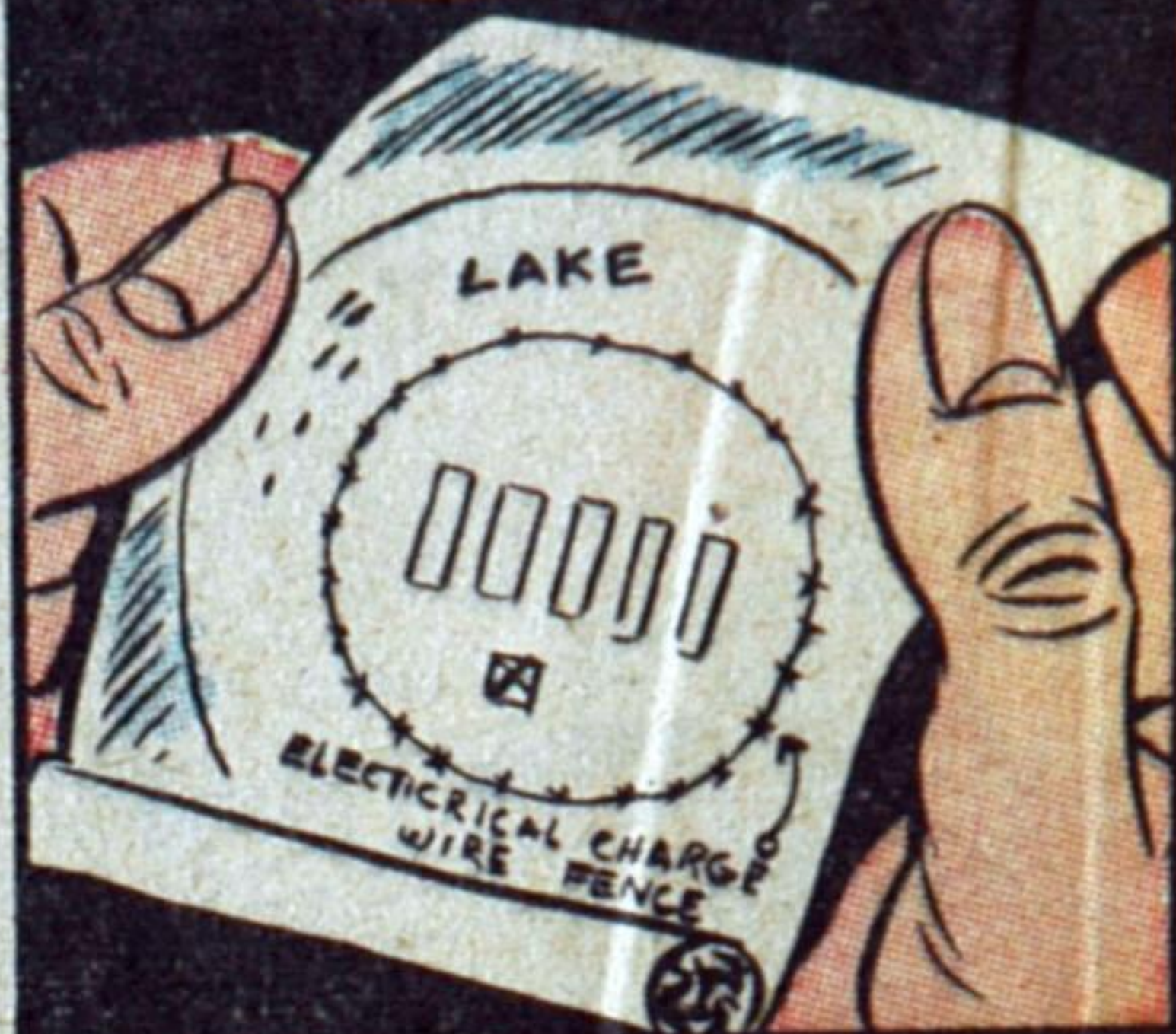
I LIVE ONLY FOR ONE THING -- TO BE FREE TO STRIKE BACK AT THE ALLIED SCUM! QUICK! HOW DO I GET OUT? BRIBERY?

THE STUPID CANADIANS THINK SO. WE HAVE A BETTER WAY! HERE, HAVE A **SMOKE?**

A SMOKE? OH, I UNDERSTAND, HERR HOPF!

**FURTIVELY, JEFF UNROLLS THE CIGARETTE ...**

A MAP OF THE PRISON CAMP! BUT--BUT IT'S ESCAPE PROOF!



THAT, TOO, IS WHAT THE STUPID CANADIANS THINK! I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!

BREAK IT UP!

**SUDDENLY, JEFF DISCOVERS THE CAMP HAS GUESTS --**

CASEY AND MARY! I'D BETTER BREEZE BEFORE THEY SPOT ME AND TIP MY HAND!

AND YOU HAVEN'T FOUND A SINGLE CLUE TO HOW THEY ESCAPED?

NO, BUT WE MAY SOON!

**THAT NIGHT, OFF THE CANADIAN COAST, A PLANE IS CATAPULTED FROM THE DECK OF A U-BOAT!**



**THE PLANE ROARS UP TO THE STRATOSPHERE...**

THIRTY THOUSAND FEET! CUT THE MOTOR! A LONG GLIDE SHOULD TAKE US RIGHT OVER THE PRISON CAMP!

RIGHT! GET THE HELMET READY!

**THEN, SILENT AS THE NIGHT, AS THE PLANE SOARS OVER THE PRISON CAMP LAKE, SOMETHING DROPS BY PARACHUTE!**



**WHILE A LONE WATCHER WAITS...**

THE DIVING HELMET! BUOYED BY CORK FOR MY CONVENIENCE! WHAT A PUSH-OVER! NO GUARDS ON THE SHORE! AFTER ALL, WHO'D SUSPECT AN ESCAPE UNDER WATER!





And so  
JEFF,  
ALIAS  
MUELLER,  
ALIAS  
**THE  
PATRIOT,**  
DIVES  
INTO THE  
LAKE,  
WHILE  
ABOVE  
HIM  
THE NAZI  
PLANE  
ZOOMS  
AWAY!

IF I HAD  
SUB-MARINER'S  
LUNGS, I WOULDN'T  
NEED A HELMET!  
BUT THEN OLD  
FISH-PUSS  
HASN'T GOT  
MY BRAINS!

THE ONLY INSTRUCTION  
HOPF DIDN'T GIVE ME  
WAS WHAT TO DO WHEN  
YOU MEET AN OCTOPUS!  
-- GRAB HIS HANDS,  
ALL EIGHT OF 'EM!  
-- AND SAY  
"HEIL HIMMLER!"

NEAR THE  
BOTTOM! --  
WHERE IS  
THAT HOLE?  
-- AHH-HH!

THE ABANDONED  
SEWER PART LAID  
BEFORE THE GROUND  
SANK AND THE LAKE  
FORMED! NOW, I  
SUPPOSE I FOLLOW  
MY NOSE!

DOESN'T THIS  
PIPE EVER END?  
HOPF MIGHT HAVE  
GIVEN ME A PAIR  
OF ROLLER  
SKATES!

BUT THE PIPE DOES END --  
SOME DISTANCE OUTSIDE THE  
PRISON CAMP!

FIRST STATION  
REACHED IN THE  
UNDERGROUND RAILROAD!  
SECOND STOP IS THE  
FARM OF A PRO-NAZI  
NAMED KRAUSS!

IF HE ASKS ME  
TO CHANGE MY  
CLOTHES, I'LL PLAY  
MODEST AND DO IT  
IN ANOTHER ROOM.  
I CAN'T LET HIM  
SEE THE PATRIOT'S  
GET-UP UNDERNEATH!

ONE  
MOMENT!

WHEN THE DOOR OPENS  
JEFF GIVES THE HIGH SIGN!

"V" FOR  
VICTORY  
UPSIDE  
DOWN!

JA! JA!  
COME IN! YOU  
WILL FIND DRY  
CLOTHES IN  
THE BEDROOM.  
PUT THEM ON  
WHILE I HEAT  
THE COFFEE!





THANKS FOR THE COFFEE AND DRY CLOTHES. NOW WHAT?

I AM PREPARING FAKE CREDENTIALS FOR YOU. YOU'LL NEED THEM TO ENTER THE U.S.



THE U.S.! IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO GO THERE! IF IT WERE IN MY POWER, I WOULD WIPE EVERY AMERICAN OFF THE MAP!

SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE NAZI! YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CHANCE, MY FRIEND! BE PATIENT!



YOUR PAPERS WILL SOON BE IN ORDER! BLAST IT, MY PIPE'S GONE OUT! NOW WHERE ARE THOSE MATCHES?

TRY THIS, HERR KRAUSS!



THANK YOU! HMMMMM--WATERPROOF, EH?

WE NAZIS ARE PREPARED FOR EMERGENCIES! HA-HA!



PREPARE FOR DEATH, THEN, UNLESS YOU CAN EXPLAIN HOW YOU CAME TO OWN AN AMERICAN-MADE CIGARETTE-LIGHTER!



HIS RUSE REVEALED, THE PATRIOT GOES INTO ACTION!

SORRY, BUD, BUT I'VE GOT NO TIME FOR EXPLANATION!

YEOW!



AS THE TWO MEN STRUGGLE, JEFF'S SHIRT IS TORN OPEN!

THE COSTUME OF THE PATRIOT!

YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, KRAUSS! BETTER BEHAVE OR ---



DESPERATE, THE NAZI LUNGES FOR HIS PISTOL!

HAH-H!

OH, NO YOU DON'T!



KRAUSS GETS THE GUN, BUT THE PATRIOT BENDS HIS HAND BACK -- THE GUN BLASTS!

AIYIIM! AGHR-RR!

YOU ASKED FOR IT!



AFTER RANSACKING THE FARMHOUSE OF THE DEAD NAZI, THE PATRIOT BOARDS A TRAIN...

NOW, ACCORDING TO THE EVIDENCE IN KRAUSS'S DESK, MY NEXT STOP IS NEW YORK!

MEANWHILE, IN A DOWNTOWN NEW YORK OFFICE...

I CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT! THE MESSAGE SMUGGLED OUT FROM HOPF SAID MUELLER WOULD ARRIVE AT 6 P.M. HE'S AN HOUR LATE!

GIVE HIM TIME, BOSS! PERHAPS THE AMERICAN TRAINS ARE NOT AS PUNCTUAL AS OURS!

SUDDENLY, THERE IS A TINKLE OF SHATTERED GLASS!

THE PATRIOT!

SORRY I'M LATE! BUT I'M GOING TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME!

THE PATRIOT BECOMES A STREAK OF RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE LIGHTNING!

OOOFF! YEOW-W!

GET TOGETHER, BOYS! YOU'RE TWO OF A KIND!

NOW, AS CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD, YOU CAN SUPPLY ME WITH THE NAMES OF NAZI FLIERS PLANTED IN OUR PLANE FACTORIES! SPILL IT, OR---

THE LIST IS IN THE WALL SAFE. I GAVE YOU THE COMBINATION!

LATER...

LONG DISTANCE? I WANT TO MAKE A PERSON-TO-PERSON CALL TO A REPORTER NAMED CASEY. HOTEL MORRIS... WINDSOR --- CANADA.

REVERSE THE CHARGES!

WHAT? THE WHOLE SABOTAGE RING ROUNDED UP? NICE WORK! THANKS FOR THE YARN, PATRIOT! HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!

REUNION IN NEW YORK...

I GO ALL THE WAY TO CANADA, AND PATRIOT SCOOPS ME IN NEW YORK! AND, TO RUB IT IN, HE MAKES A LONG-DISTANCE CALL --- COLLECT!

CHEAP SKATE, EH?

IT WOULDN'T BE A BAD IDEA, JEFF, IF YOU TRIED IMITATING HIM!



# THE VISION

(PROGRAM)

A PISTOL SPEAKS AND A MAN CRIES OUT! ...  
THIS IS THE DEADLY DIALOGUE THAT LAUNCHES  
THE VISION IN THE ROLE OF PLAYRIGHT  
TO OUT-PLOT A KILLER ... IN ...

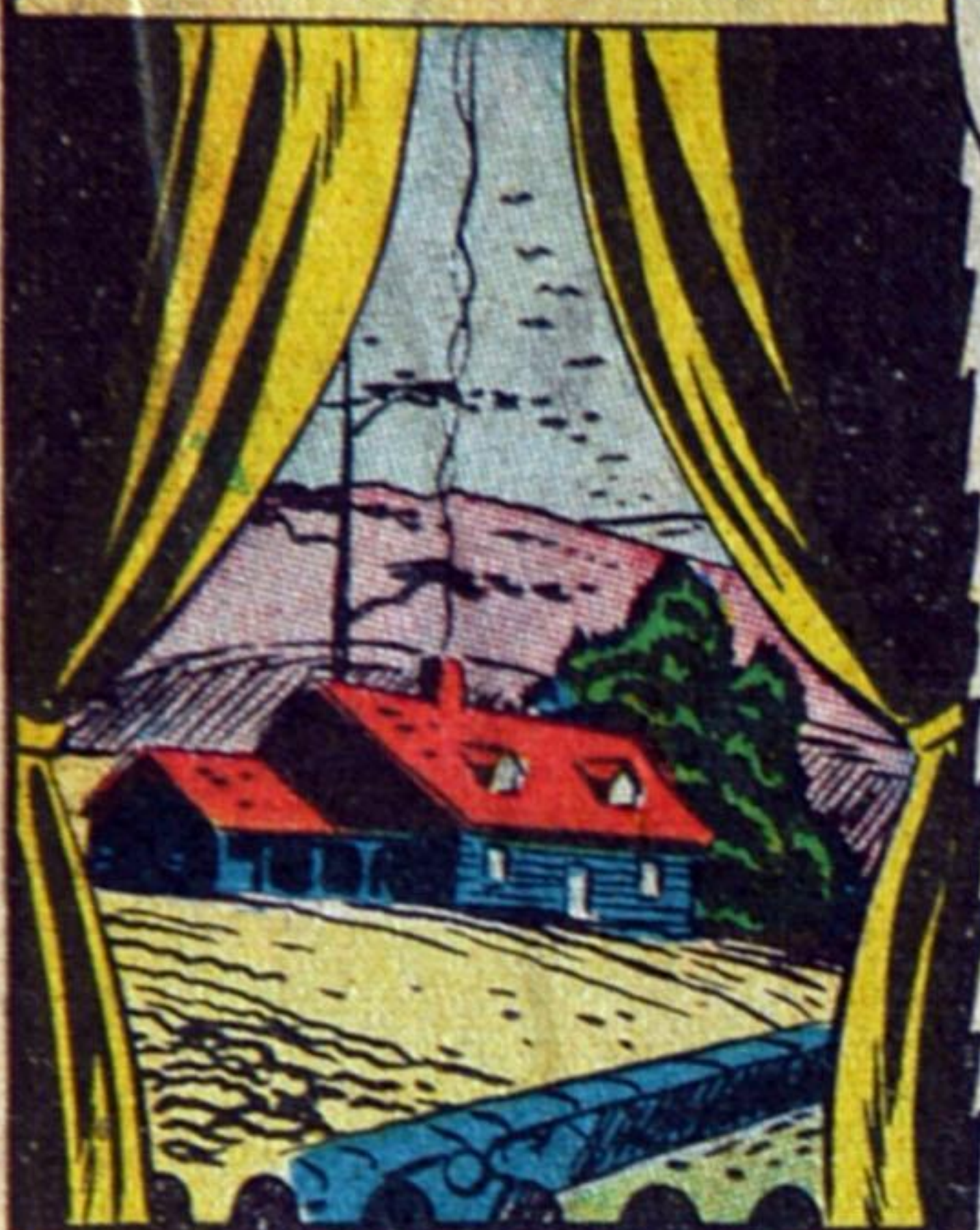
**II "DIALOGUE OF DEATH!" II**

A MYSTERY PLAY IN ONE ACT  
WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY

**THE VISION**



THE MOUNTAIN HUNTING  
LODGE OF  
HORACE J. SMITH,  
PLAYWRIGHT...



I FEAR I'M A  
POOR HOST, FOLKS,  
BUT DICK AND I MUST  
LEAVE YOU... WHY  
NOT GO FOR A HIKE  
OR SOMETHING  
WHILE WE POUND  
OUT OUR LATEST  
OPUS!



GO TO IT,  
SMITTY. WE MAY  
BE HAM ACTORS  
BUT WE'RE SWELL  
MOUNTAIN  
CLIMBERS!



LEAVING HIS GUESTS, SMITH AND  
HIS COLLABORATOR FIND A QUIET  
SPOT IN THE WOODS ...



BLUE SKY--  
THE SCENT OF  
PINES---THIS  
PLACE IS  
IDEAL,  
SMITTY!

SAVE THAT  
LINE FOR OUR  
PLAY, DICK! --  
LET'S SEE...  
WE'RE IN  
ACT II...

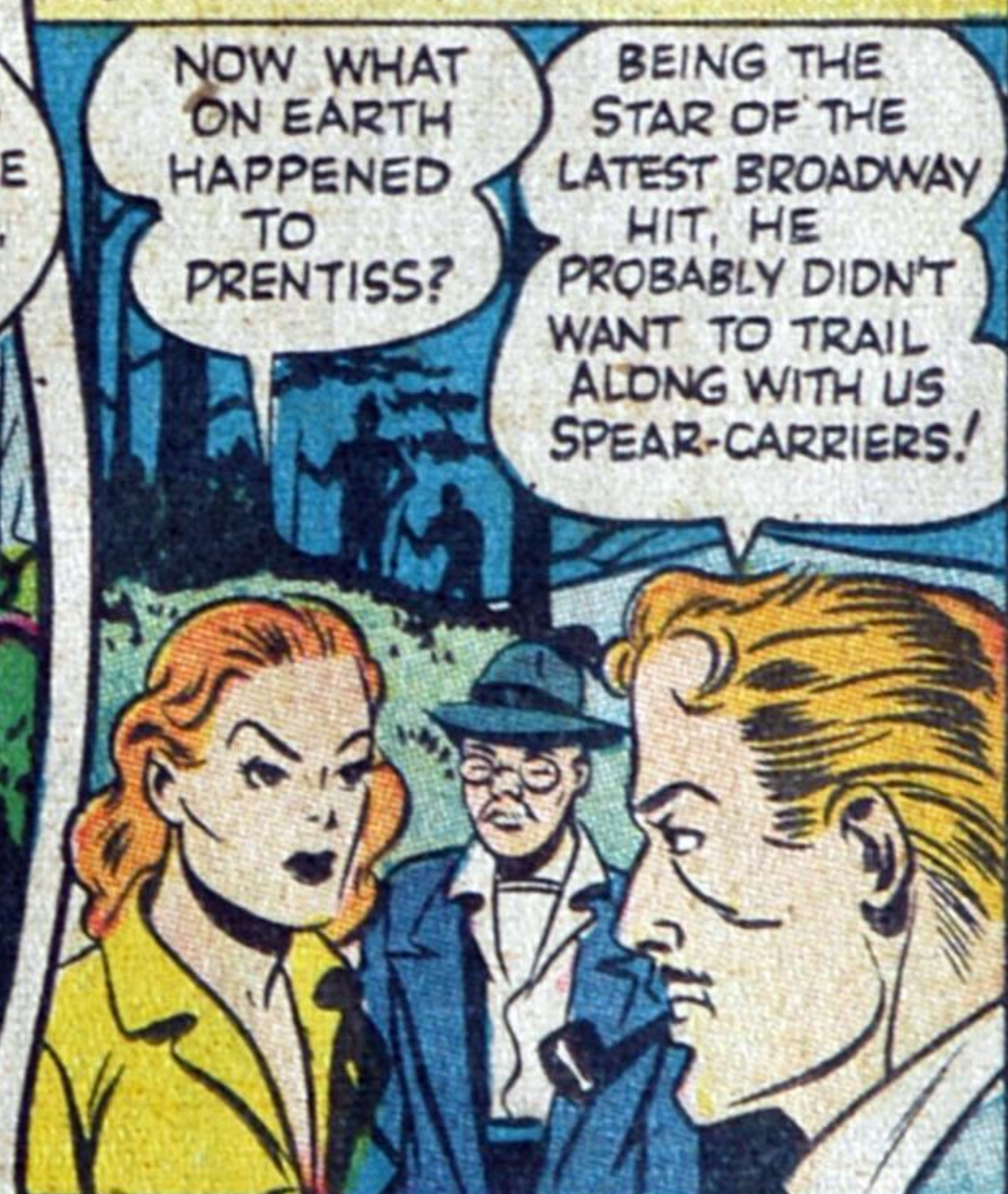
TWO PLAYWRIGHTS...IN THE  
THROES OF INSPIRATION!...



... AT THIS  
POINT THE  
VILLAIN GRABS  
HER. SHE SAYS,  
"HANDS OFF!"

RIGHT! THEN  
HE LEANS TOWARD  
HER WITH A SMILE  
AND SAYS, "RUTH,  
I'LL NEVER LET  
YOU GO ---

WHILE THE AUTHORS TOIL, THE  
GUESTS HIKE ...



NOW WHAT  
ON EARTH  
HAPPENED  
TO  
PRENTISS?

BEING THE  
STAR OF THE  
LATEST BROADWAY  
HIT, HE  
PROBABLY DIDN'T  
WANT TO TRAIL  
ALONG WITH US  
SPEAR-CARRIERS!

THE SUN SETS, THE NOISE OF  
TYPING CEASES. SUDDENLY THE  
MOUNTAINS RE-ECHO TWO SOUNDS  
--A PISTOL SHOT AND THE CRY OF  
A MAN IN MORTAL PAIN!



BANG!

AI-YI-II!

FROM A THICKET RACES  
PRENTISS! ...



SMITTY! JOHNSON!  
RUTH! C'MERE! QUICK!  
SOMETHING TERRIBLE  
HAS HAPPENED!

SMITH JOINS PRENTISS WHO  
POINTS AT SOMETHING ON THE  
GRASS ...



DICK CRAWN...  
DEAD! ...I  
THOUGHT YOU  
TWO WERE  
WORKING  
TOGETHER!

WE STOPPED  
AN HOUR AGO.  
WHILE I BROUGHT  
THE TYPEWRITER  
BACK TO THE LODGE,  
HE WENT FOR A  
WALK. POOR DICK!





SOME EVIL TOOK PLACE HERE, OR I WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SUMMONED! RICHARD CRAWN WAS MURDERED!

LOOKS LIKE A CLEAR CASE OF SUICIDE!

WHAT TH--! LOOK WHAT'S RISING FROM THE GUN! -- SMOKE!



HERE'S THE NOTE I FOUND NEAR THE BODY. IT'S IN DICK'S HANDWRITING! IT SAYS, "I'M FED UP WITH LIFE! GOODBYE!"

THAT'S RIGHT!

I STILL INSIST IT'S MURDER!



WHO CARES WHAT YOU INSIST? WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY? A SECOND-RATE MAGICIAN ON THE BUM, NO DOUBT!

I AM THE VISION, ENEMY OF EVIL!



YEAH? THEN I'M J. EDGAR HOOVER OF THE F.B.I. -- THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY! SO SCRAM! BEFORE YOU GET TOSSED OUT!

TOSSED OUT BY YOU-- AND WHAT ARMY?



I'LL DO IT ALONE, SMOKE FACE! YEOW! MY HAND!

HURT YOURSELF?



PERHAPS THIS WILL HELP YOU FORGET THE PAIN!

AGHRR!



AND NOW I'LL LEAVE YOU FOR A WHILE I HOPE YOU PEOPLE AREN'T AS SKEPTICAL AS MR. PRENTISS!

HUH?

WELL, I'LL BE--! HE'S DISAPPEARING IN THE SMOKE OF YOUR CIGARETTE, JOHNSON!

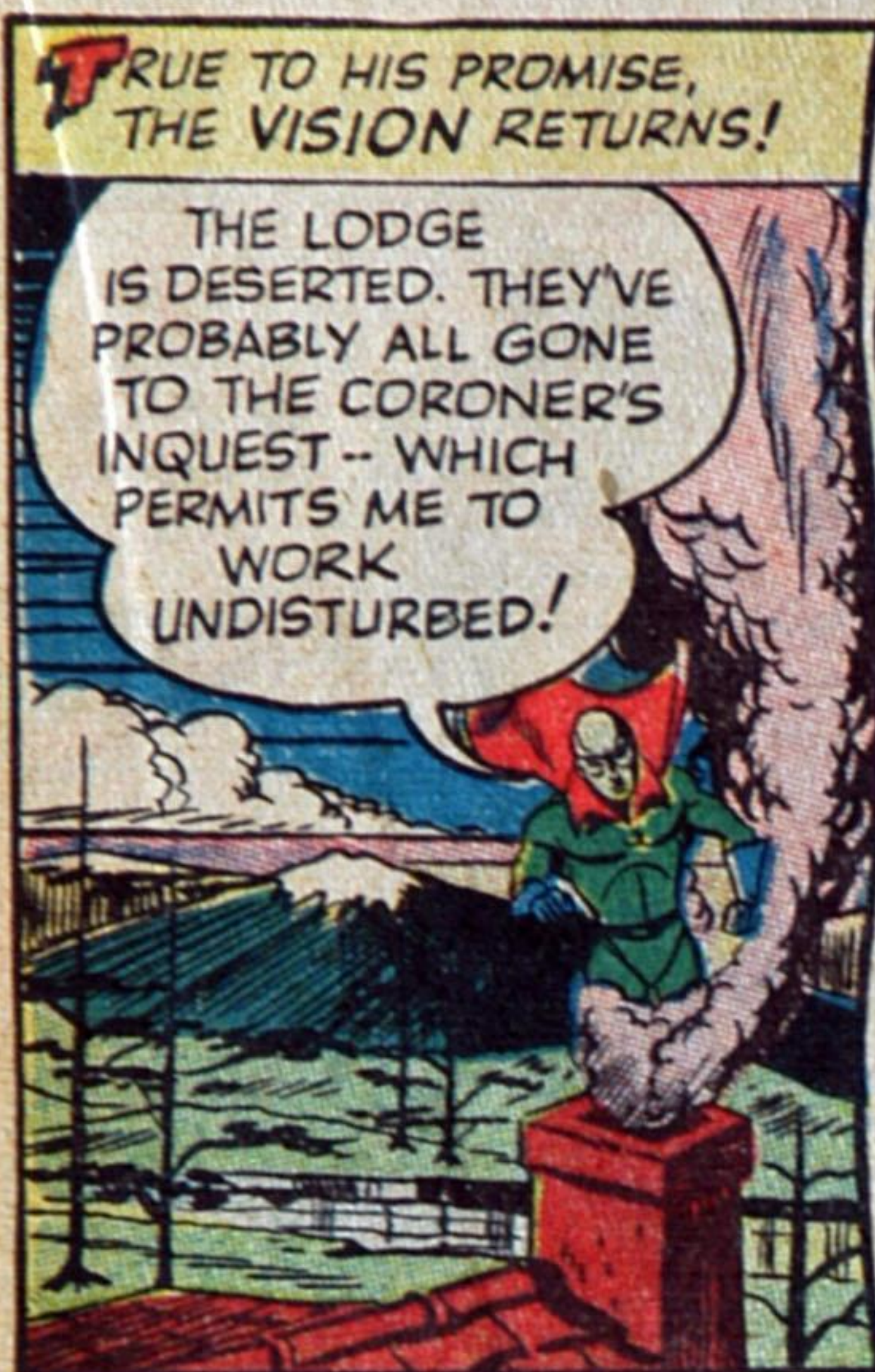


A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WHAT HIT ME, JOHNSON? THE 20TH CENTURY LIMITED?

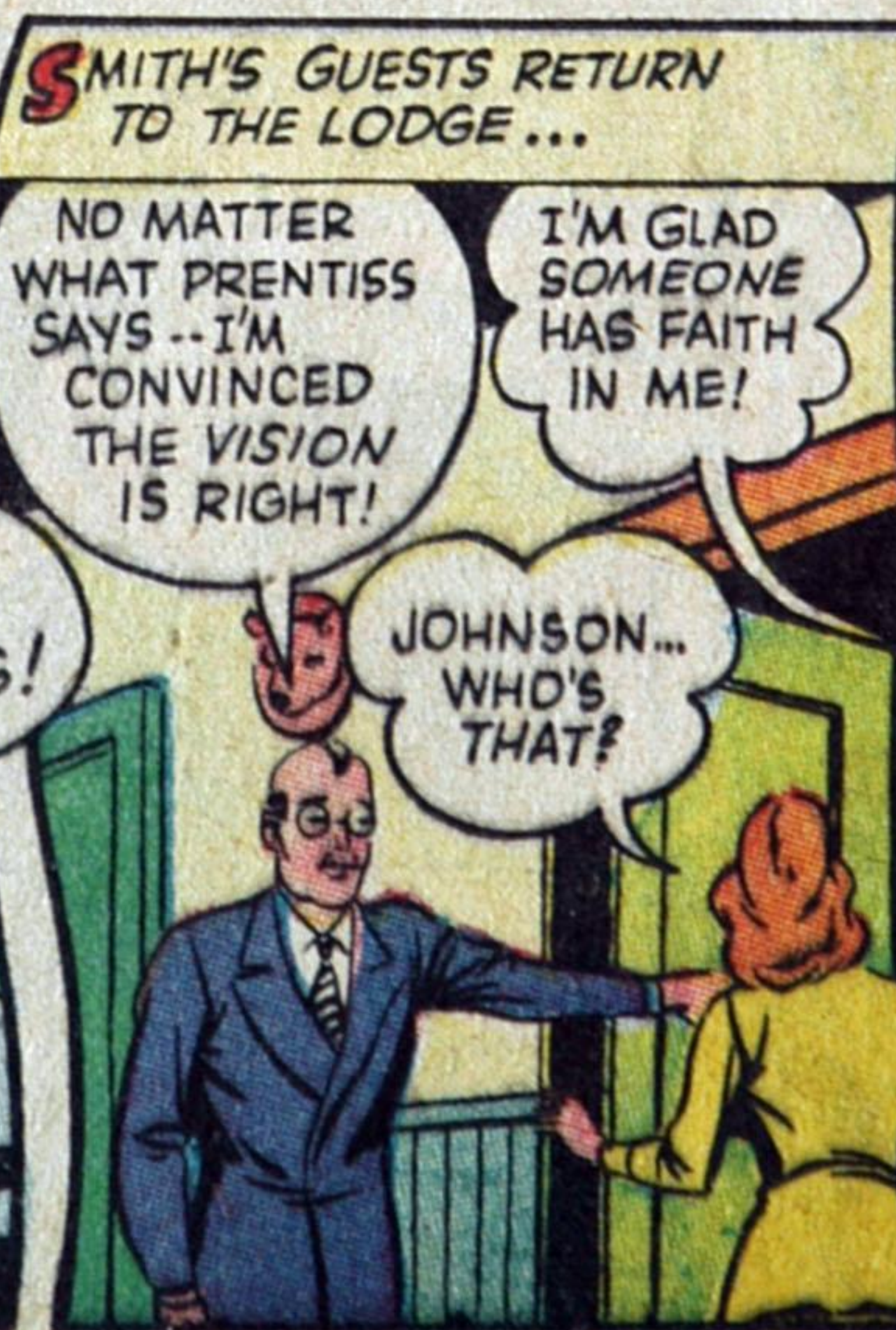
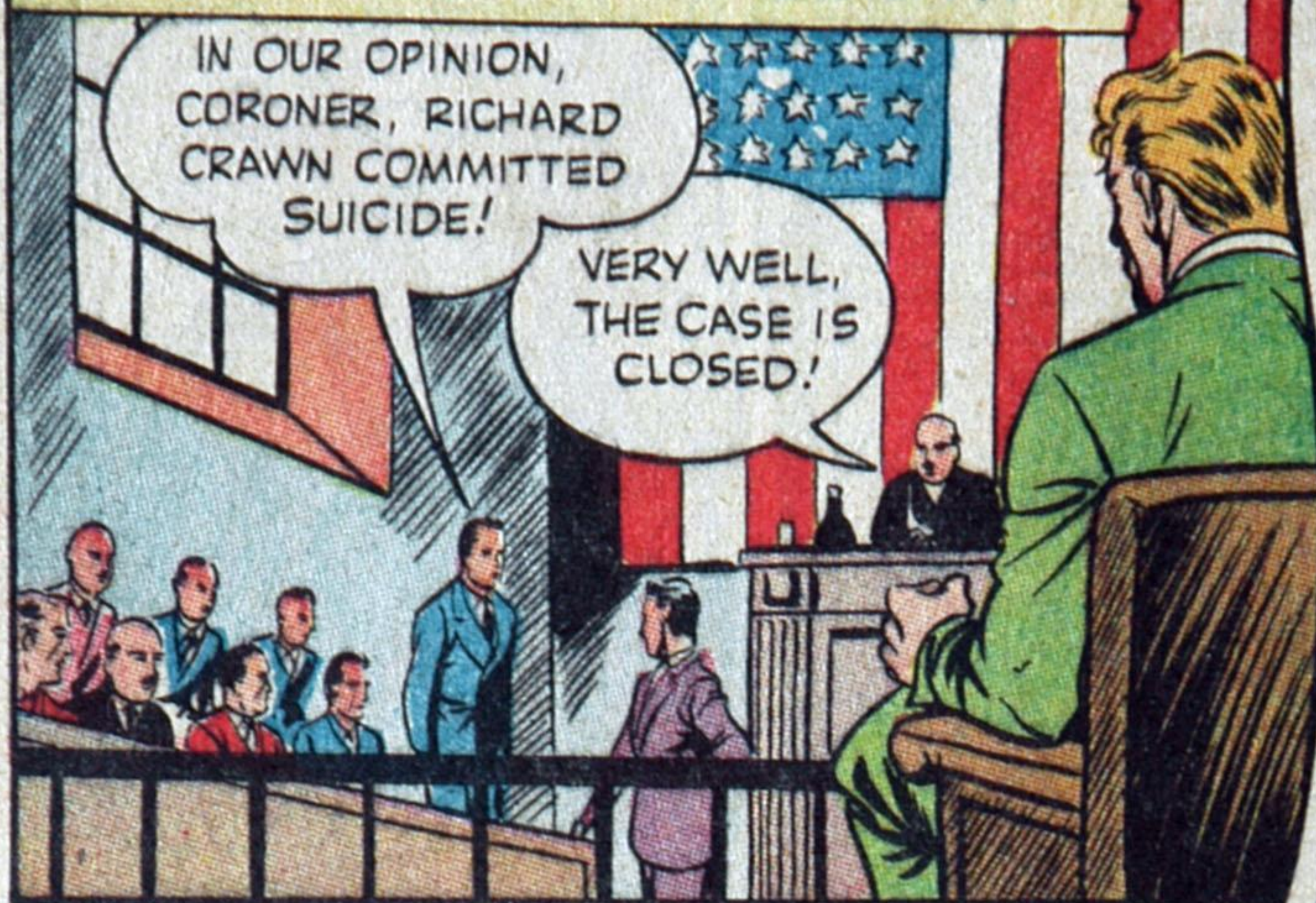
I DON'T KNOW! BUT WHATEVER HE IS, HE'LL BE BACK! SO BE GOOD, PRENTISS!



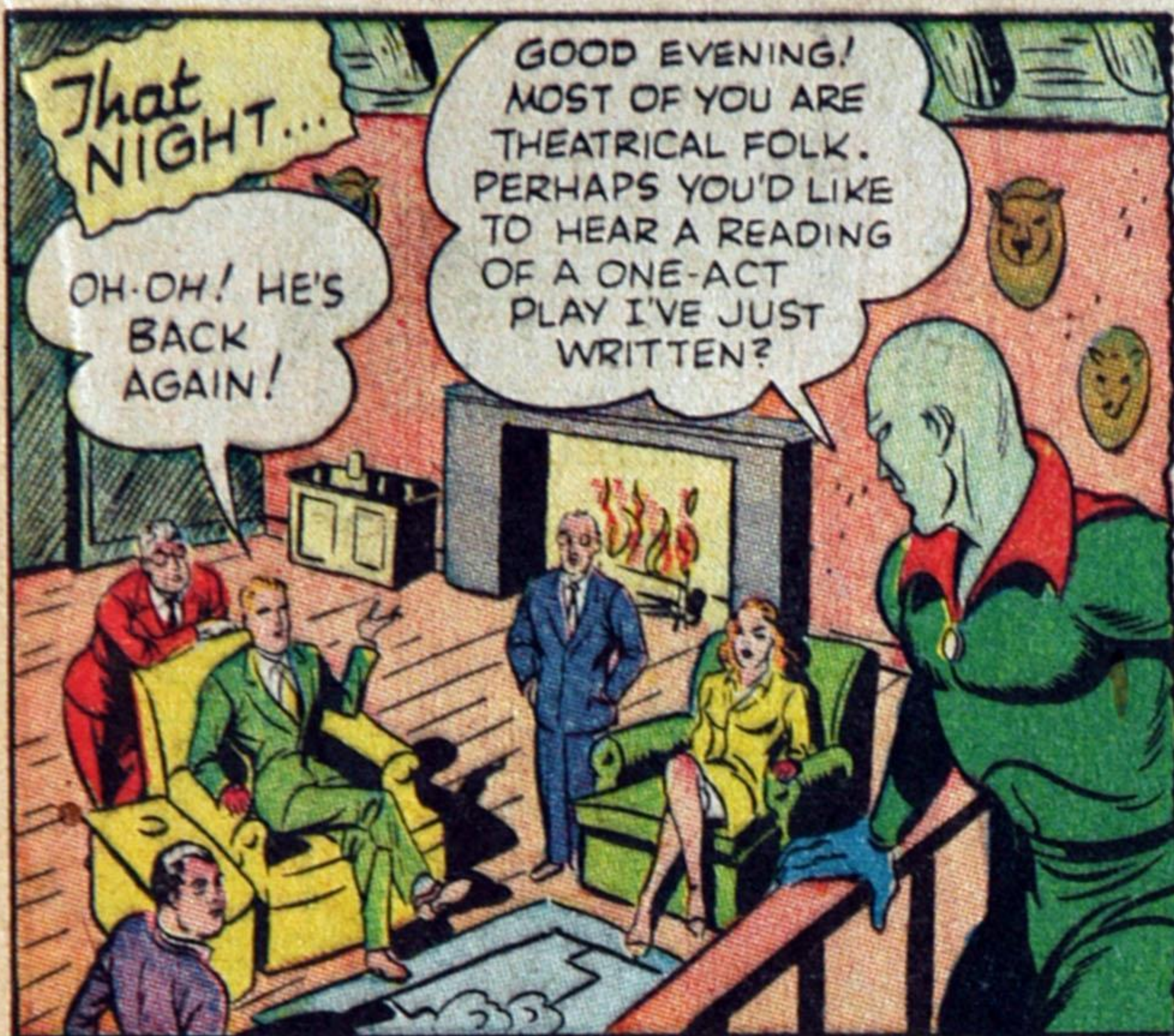




AND WHILE THE VISION'S FINGERS TAP OUT A SCENARIO OF DEATH AND DUPLICITY, A CORONER'S JURY RETURNS A VERDICT...







That NIGHT...

OH-OH! HE'S BACK AGAIN!

GOOD EVENING! MOST OF YOU ARE THEATRICAL FOLK. PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO HEAR A READING OF A ONE-ACT PLAY I'VE JUST WRITTEN?



YOU WRITE A PLAY? THIS OUGHT TO BE RICH! GO AHEAD, SMOKY! WE NEED TO LAUGH!

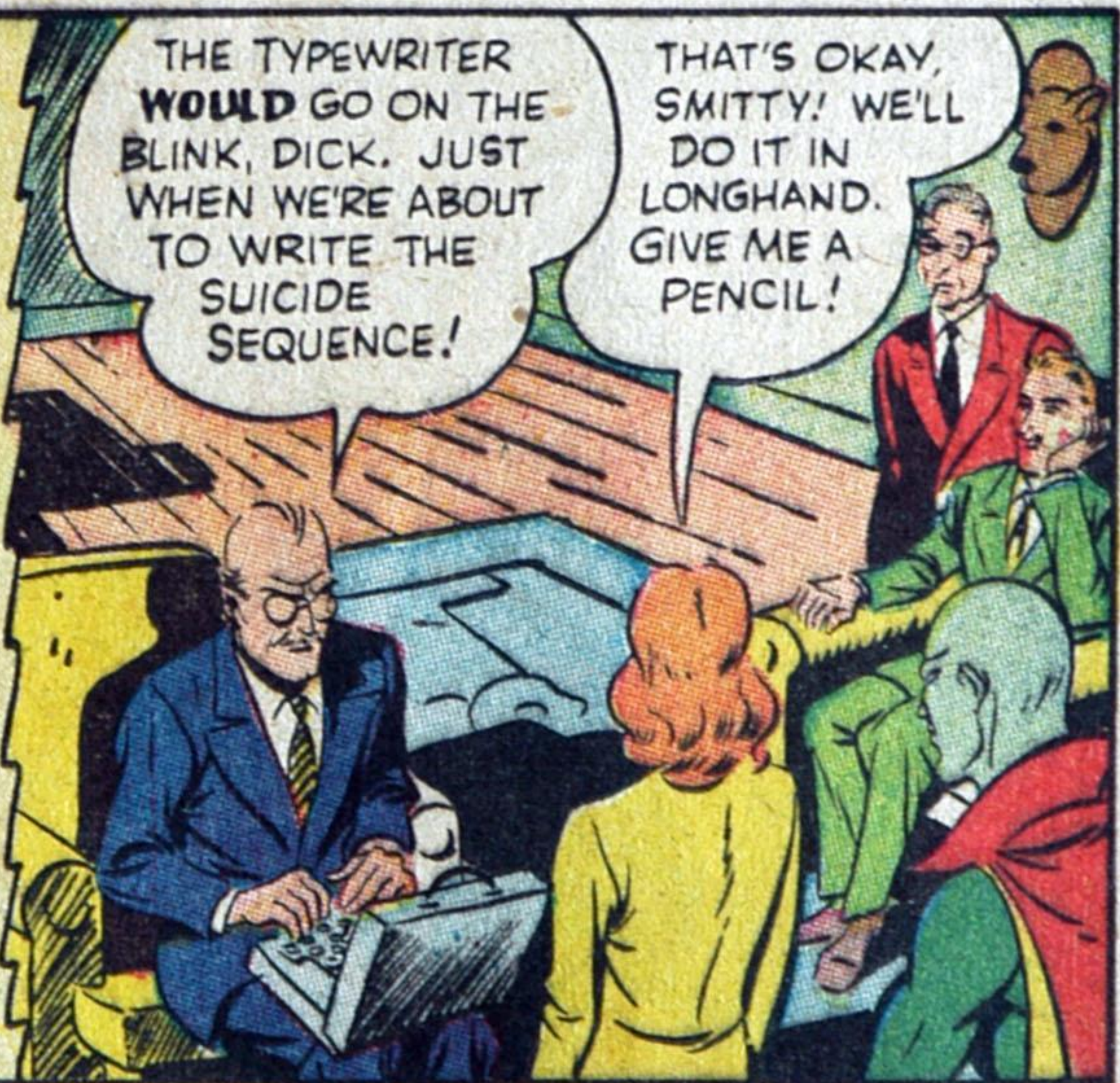
THANK YOU, GLAMOUR-PUSS! I WOULD LIKE JOHNSON THERE AND RUTH TO BE MY PERFORMERS!



UNFORTUNATELY, I HAVE NO STAGE PROPS. THE SCENE IS A FOREST. JOHNSON TAKES THE ROLE OF MR. SMITH, OUR HOST. RUTH, YOU PLAY THE PART OF THE LATE DICK CRAWN -- LET'S BEGIN!



...FROM SCRIPTS WRITTEN BY THE VISION THE TWO ACTORS PORTRAY THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO BROWN'S DEATH...



THE TYPEWRITER WOULD GO ON THE BLINK, DICK. JUST WHEN WE'RE ABOUT TO WRITE THE SUICIDE SEQUENCE!

THAT'S OKAY, SMITTY! WE'LL DO IT IN LONGHAND. GIVE ME A PENCIL!



THIS IS WHERE OUR VILLAIN KILLS HIMSELF. SO HE WRITES A NOTE-- IT SAYS, "I'M FED UP WITH LIFE! GOODBYE!"

SLOW UP! I CAN'T WRITE THAT FAST!



WHAT TH-- HEY! PUT DOWN THAT PISTOL, SMITTY! IT MIGHT GO OFF!

IT WILL GO OFF! I HAD TO GET YOU TO WRITE YOUR OWN SUICIDE NOTE!

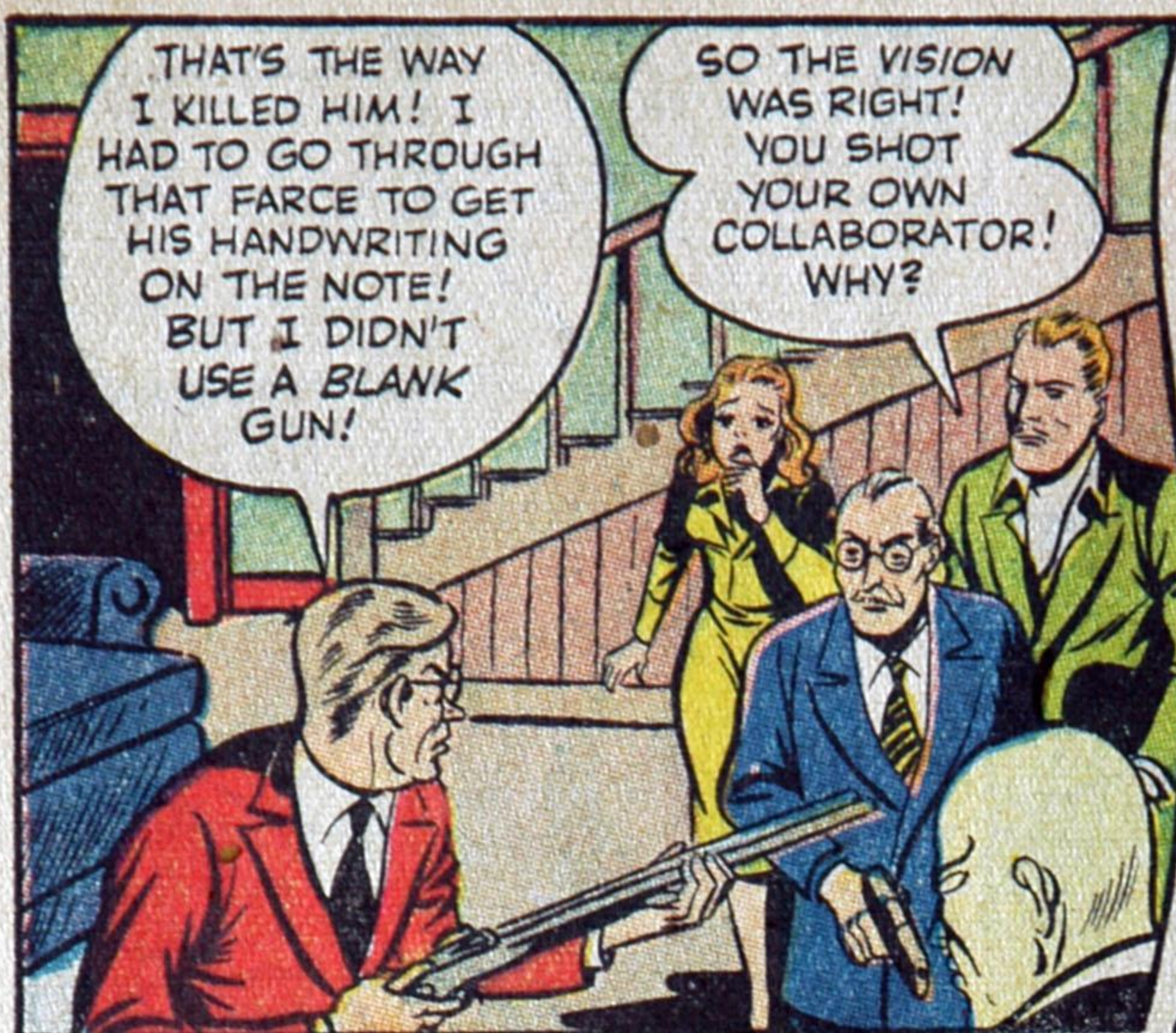


THERE! NOW TO PLANT THE GUN IN HIS HAND--

AGHRR!

STOP! STOP!







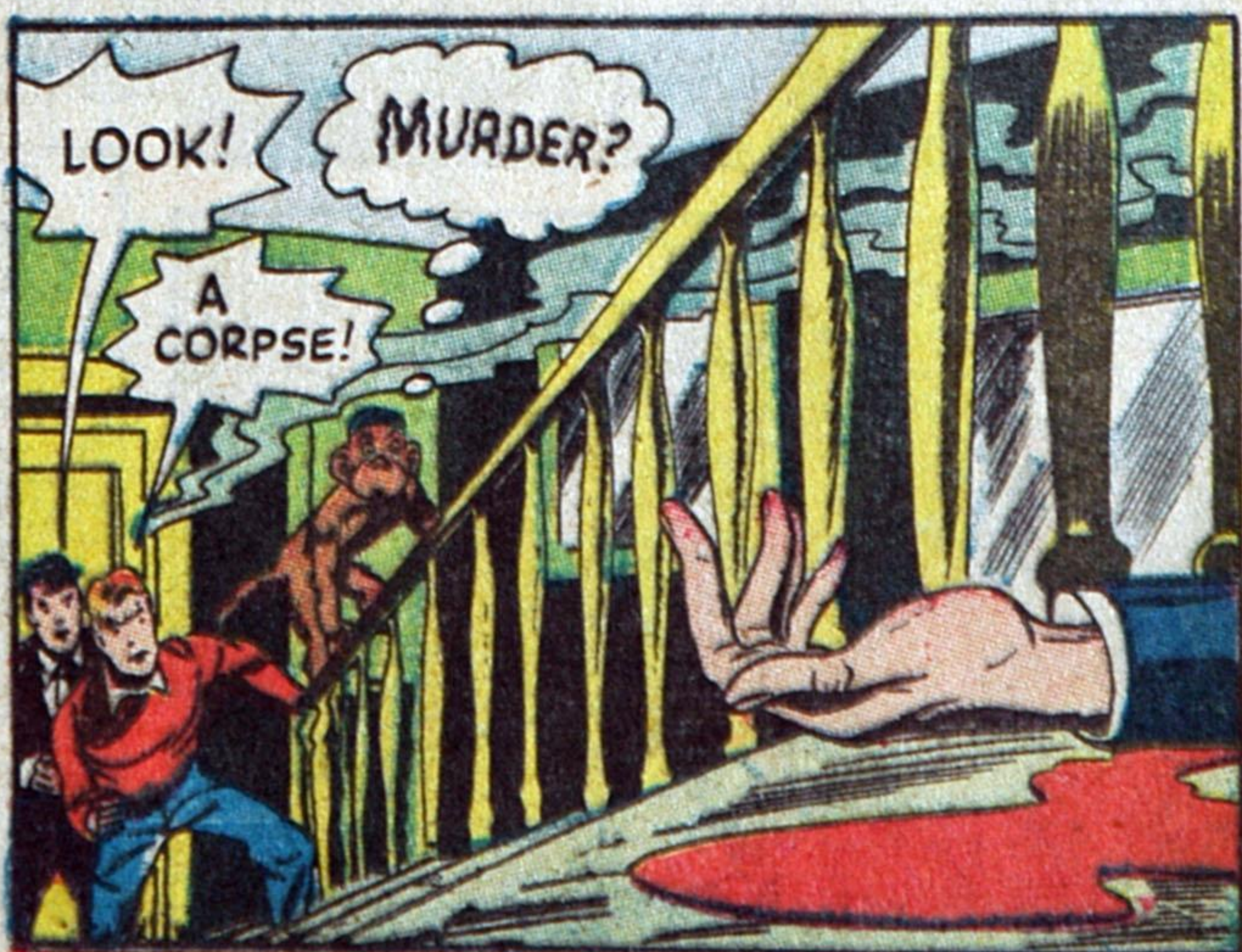
# Terry Vance

## The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH

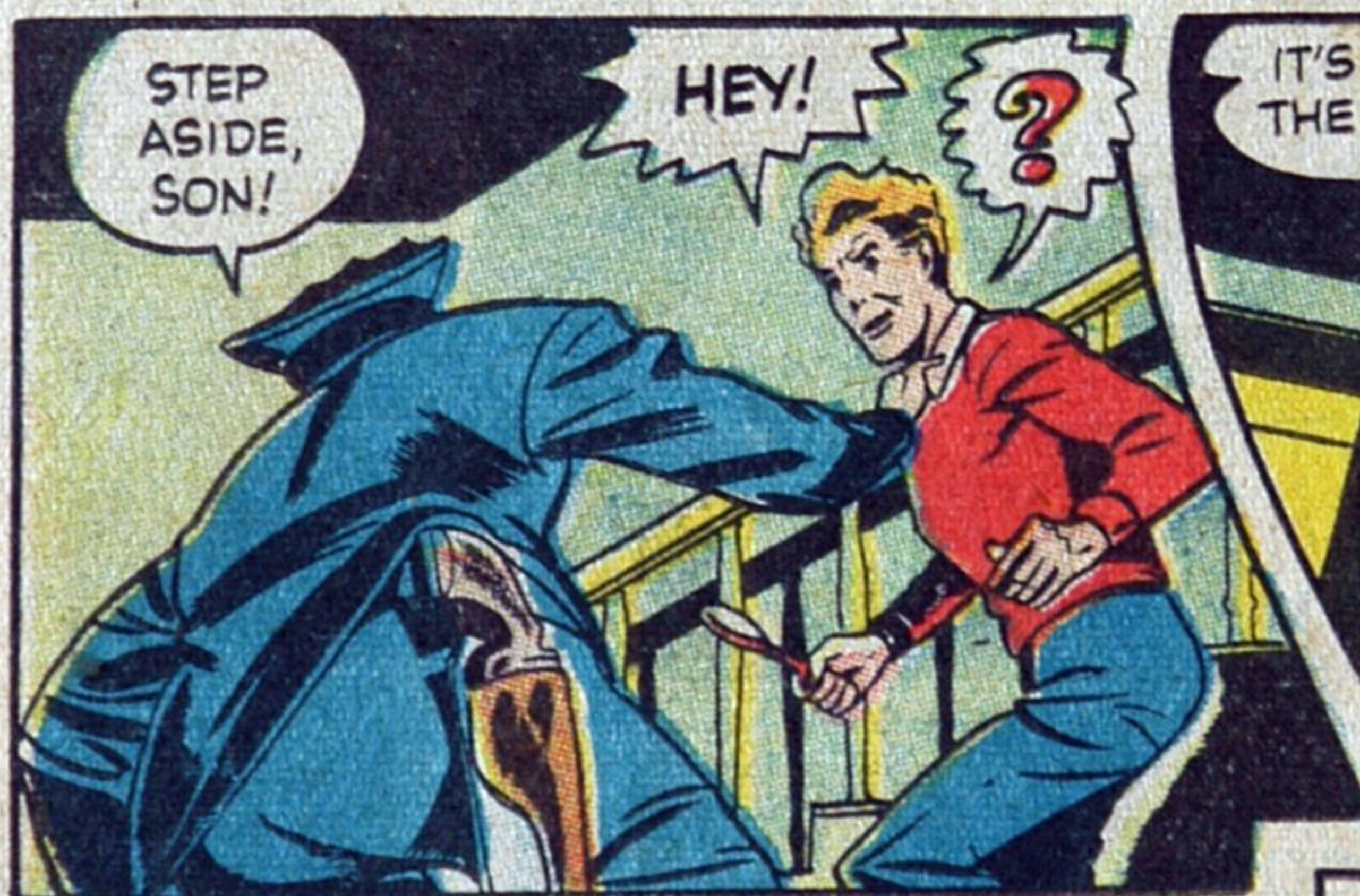
... IN THE  
CASE of  
"THE FAT  
MAN'S  
FOLLY!"



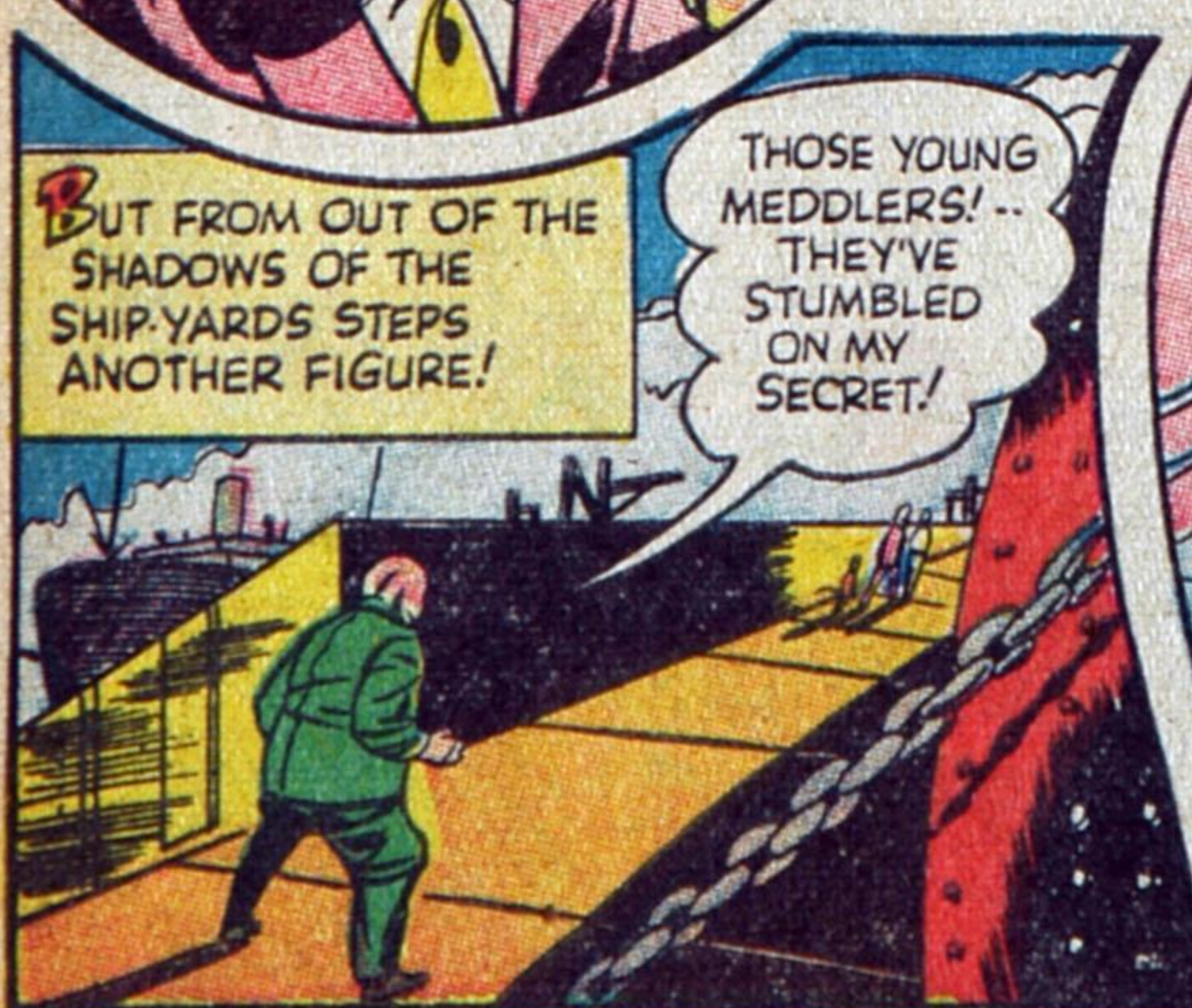
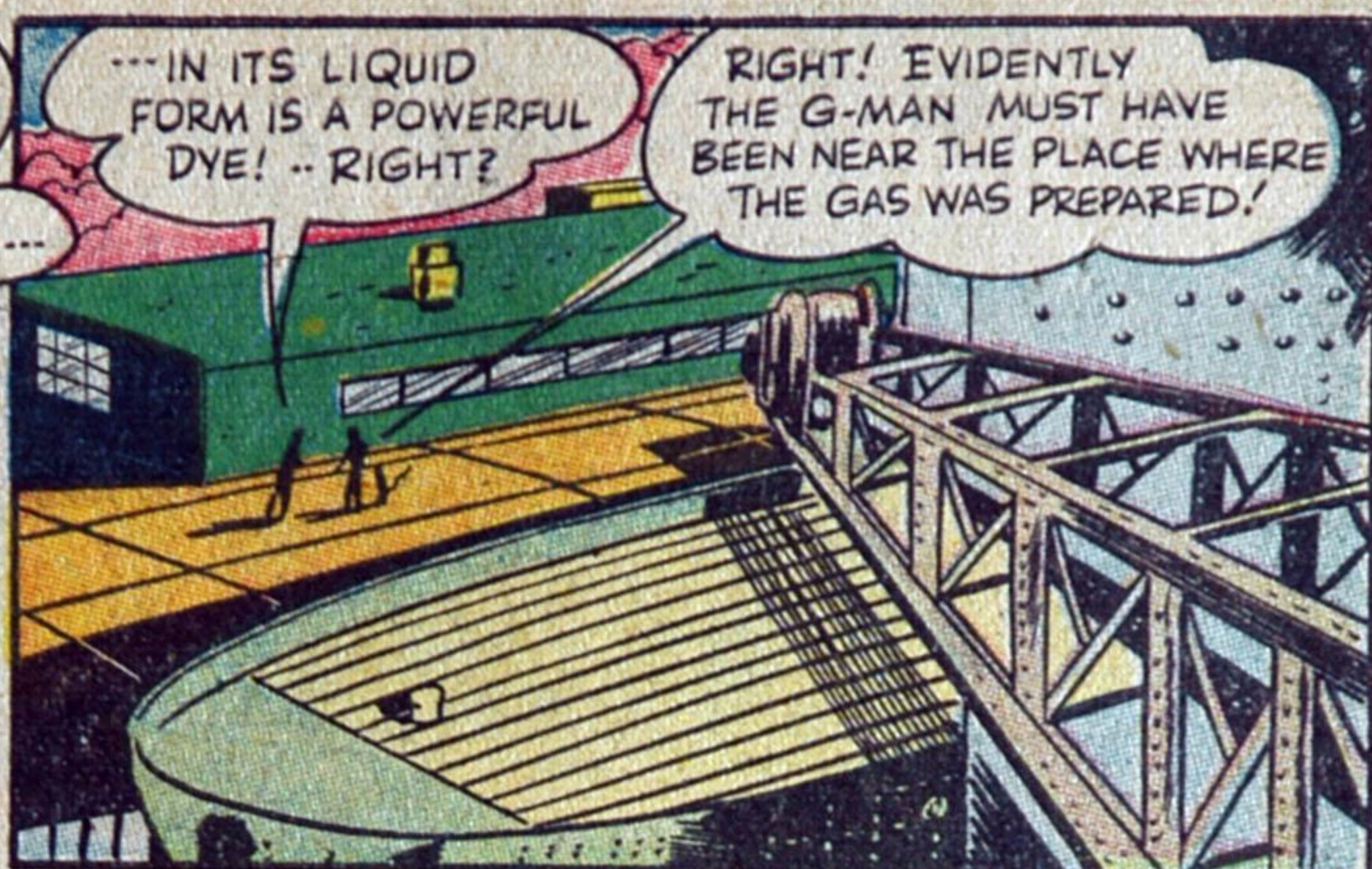
**N**EAR THE SHIP YARDS OF A SMALL NEW ENGLAND TOWN, TERRY, HIS MONK DR. WATSON, AND HIS PAL DEADLINE DAWSON, SEARCH FOR A "SCOOP" ON THE SHIPBUILDING PROGRAM WHEN SUDDENLY A GREEN MIST FILLS THE AIR!



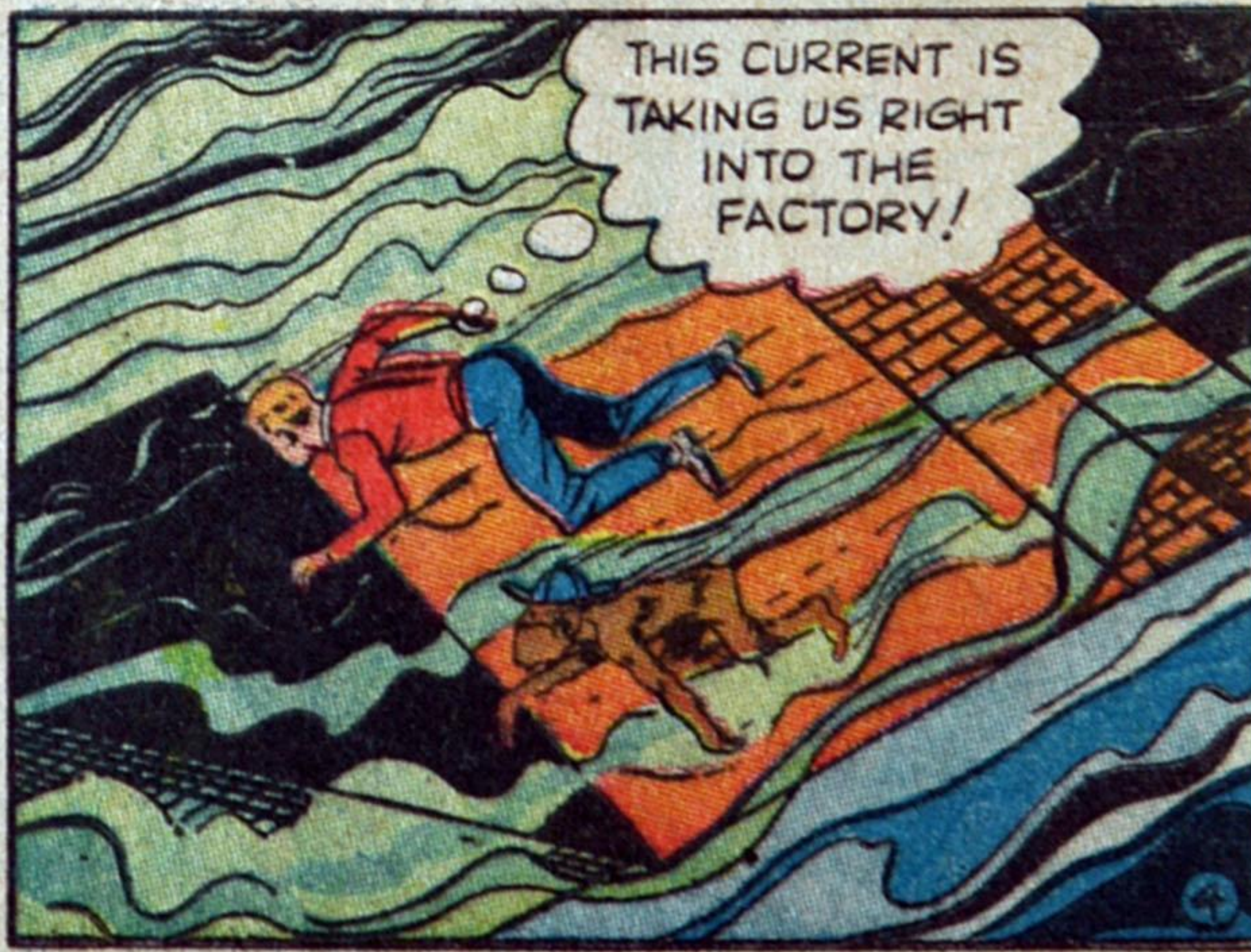
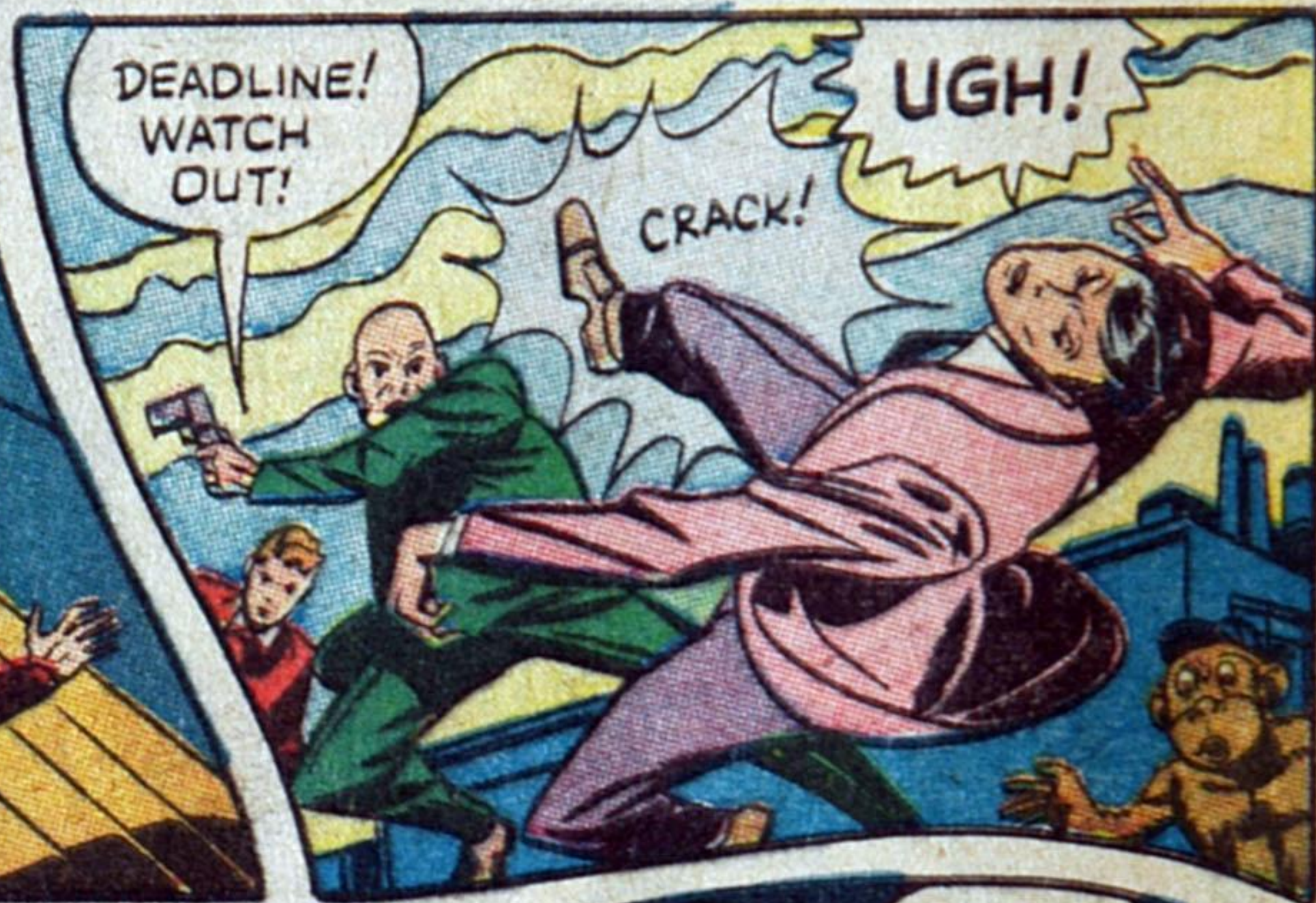




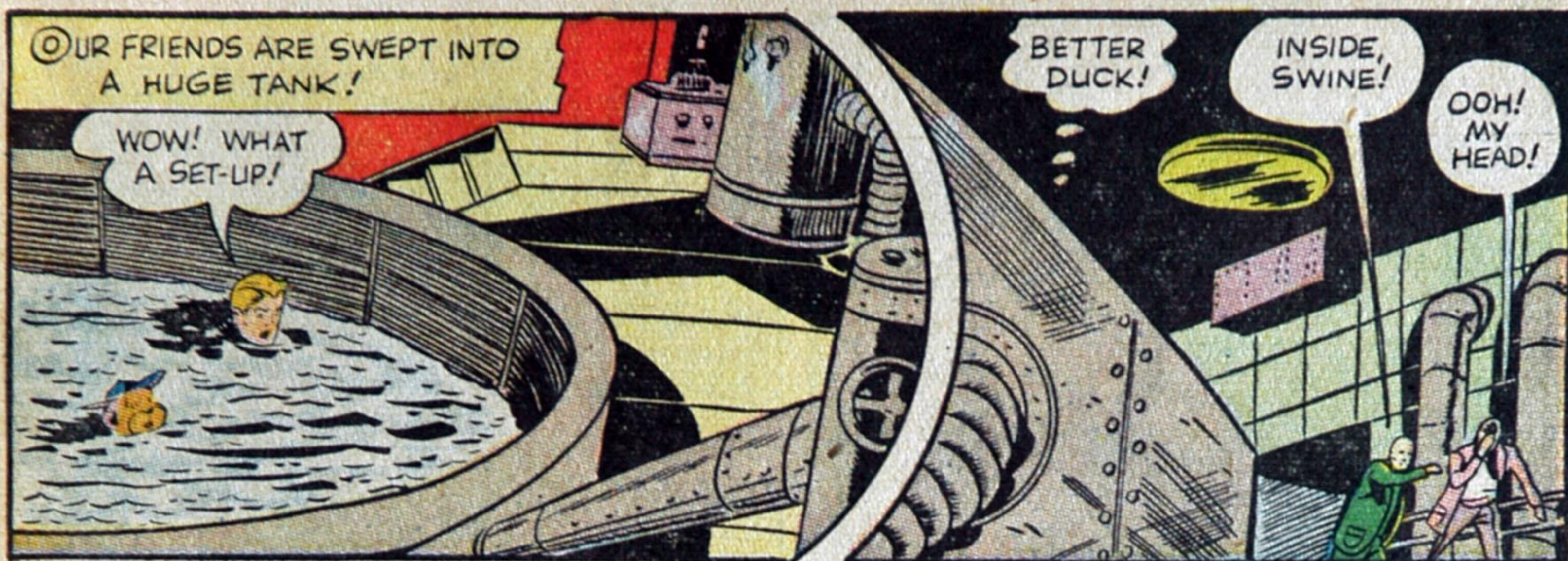




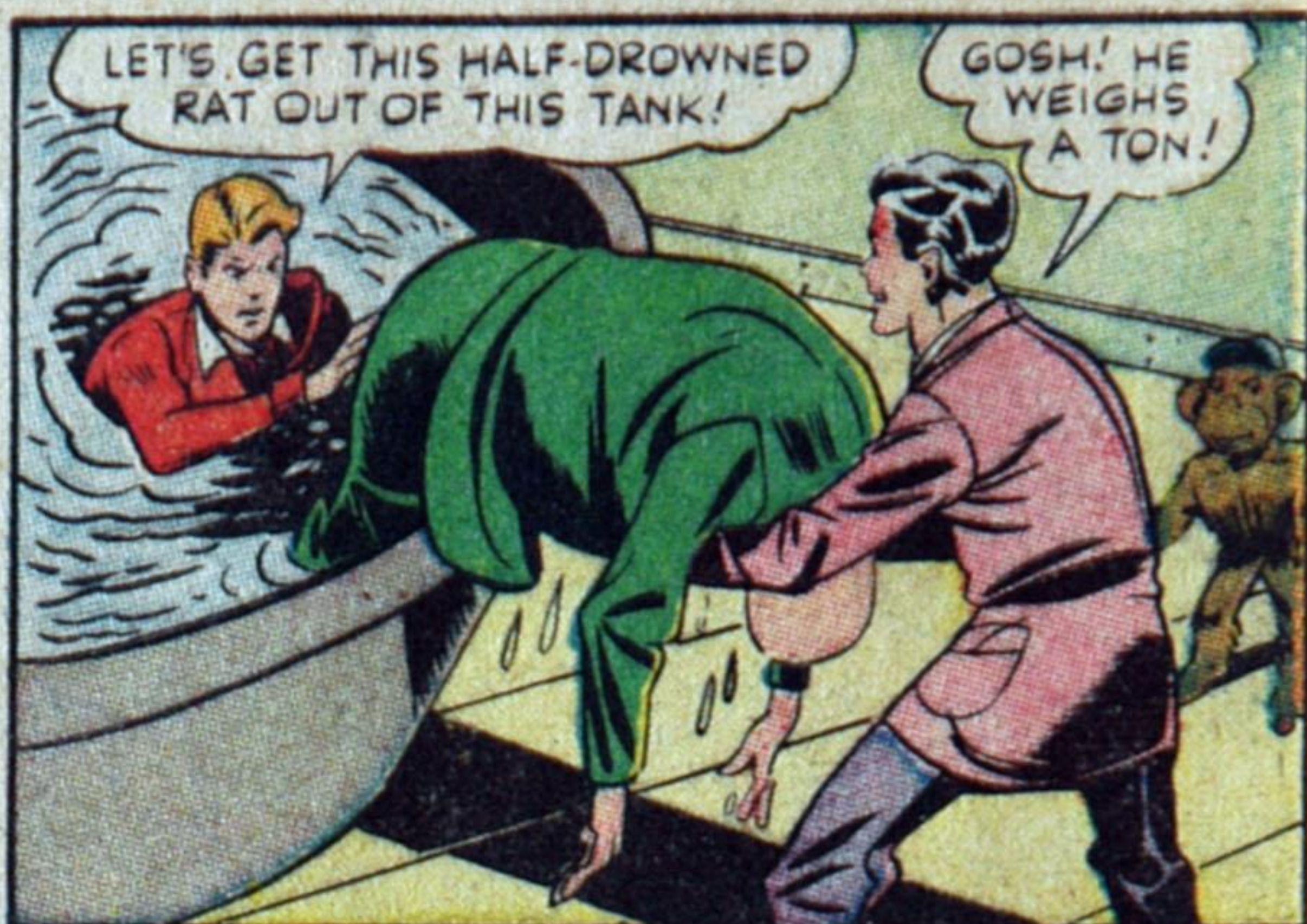




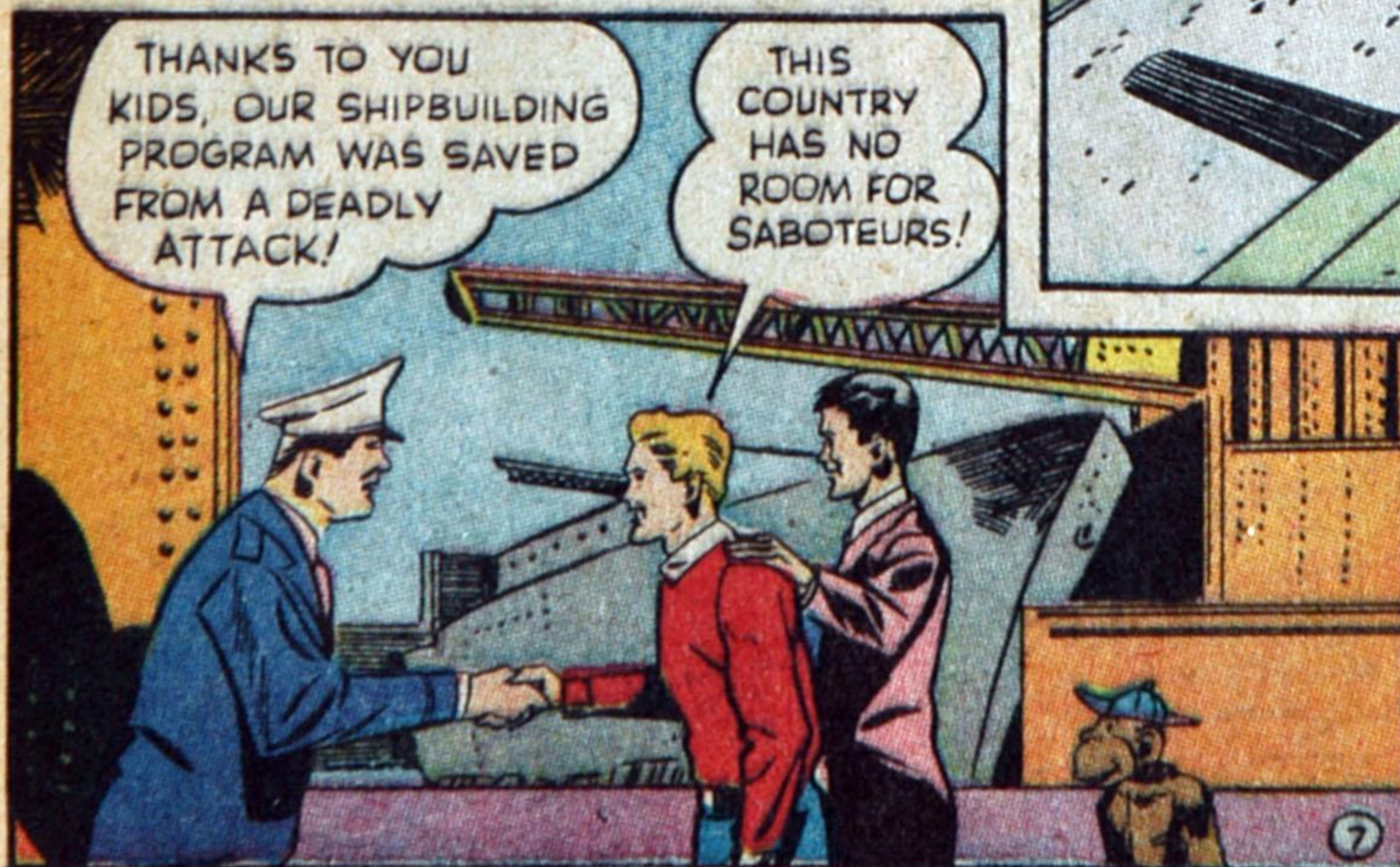
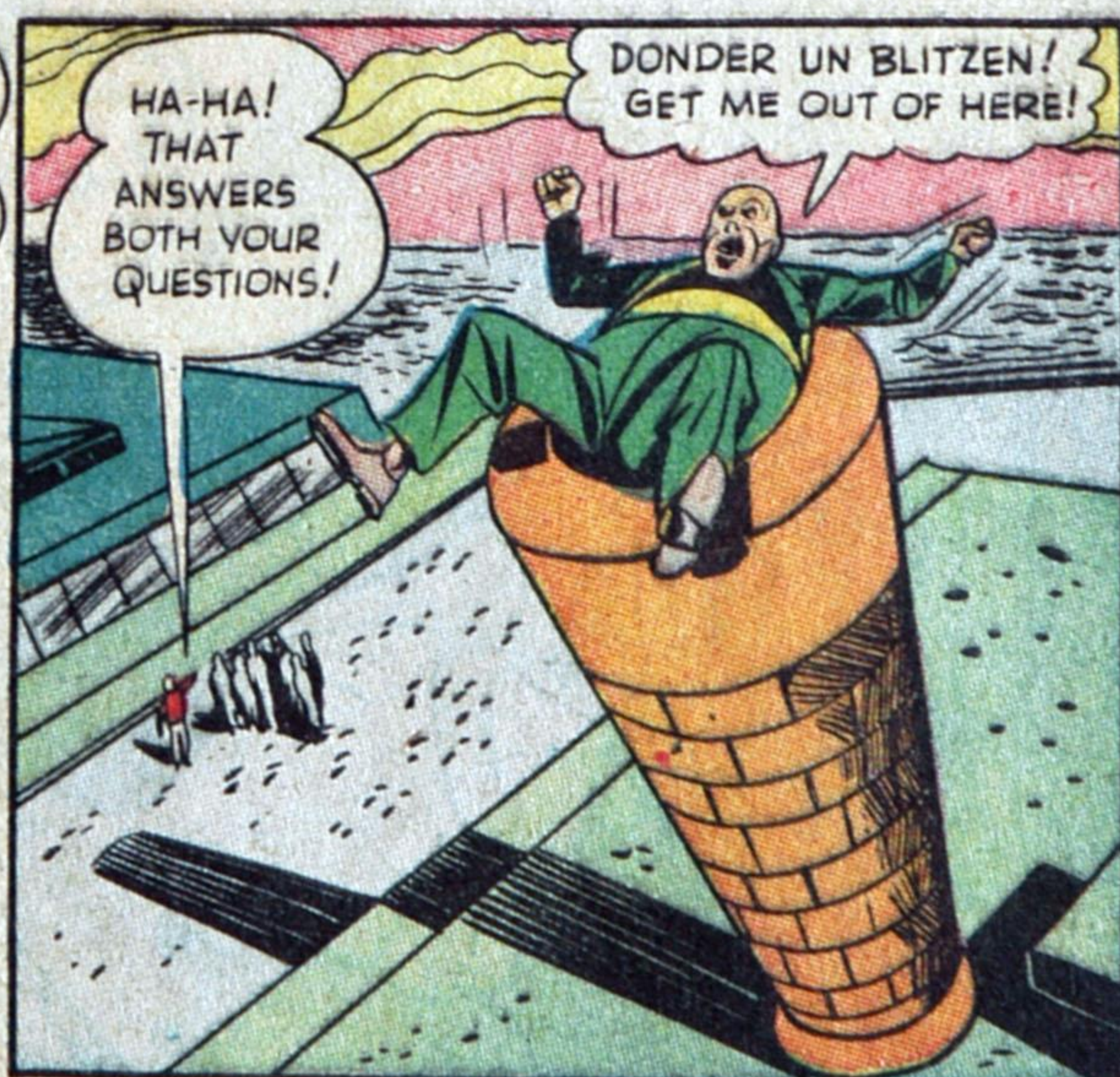
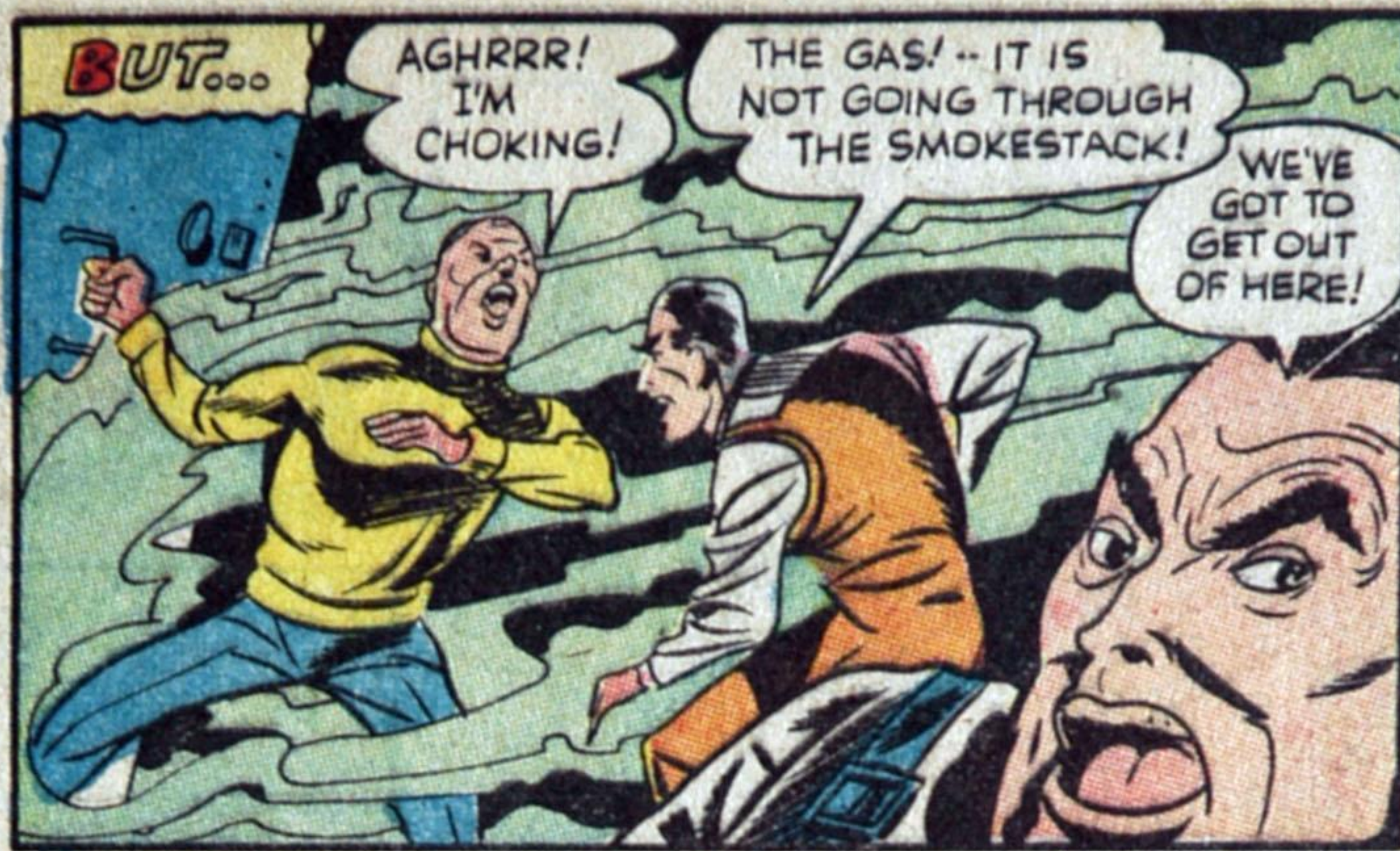
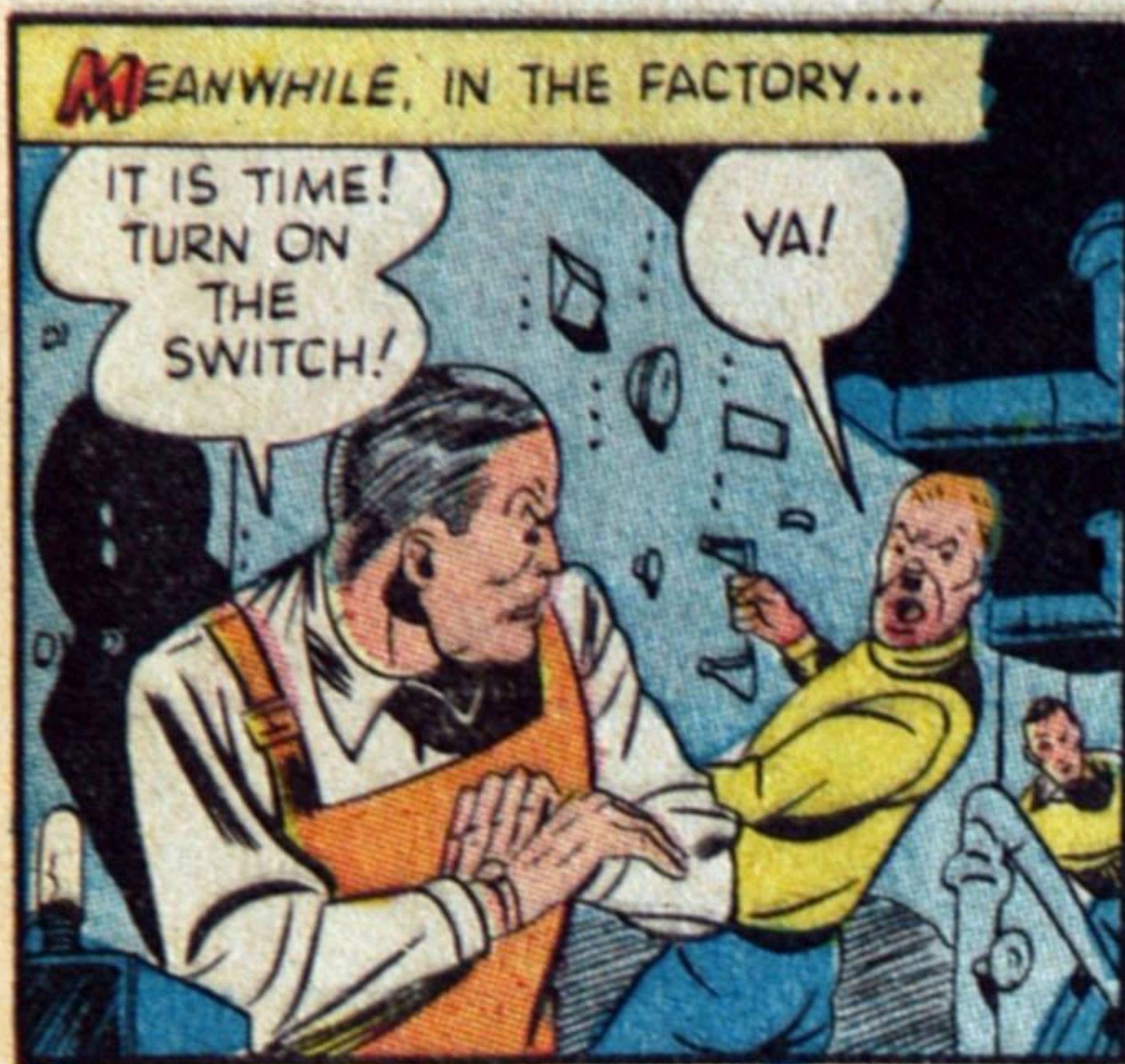












**TERRY VANCE**  
WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT  
MARVEL COMICS!

\*\*\*  
MEANWHILE, DR. WATSON SAYS:  
"LET'S MAKE MONKEYS OUT  
OF THE JAPS! --- BUY WAR  
STAMPS AND BONDS TODAY"



# THE ANGEL

SOLVES THE CASE OF  
"THE MISSING FISHERMEN"

**W**ITH FURY IN THEIR HEARTS,  
CERTAIN OF MOTHER NATURE'S  
"MISTAKES" THEY PLOT AN  
AMAZING REVENGE...AND THE  
ANGEL LASHES OUT AGAINST  
ALMOST INVULNERABLE FOES!





AS A PALE WINTRY MOON SHINES DOWN ON THE TWIN LAKES OF CONNECTICUT, A LONE FISHERMAN REACHES FOR HIS ROD.

I GOTTA HUNCH THEY'LL BE BITIN' PLENTY ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS.

LOTS OF FISHIN' FOLK HAVE DISAPPEARED AROUND HERE LATELY, BUT THAT DON'T SCARE ME NONE.

HA! HE'LL BE THE NEXT!

**S**UDDENLY...

AAAAAAA!

COME! MY BROTHERS AND I NEED YOU! HA-HA-HA!

**E**ARLY NEXT MORNING, THE POLICE, SUMMONED BY THE FAMILY OF THE MAN, RUSH TO TWIN LAKES AND DISCOVER THE BOAT...

EMPTY!

JUST WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHERS, CHIEF!

YEAH!

GET THE NETS, BOYS! WE'LL HAVE TO DREDGE THE LAKE FOR HIS BODY!

COMING UP, CHIEF!

THIS MAKES THE TENTH FISHERMAN THAT DISAPPEARED IN THE PAST FEW WEEKS! WHY-- WE AIN'T GOT A CLUE TO WORK ON!

MEANWHILE, MANY MILES AWAY, THE **ANGEL** PICKS UP THE NEWS ON HIS PRIVATE CONNECTION WITH THE POLICE TELETYPE SYSTEM...

NO CLUES, EH? WELL, TWIN LAKES, HERE I COME!



AFTER A SWIFT PLANE TRIP TO THE CANAAN AIRPORT, THE ANGEL RACES TOWARD TWIN LAKES IN A SPEEDY CAR...

NO LUCK, CHIEF! THEY AIN'T IN THE LAKE!

GOSH! IF THEY DIDN'T DROWN, WHERE ARE THEY?

FIRST I'LL EXPLORE THE SHORE, AND BEFORE I'M THROUGH, I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! - AND I DON'T MEAN THE LAKE, EITHER!

STILL DREDGING FOR BODIES! FUNNY FOR **POOR** PEOPLE TO DISAPPEAR SO FREQUENTLY!

MINUTES LATER, THE ANGEL BEHOLDS A STRANGE SIGHT!

JUMPING JUPITER! WHAT AN EERIE-LOOKING OLD HOUSE! - AND WHAT A PERFECT REFLECTION IN THE WATER!

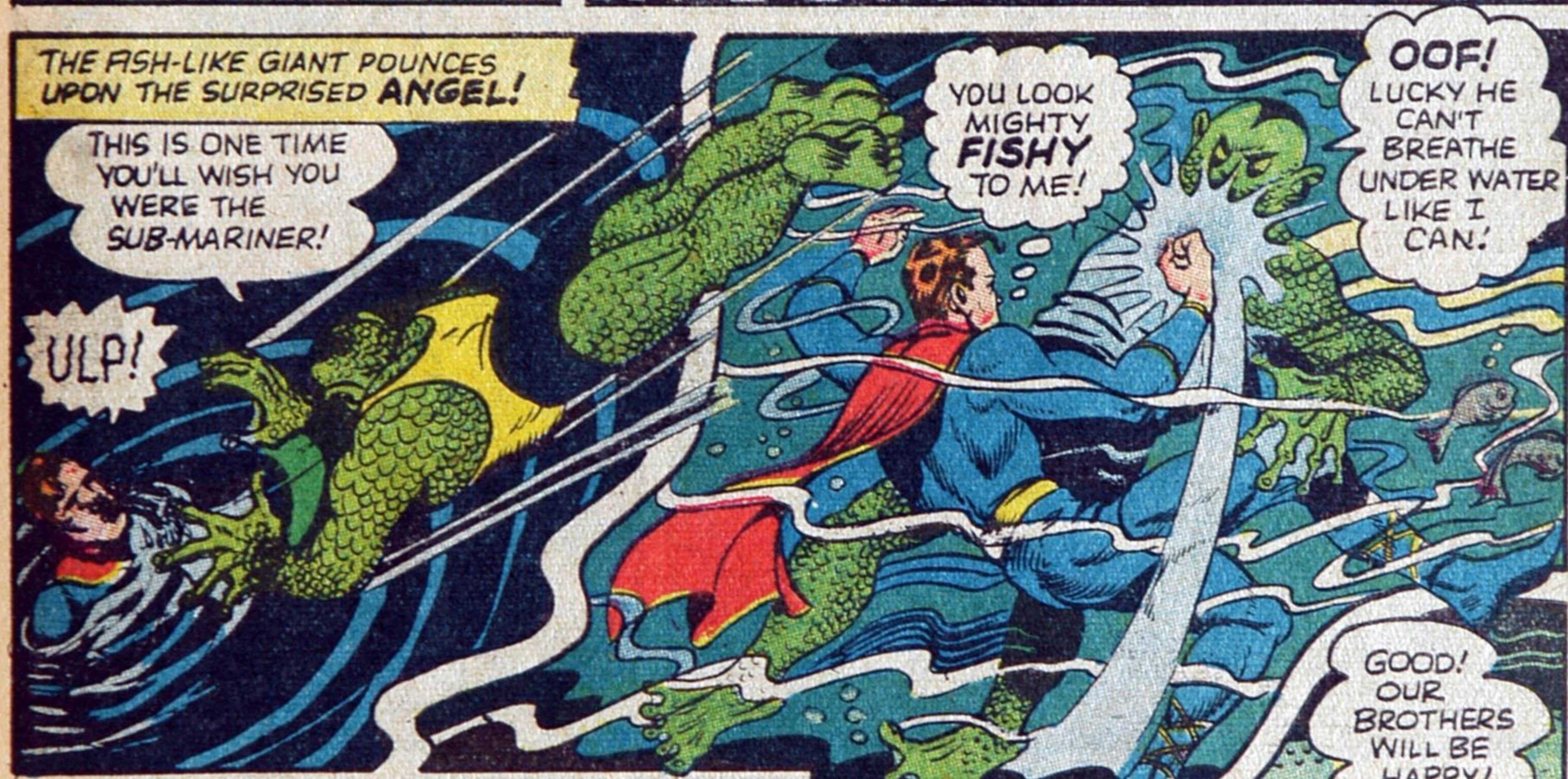
--GUESS I'LL GO IN AND GIVE IT THE ONCE-OVER!

I'VE SEARCHED THIS PLACE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM AND I'D BET A PENNY NOBODY'S BEEN HERE FOR YEARS!

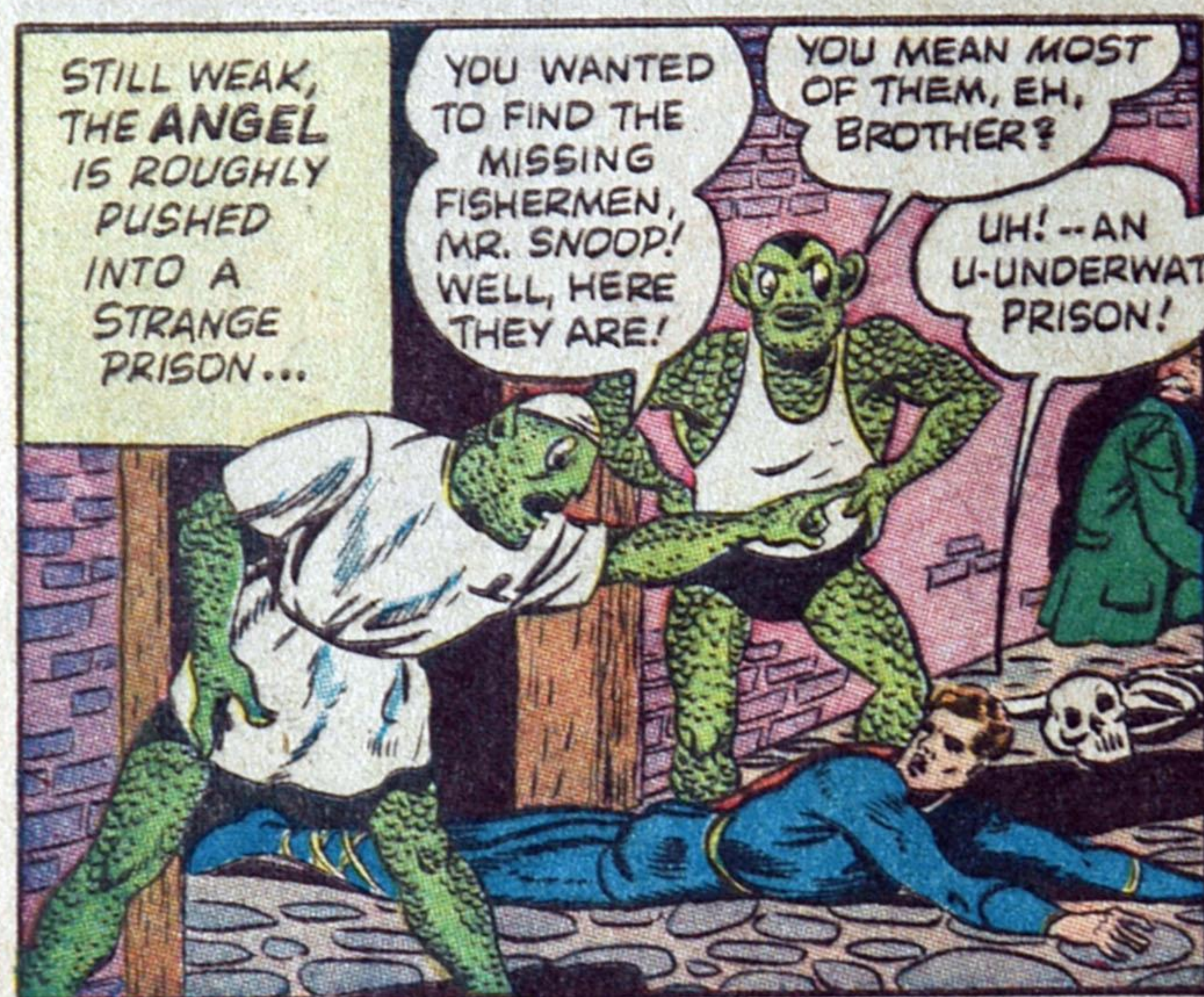
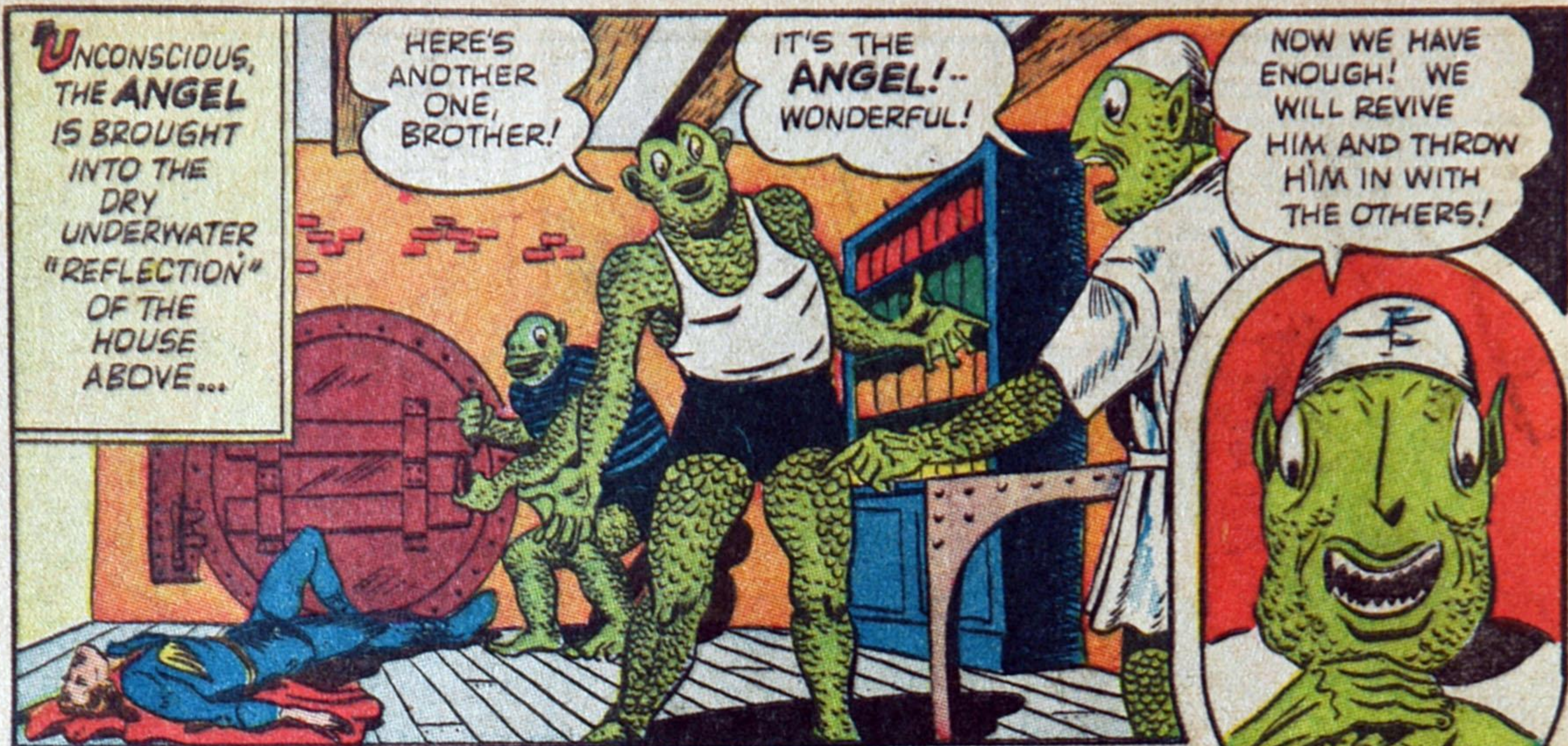
AS HE LEAVES...

AM I DREAMING? - OR DID I SEE PART OF THE REFLECTION MOVE?

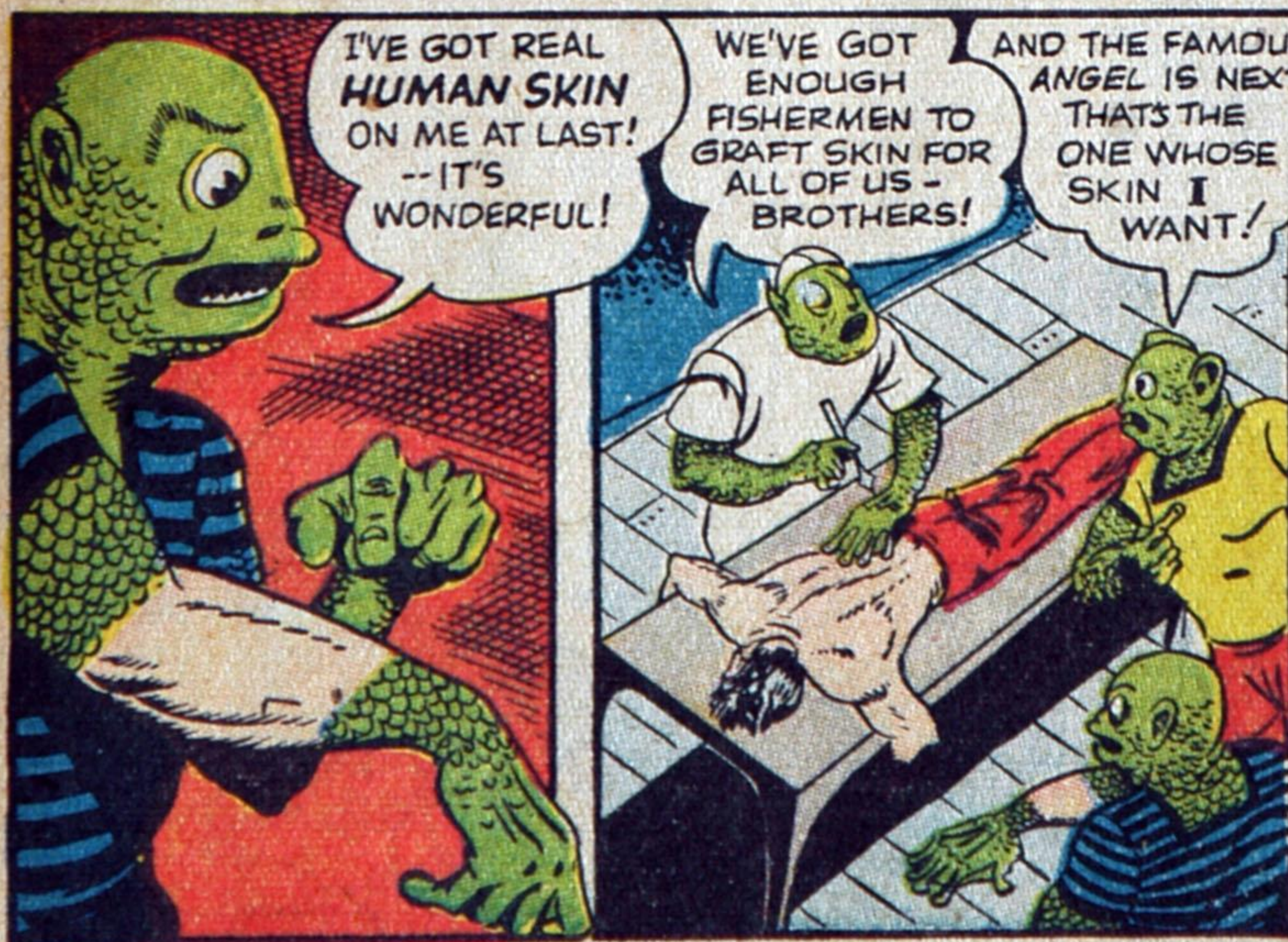
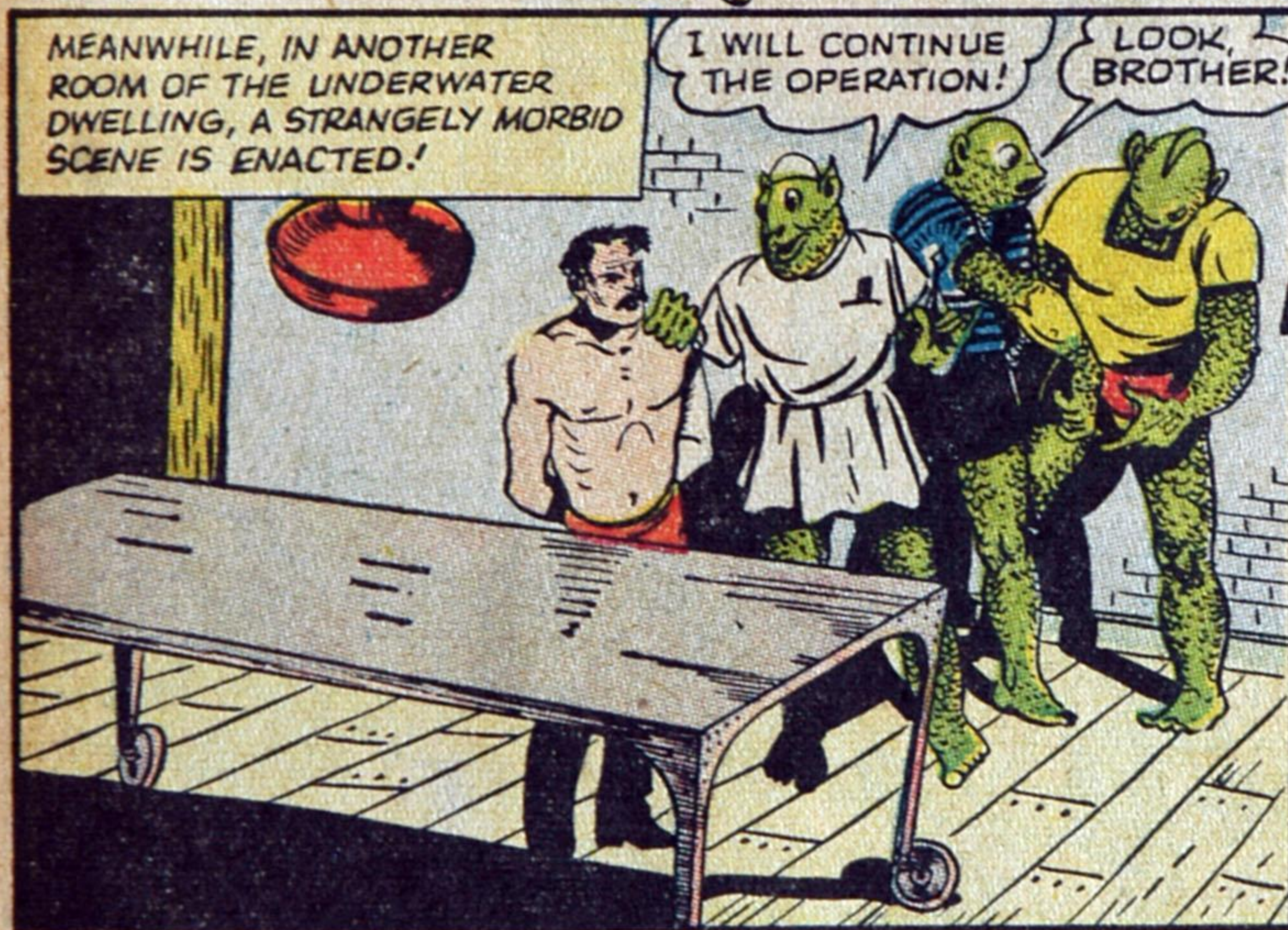
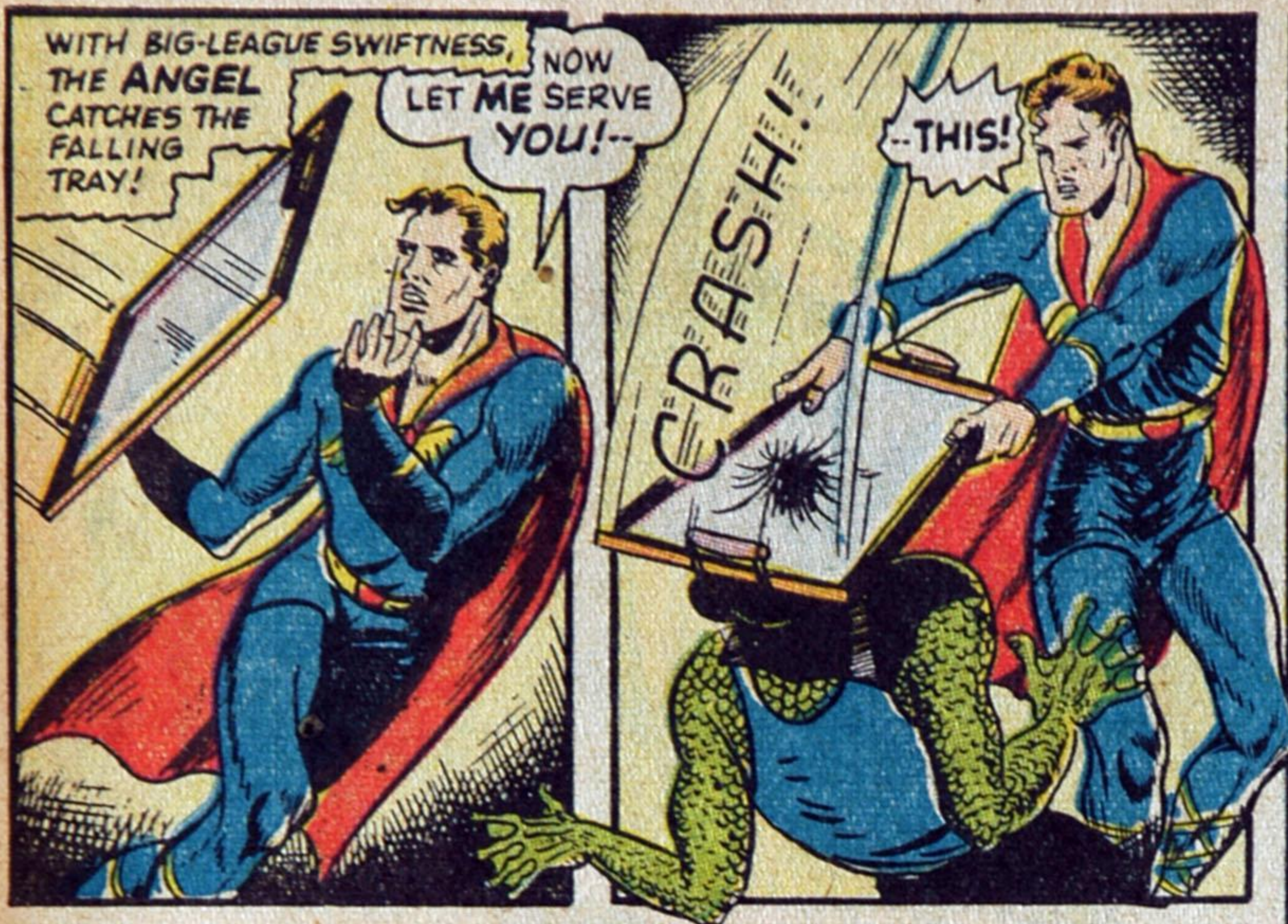
















GO GET THE ANGEL!  
THIS GUY DOESN'T  
LOOK AS IF HE'D  
LAST MUCH  
LONGER!

IT'S  
A PLEASURE,  
BROTHER!



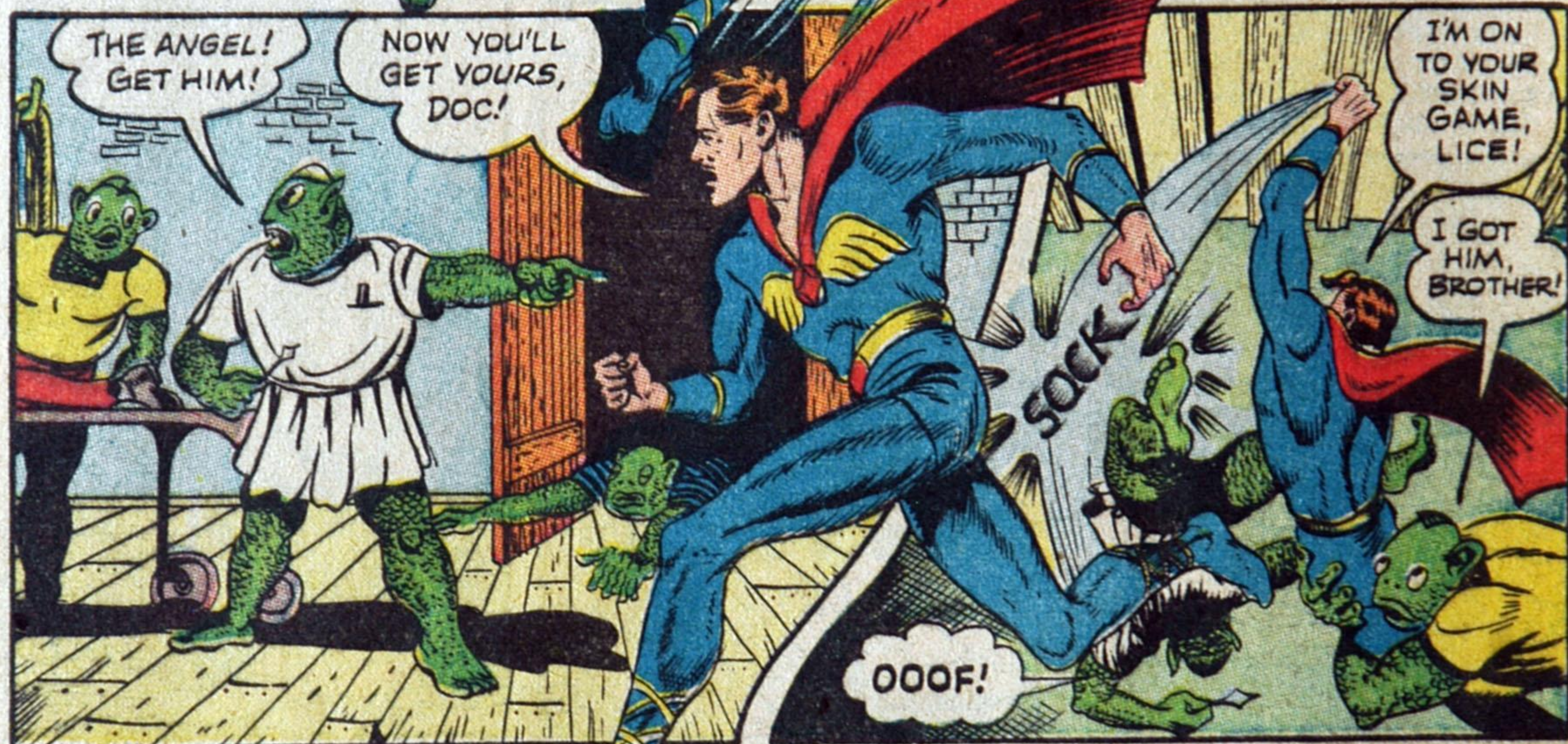
BUT AS HE OPENS THE DOOR,  
A FAMILIAR FIGURE, CHARGED  
WITH FURY, SUDDENLY  
APPEARS...

WHA--?

LOOKING  
FOR ME?



HERE'S  
SOME SKIN  
FOR YOUR  
JAW!



THE ANGEL!  
GET HIM!

NOW YOU'LL  
GET YOURS,  
DOC!

I'M ON  
TO YOUR  
SKIN  
GAME,  
LICE!

I GOT  
HIM,  
BROTHER!

SOCK

OOOF!

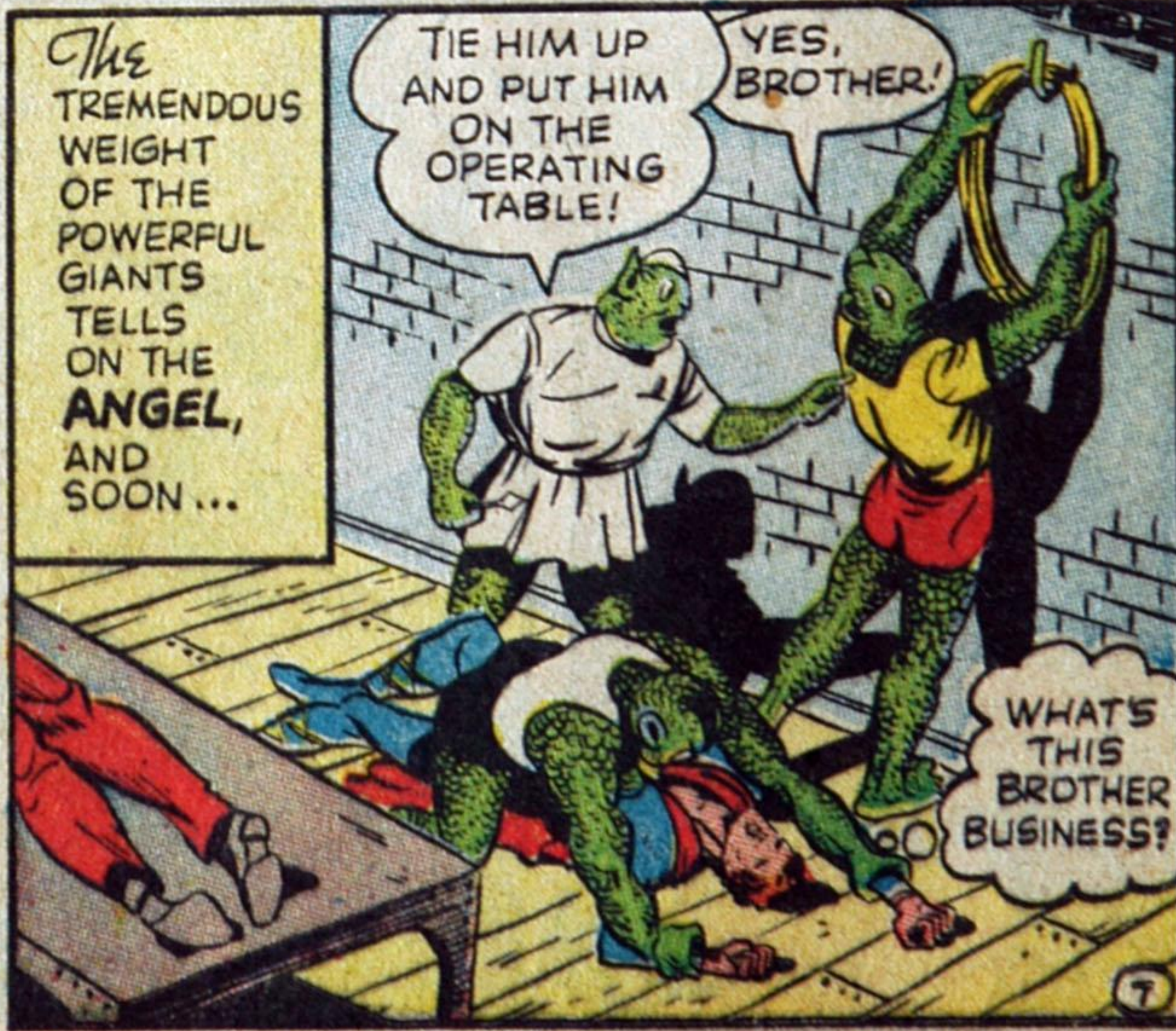


WE'VE GOT  
YOU, ANGEL!

THEY HAVE  
THE STRENGTH  
OF DEMONS!

OOO

The  
TREMENDOUS  
WEIGHT  
OF THE  
POWERFUL  
GIANTS  
TELLS  
ON THE  
ANGEL,  
AND  
SOON...



TIE HIM UP  
AND PUT HIM  
ON THE  
OPERATING  
TABLE!

YES,  
BROTHER!

WHAT'S  
THIS  
BROTHER  
BUSINESS?



AND MOMENTS LATER...

YOU'VE HAD MORE STRANGE ADVENTURES THAN ANY OTHER MAN ON EARTH, BUT NEVER ONE LIKE THIS -- YOUR **LAST!**

HE DOESN'T ACT AS IF HE'S KIDDING, EITHER!

THROUGH SOME QUIRK OF HEREDITY, MY BROTHERS AND I WERE BORN WITH SCALES ON OUR BODIES!

"AS WE GREW UP, OTHER CHILDREN SHUNNED US! WE WERE MISERABLE ALL THE TIME..."

HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOING OUT OF WATER? HA-HA-HA!

HE-HE! LOOK AT THE FISH BOYS!

"WHEN WE WERE MEN, THE ONLY WORK WE COULD GET WAS AS SIDE-SHOW FREAKS IN FRONT OF JEERING CROWDS."

CARPO

SPIKO

BASSO

TUNO

LADIES AN' GEN'MEN-- MEET MOTHER NATURE'S MOST AMAZING MISTAKE -- THE FISH BROTHERS! EQUALLY AT HOME UNDERWATER OR ON LAND -- BLAH -- BLAH --

FISH BROTHERS -- ARE THEY FISH OR ARE THEY MEN? -- UNIQUE IN THE WORLD!

10¢ CHILDREN HALF PRICE

10¢

"IN DESPERATION WE DREW LOTS -- AND I WAS CHOSEN TO STUDY MEDICINE IN MY SPARE TIME IN ORDER TO BE ABLE TO GRAFT HUMAN SKIN ONTO MY BROTHERS!"

--SKIN CAN BE TRANSPLANTED BY---

"BECAUSE WE COULD BREATHE UNDERWATER, WE CONCEIVED THE IDEA OF BUILDING THE REFLECTION OF THE HOUSE ABOVE AND KIDNAPPING THE FISHERMEN--"

NO ONE WILL EVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR US UNDER WATER, BROTHERS!

NOW THAT YOU KNOW OUR STORY, YOU SHALL **DIE** -- BUT NOT BEFORE YOU'VE HELPED US **LIVE** BY GIVING US YOUR SKIN! HA-HA-HA!



WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING GLEAM IN HIS EYES, THE "DOCTOR" BRINGS THE RAZOR-EDGED SCALPEL TOWARD THE HELPLESS **ANGEL** ...

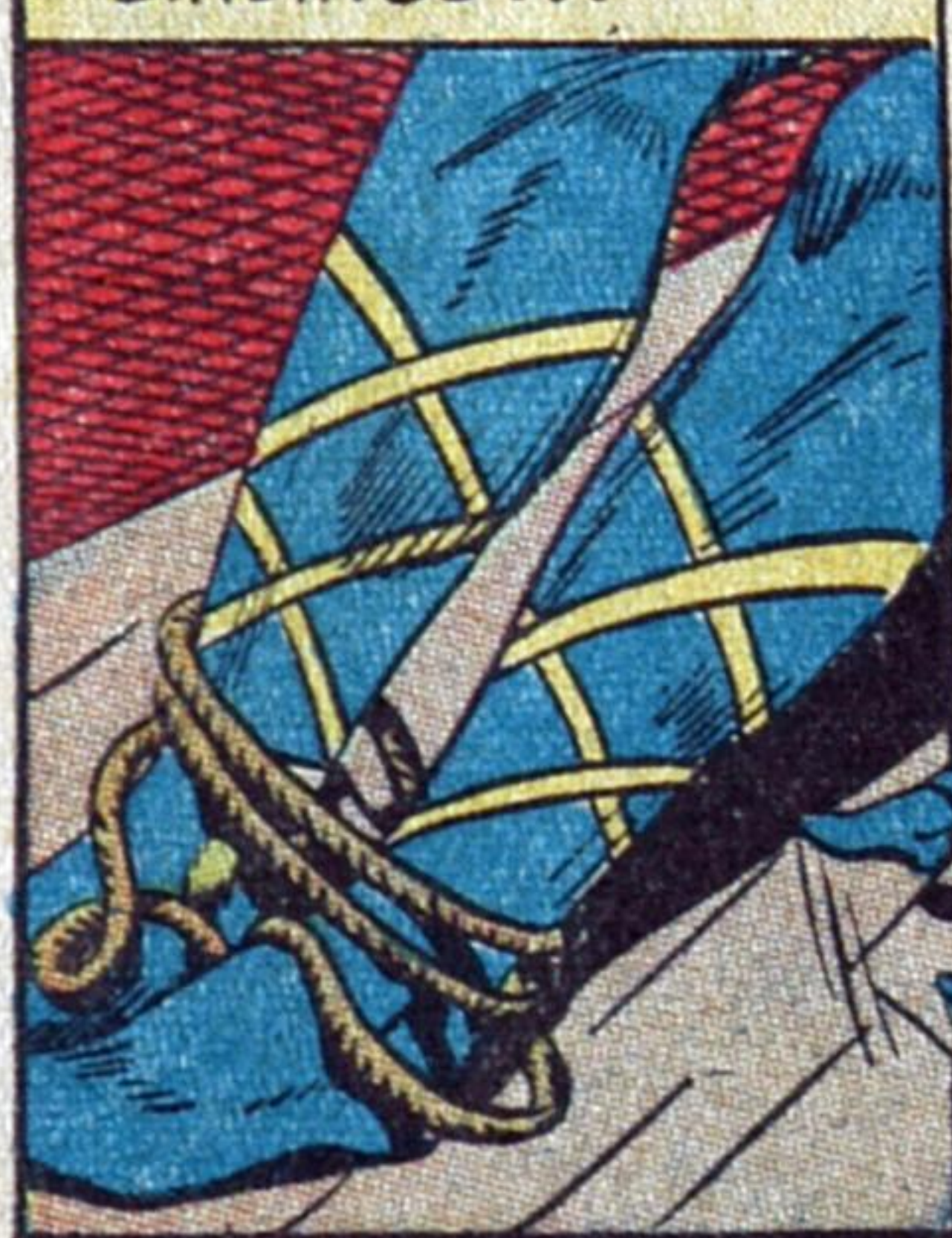


I'LL WEAR THE ANGEL'S NECK ON MY ARM-- FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE! HO-HO!

IF IT WERE UP TO ME, YOU'D WEAR MY FINGERPRINTS ON YOUR JAW!



BUT, UNKNOWN TO THE STRANGE FREAKS, THE **ANGEL** HAS "GONE TO WORK" ON HIS LEG BINDINGS ...



HOLD HIS SHOULDERS DOWN!

I'VE GOT HIS ARMS!

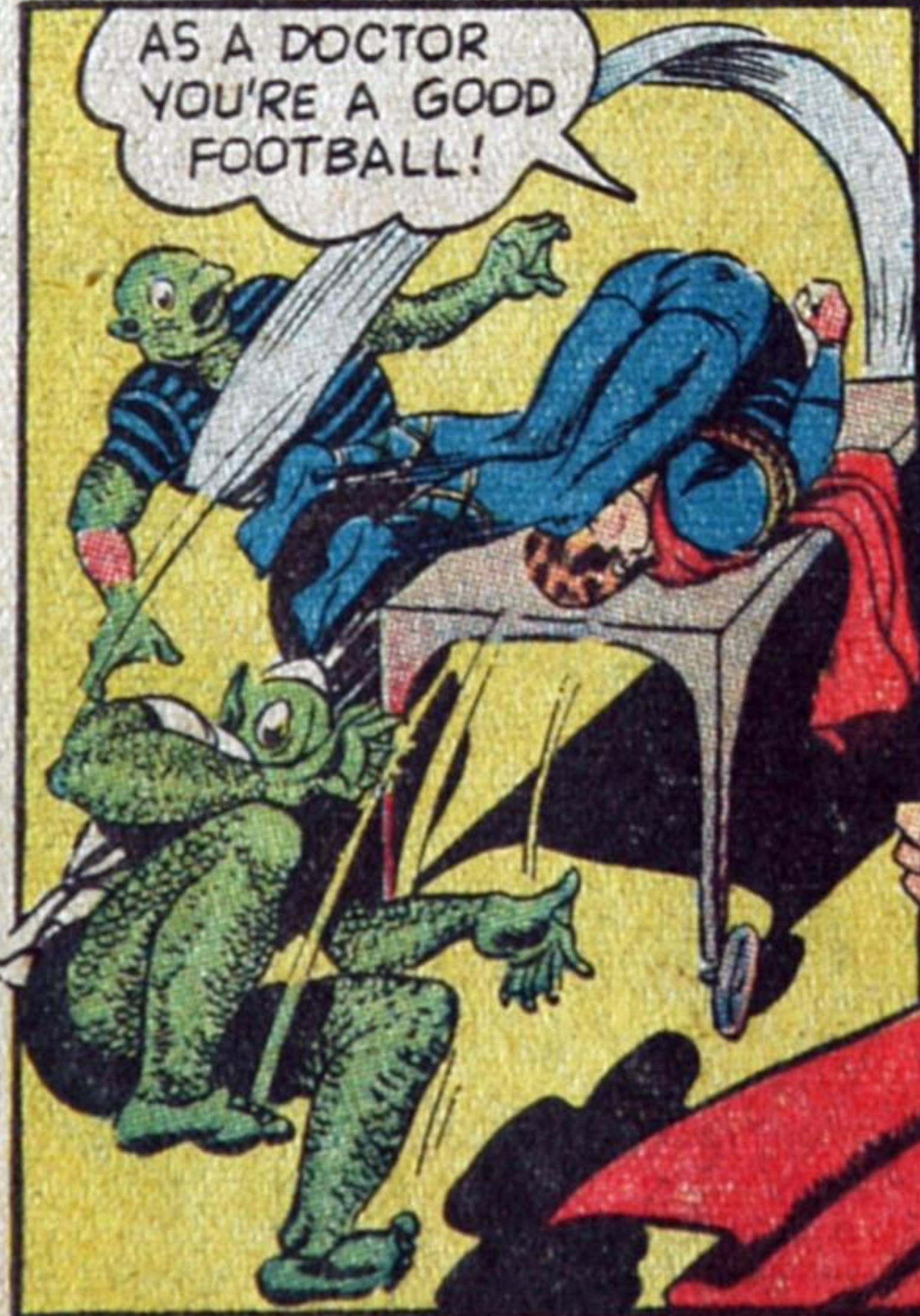


BUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT MY **LEGS!**

**ULP!**



AS A DOCTOR YOU'RE A GOOD FOOTBALL!

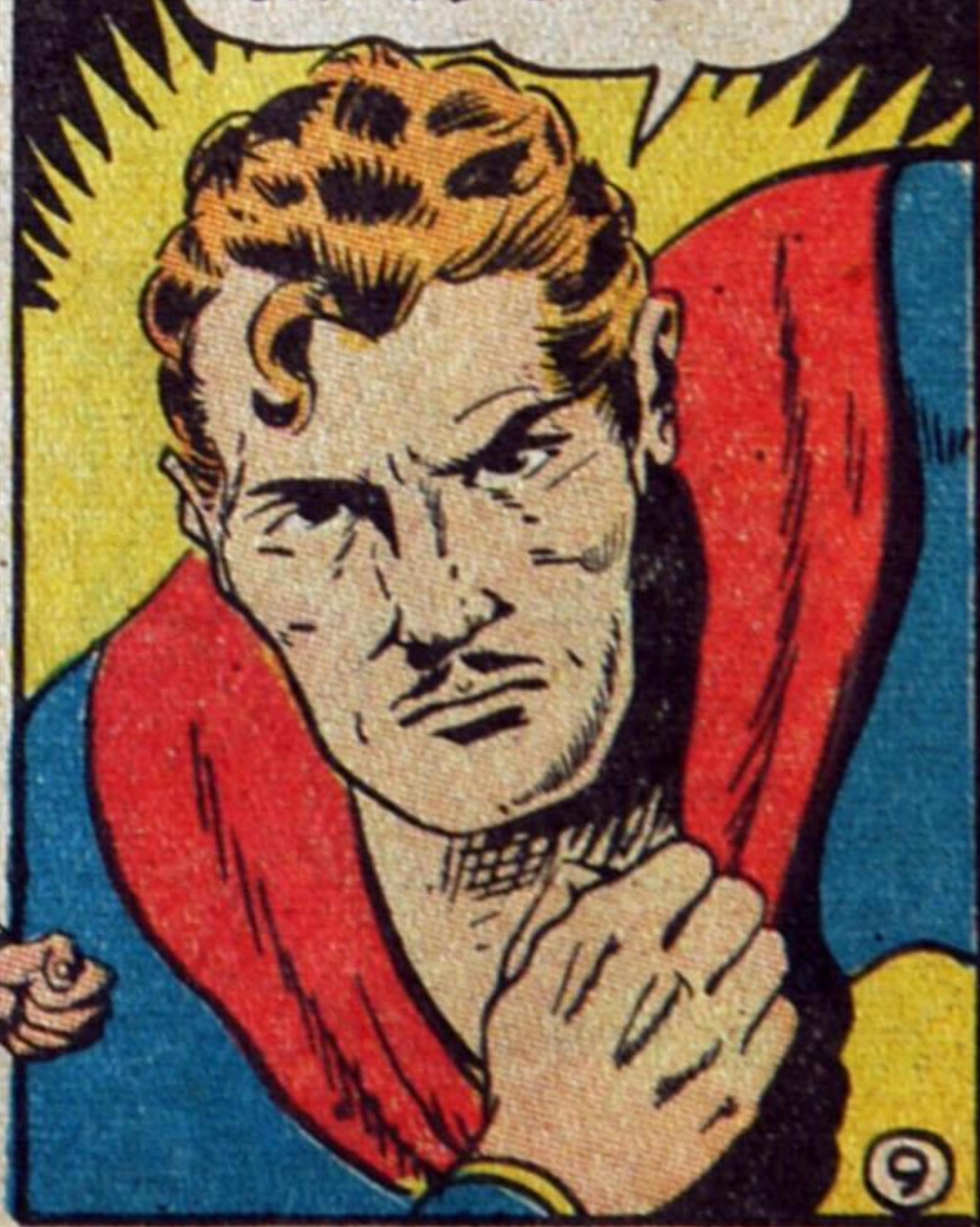


COMPLETING A PERFECT SOMERSAULT, THE **ANGEL** LANDS ON HIS FEET--AND, WITH A POWERFUL TWIST, BREAKS HIS WRIST ROPES

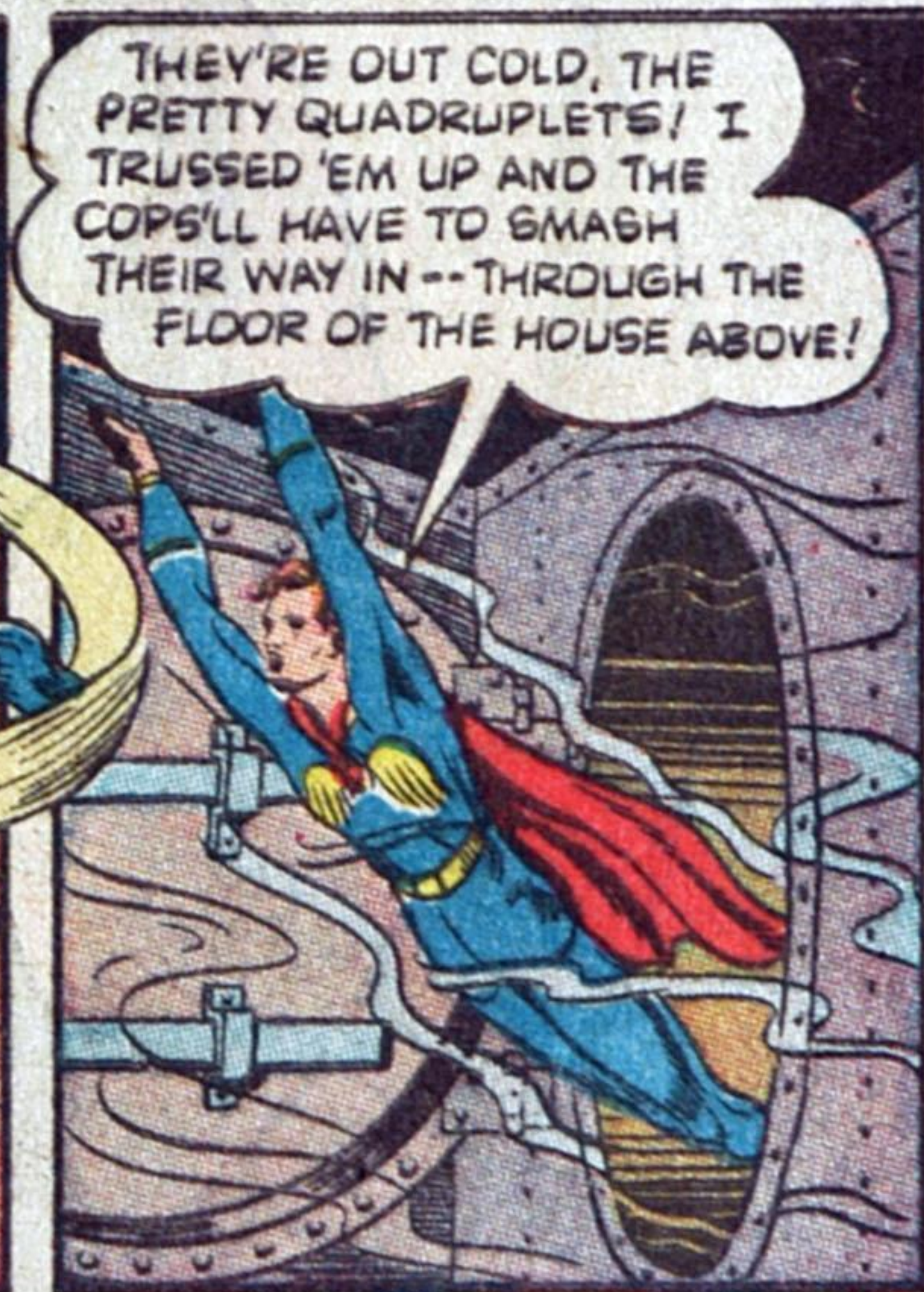
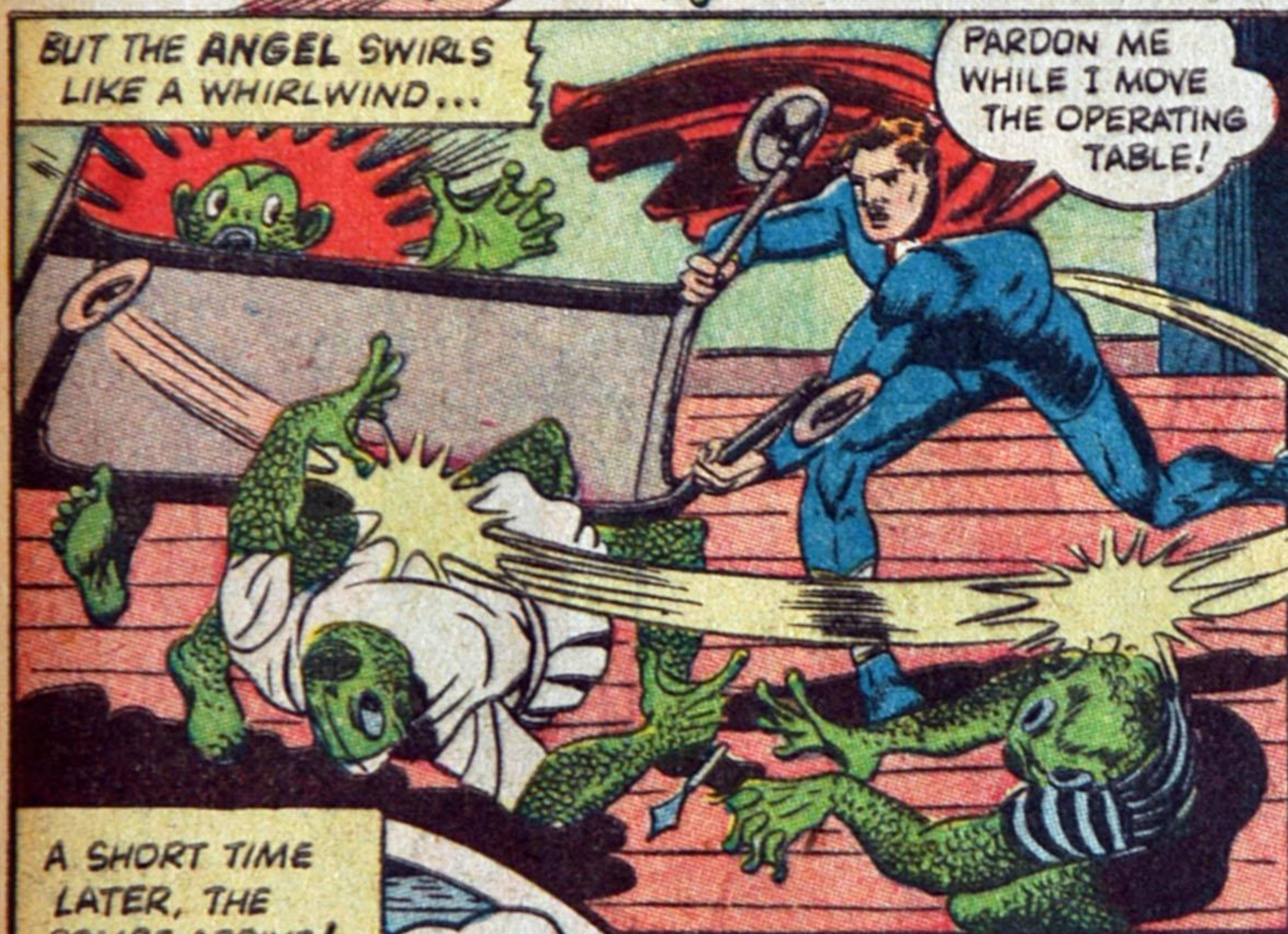
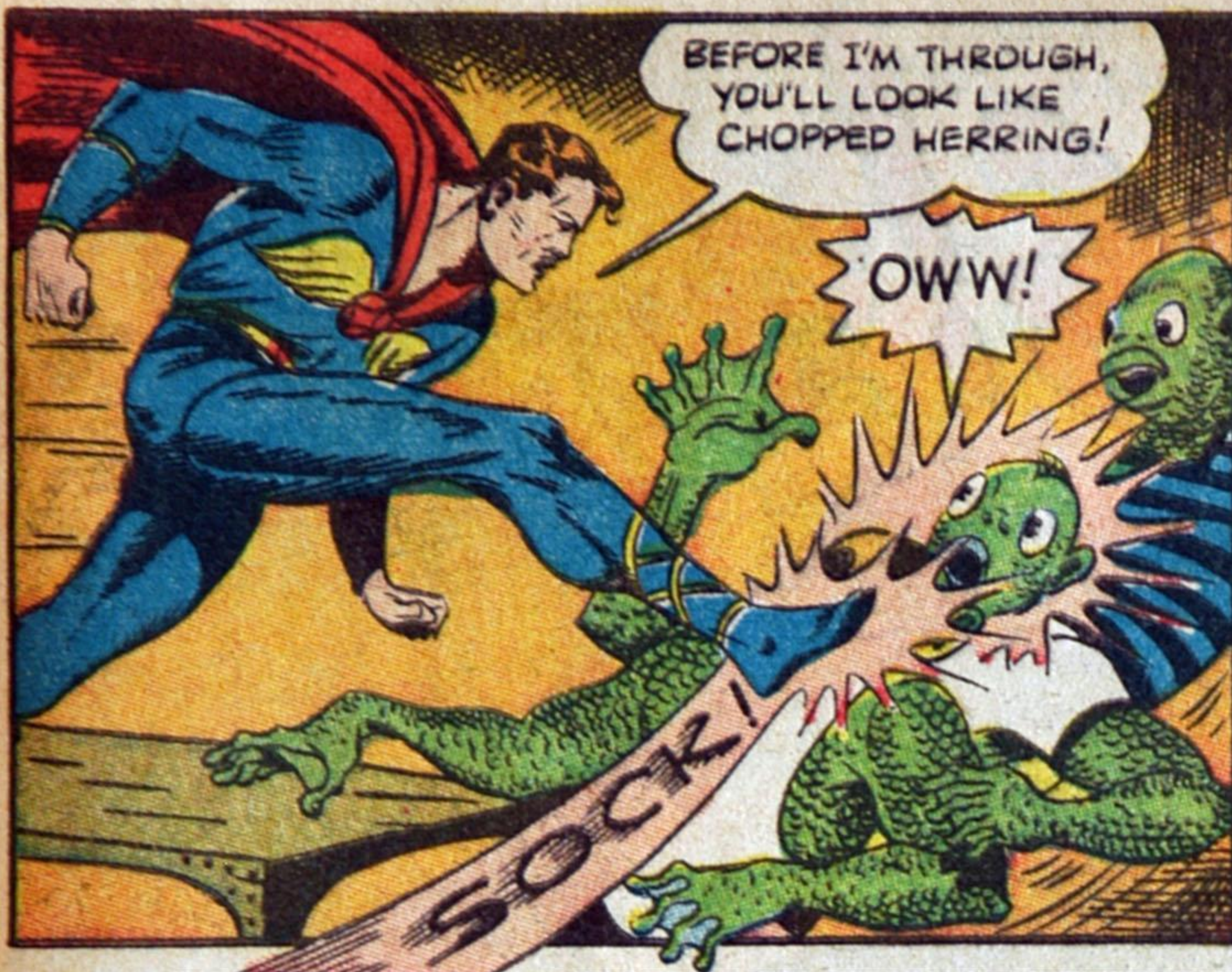
THERE! I CAN USE MY HANDS ON YOU!



I'VE DONE LOTS OF THINGS WITH FISH, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER JUMPED ON ONE!







.. THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL  
PROTECTOR OF GOOD AGAINST EVIL  
DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S  
THRILL PACKED STORY



# Tops!

**THRILLS!  
MYSTERY!  
ACTION!  
COMEDY!  
PATRIOTISM!**



YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS  
OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL  
BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY  
TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY

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**ALL THIS  
IN ONE  
MARVELOUS  
BOOK**

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State.....

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# New DAISY Play Guns READY

**BANG BANG BANG**

**- FAST AS YOU  
CAN WORK IT!**

## ★ HARMLESS!

- ★ Military Gun Sling
- ★ Fast Pump Action
- ★ A Repeater
- ★ "Bang!" Noise
- ★ Genuine Daisy Quality and Durability

**\$1.19**  
Plus 6c Postage

Duty Added in Canada



## DAISY COMMANDO Repeating PLAY GUN

Get and shoot this new, safe fun gun—the DAISY COMMANDO! (Not an air rifle.) Just put that husky stock to your shoulder, grab the pump action and let 'er go! Makes a "BANG!" each time you work it. Be a Commando! Carry it on your back with the military-type gun sling—like a Commando does! Absolutely harmless. Exciting fun, indoors, outdoors. Ideal for military drills. Ask Dad or Mother to send only \$1.19 plus 6c for postage-handling *direct* to us and we'll ship your COMMANDO postpaid at once! (Or use your own money!)

This beautiful red, white and blue Daisy Victory Model Crest appears on each play gun stock



TURN THE CRANK

**RAT-TAT-TAT-A-TAT  
RAT-TAT-TAT-A-TAT-TAT**

PATENT APPLIED FOR

DAISY

## CHATTERMATIC

**89¢**

Plus 11c Postage  
Duty Added in Canada

TURN the firing crank—hear this sub-machine gun go "Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat!" Sounds like a real Tommy Gun—the kind soldiers carry. Daisy CHATTERMATIC is safe, harmless. Realistic handgrip, round magazine in machine gun style. It "shoots noise"—and plenty of it! Not an air rifle. Sturdy, all-wood construction. Jet black barrel, red magazine, natural wood finish stock. You'll be the envy of the other kids when your Daisy CHATTERMATIC starts "chattering." Light, easy to carry and use. Genuine Daisy quality and workmanship. Get yours now! If you haven't the money—ask Dad or Mother to mail only 89c plus 11c for postage-handling *DIRECT* to Daisy and we'll ship CHATTERMATIC immediately! Do it now!

### TO BOYS OF AIR RIFLE AGE:

Your Daisy Dealer may have some Daisy Air Rifles in stock. Tell DAD you want one for Christmas. suggest he buy it right now from the Dealer—because no more Daisy Air Rifles will be manufactured during the war. Daisy is TOO busy making war products for Victory.

### Attention PARENTS!

These two new Daisy play guns carry the Commendation Seal from PARENTS' MAGAZINE. They are made of wood on machines not needed for war production. The COMMANDO and CHATTERMATIC are harmless but give plenty of a-c-t-i-o-n and noise to children from 4 to 11 years old. Both are superior in workmanship, durability, and quality. Order *DIRECT* from us.



DAISY PLAY GUNS MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WORLD-FAMOUS

# DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 881 UNION ST., DEPT. 3, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN